

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.—No. 270.]

JULY 1, 1852.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We showed in our last the fallacy of the assertion that cheap books yield as much profit as those charged at the usual standard prices. Even if the circulation were multiplied tenfold by diminishing the price, the profits would be diminished.

In proof of his assertion, Mr. GLADSTONE adduced the prices of books upon the Continent, and asked why we could not publish at the same prices?

For two reasons:—first, the same amount of circulation cannot be obtained for them. In consequence of the absence of an International Copyright with America, all new English books of any value are immediately pirated in the United States, reprinted at a small price because the publisher has no copyright to pay for, and thence are our colonies supplied. Hence, the market for English books is, in fact, strictly limited to the shores of our own island—that is to say, to a population of about twenty millions.

But on the Continent it is very different. French books circulate among a population much greater than our own, besides the patronage they obtain from other nations where the French language is familiar to the educated classes. Except in Belgium, there is no systematic piracy of French books, and Belgium piracies are strictly prohibited from passing the frontiers of the French territories.

In Germany again, there is a population of readers of the language more than twofold our own, and we are not aware of any systematic piracy anywhere of German copyrights.

This is one cause of the greater cheapness of books, both in France and Germany.

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We hear occasionally of great rewards given to Authors in France; but these are only rare instances, and limited to a few who have attained to an extraordinary popularity. The usual remuneration of literary labour is extremely small. A French author, counting his francs, as we count sovereigns, would be in ecstasy at receiving for a copyright a sum with which an English author would declare that he could not provide "bread and cheese."

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It is the same in Art. Inspect the exhibitions on the Continent, and inquire the prices of the best pictures, and compare them with those demanded for works of far inferior merit in our own galleries, and it will be found that artists are very ill-paid, or at least what in England they would consider to be so. A picture which in one of our galleries would certainly be priced at 100*l.*, a German artist would gladly sell for 10*l.*

But are our authors prepared to lower their prices to the German standard? If not, they must cease to insist upon the reduction of books to German prices.

EDUCATION IN HEROISM.

COMPARISONS are often made in these days between such as aid by zealous advocacy, sage suggestion, generous bounty, detailed and systematic effort, what is called the Education of the People, and those who, setting forth great moral and religious principles, are irresistibly impelled to denounce enormous wrongs, leprous hypocrisies, pestilential abominations. While the former are praised as the Saviours of their Country, and the Benefactors of the Human Race, the latter are spoken of as ferocious Destructives from whose bosom all Love hath departed, and who are themselves accused for hurling nothing but curses. Now we at once admit that to be a mere Destructive is to be one of the most odious things on earth, though in the Providence of God one of the most necessary things; for Attila surely are not sent in vain. We likewise admit that to be a true Educator is to be one of the noblest, one of the most beautiful things that Earth can witness. But we maintain

that the Prophet, the Moral Reformer or the Religious Reformer, who proclaims certain positive doctrines, but hurls his wrath at the same time at the world's worst iniquities, is the truest, the noblest, the most beautiful of all Educators, because he educates his brethren in that divinest heroism without which they are but the semblances of men. What matters it how much light we give to the path of our fellows if they have not strength to walk, if they are denuded of religious vitality and of moral valour? If we place a hundred lamps in the chamber of a Paralytic, that will not enable him to move his shrunken and shivering limbs. If a whole community is sick of the palsy, is it wise to attempt a remedy of the evil by a simple accumulation of lamp posts? We doubt whether the mere intellectual Education of the People, even if we throw in a score or two of creeds and catechisms to season the mess, be by itself a more reasonable, laudable, or efficient process. Yet we are informed that ISAAH would have been better employed if he had been a teacher in an Infant School than he was when dashing his magnificent anathemas at his nation's crimes, and that history ought to be written on a new plan—that of omitting the names of those brave souls who, age after age, lived and died in a glorious though often despairing battle against tyranny and corruption. We are no believers in the omnipotence of Schools. Better, far better, a generation with moral health, moral vigour, and religious earnestness, even if there were not a school in the land, than a generation where every man we meet is as learned and eloquent as a professor, but in which all the fervours and phantasies have deserted the heart to become illuminations of the brain, and in which the Image of God hath vanished or is veiled, and prophetic voices are dead or unheeded. The School of Schools is Nature. In that School Prophets are the Teachers; but Teachers they cannot be, or Prophets either, unless they show the People their transgressions, and the House of JACOB their sins—crying aloud and sparing not. We quarrel not with any one who dreams of a Golden Age in the Past, or of a Golden Age in the Future. It is well that Idealisms airily hover, and roseate flash round the prosaic aridities of our existence. But he who thinks that he can create a Golden Age in the Present by the widest extension and the most perfect organization of educational agencies mainly of a mental kind, greatly deludes and is sadly deluded. We deeply revere PESTALOZZI; few can we more deeply revere. We warmly love those who work in the spirit of PESTALOZZI; few can we more warmly love. But we would rather have one JOHN the Baptist, or one GEORGE FOX, or one JACOB BOEHME, than a thousand PESTALOZZIS. Nor are we repelled by the statement that PESTALOZZI was the noblest of modern Educators, and that some of those whom we might be inclined the most ardently to praise, were the Athletes of overthrow, the Titans of a ruthless and reckless havoc. Not so: they were the grand and real Educators, and what he and his followers did had and has interest and value only when viewed as the complement of that which those mighty moral and religious educators achieved.

What is Education? Is it not enabling Humanity and the Individual to grow to their full stature? And are not they potently aiding that result who sweeten and purify the air which Society breathes, who rouse, embolden, and invigorate its moral energies, feed it with a plenitude of religious food, give it an armour of manliness, and a consciousness of divinity, slay the lies that strangle it, deliver it from the tyrants that oppress, the sophists that ensnare, and the foul institutions that dwarf and deform it? If these are not educators in a more plenteous, stalwart, conquering, regenerating, heavenly sense than all others, then there never have been, and there never can be, Educators among mankind. We are seeking not to throw contempt on the intellectual Educators; but when they speak with such unmeasured scorn, as they are in the habit of doing, of those who differ from them only by being Educators of a higher order, it is fitting they should be informed that the penury of their power, the narrowness of their range, the superficiality of their mission, are just in proportion to the arrogance of their pretensions. That arrogance, however, we should not, perhaps, too harshly blame, as it is the child of ignorance. Intellectual Educators are, in general, very imperfectly acquainted with history. Now, if we have a sublime deed or a host of sublime deeds to do, we can in a considerable measure, dispense with

the knowledge of the past; we have merely to obey the inspiration within. If we have a celestial religious Revealing to unfold, we can dispense altogether with a knowledge of the past; for Religion is an Eternal Now canopied by the wings, irradiated by the eye of God, and without regard to the virtues and the vices, the sorrows and the sins of bygone generations. But the intellect can have no more efficient instructor, no sager guide, no richer nourishment than the past. If it spurn the past it will be barren, one-sided, prone to error, limited in its views, supercilious, perpetually confounding the Accidental with the Everlasting, details with principles, the outward aspects of things with the essence of things, and lamentably liable to overrate the importance of those novelties in Science which bear the clearest marks of charlatanism. There can be no injustice in averring that Intellectual Educators are marked by these characteristics, and that they are ignorant of history, since if they were acquainted with history they would cease to be solely intellectual educators. Have not the divine ages of the World been those in which the profound in Religion and the heroic in Morality harmoniously struggled for empire, and men knew this only, that it was brave to be blessed and blessed to be brave. No rationalistic questionings, no sceptical gropings then troubled our race. Learning consisted of five things:—the feeling of the infallible God in the fecund bosom, the remembrance of valiant feats and generous outpourings, the instinctive discernment and the affectionate admiration of a manly face wherever met as that of a brother, rejoicing sympathy with the green earth in its graces, gorgeousness and gifts, and a mystic, poetic glance for the blue sky over all. Little room here for the impertinent, prating intellect. Little demand here for academies and schools. These began to be built when men were forgetting to be pious, forgetting to be brave. When Rome at the commencement of her career conquered only that she might not be conquered, how fervent her religious breathings, how prolific was she in heroes! When in the full tide of her fortune she conquered from the lust of conquest, she gathered round her arts, and sciences, and literature, and philosophy, and boasted of her civilization, but the incense of natural prayer had ceased to flow from her breast, and on that breast no hero was nurtured more. And did not Greece decline from the moment that the rebellious, sneering Intellect, instead of accepting things in their rounded unity and heaving bursting life, began to analyze them and to ask what they were, how they were, and whence they were? When the Arabs rushed from burning sands invincible in their burning resolves and entered on the most miraculous career of victory ever recorded, was it not because they had surrendered their whole intellectual being into the hand of a Prophet? And what were the Crusades? Were they not whirlwinds of enthusiasm? Each soul was wrapt for a season in a fire mantle of Godhead, in which it flew rather than marched with a holy joy to danger and to death, trampling, as it hurried on, the pitiful hesitations of the cold understanding. Ignorant, doubtless, each soul was of what we find in Encyclopædias and in Manuals of Science; but what mattered that when it was enriched, enkindled, exalted by the fullness and glory of the Divine? And what had Puritanism to do with the intellect? What had it to do especially with Intellectual Education? In the mass, the people were at that time exceedingly uneducated in an intellectual point of view. But they rose to Titanic majesty and wrote with their swords a Bible of valorous actions for all coming generations to read with awe, and wonder, and delight because the Almighty was their vision by night and their thought by day, and they counted their life as nothing if it could only be poured out in sacrifice for Truth and for the Eternal Lord of Truth. Quakerism, the child of Puritanism, recognised the value and the authority of Intellect still less than its parent, trod human reason in the dust, and bowed to no mandate but that which the Inner Light uttered. Those who crowded round the banner of Quakerism were not such as were clothed with the wealth of mental gifts, and of mental acquirements, but such as conscious of possessing neither mental gifts nor mental acquirements yearned, only that God should take up his abode in their bosom. And to whom did Methodism come—Methodism which, whatever it afterwards grew was at its first appearance a blissful and transforming reality? Did it not come to the poorest of the poor, the most ignorant of the ignorant. It might have spoken for ever to the enlightened classes and

met with nothing but sneers and opposition. The mere intellectual culture which existed apart from these great movements did not hinder men from falling, nay, rather helped them to fall into that most tragic of all Atheisms—the Atheism of the Heart. If the champions of Intellectual Education were to ponder on these things would they speak with such disdain and hatred as they do of the Great Moral and Religious Reformers because these find it necessary to spend much of their strength in vanquishing the evil as well as in establishing the good? If they looked a little more attentively and comprehensively into History, or, indeed, if they deigned to throw a single glance at History at all, would they not confess that those Reformers were still more grandly and truly Educators than themselves? For they but educate and not always wisely or with broad, living, poetic result, a few scores of unfortunates within four walls, while the Reformers educate countless millions century after century in that which is divinely. Even if a man assume not the character of a Reformer, if he be merely a SAUL among the people by the noble height of his moral nature, he is more emphatically, extensively, benignantly, and abidingly an Educator than the very chiefest of the intellectual Instructors. Were not the Antonines and the other Roman Emperors who, few and far between, shone out with mighty and beneficent glory on that wilderness of imperial guilt which was grim with the bones of many a NERO and CALIGULA, were not they Educators to the Roman World in the Heroic and the God-like long years after they died?

If we wish to know what Intellectual Education by itself can accomplish,—behold Jesuitism! Build with utmost cunning and with utmost symmetry Intellectual Education into a system and you have Jesuitism. Is that exactly a phenomenon to be proud of or to welcome? Jesuitism was constructive enough, Heaven knows; but constructive to what purpose and with what results? What seems to give the Intellectual Educators an advantage in this argument, is the way in which they confound rampant rabid Radicals with Reformers who have the mark of God plainly on their forehead. They make the latter responsible for the devastations which the former bring or attempt to bring. The Intellectual Educators have also an apparent superiority in the debate from the vague denunciations in which certain men who have the prophet's lips but not the prophet's heart indulge. As no visible good has arisen or is likely to arise from such vague denunciations, and as visible good has arisen and is likely to arise from the efforts of Intellectual Educators, it is immediately concluded that these are conferring a greater benefit on our race, and are more perfectly what they assume to be, Educators, than the Prophet, the Moral or Religious Reformer who, while strenuously upholding the Image of the Holiest among his Brethren, does not deem it needful to refrain his tongue from denunciations for no other reason than because certain fastidious ears are prone to be offended. It is forgotten that the evil is not in the denunciation but in its vagueness. If we hurl a javelin at a monster and slay it we have done a good deed. But if we are continually hurling javelins at imaginary monsters people conclude that we have no real dislike to real monsters, or that we are wishing to amuse ourselves or amuse others. We know a man of the highest genius who paints the Past with incomparable fidelity and force, but who blunders egregiously as to the Present, and still more as to the Future. This man is taken as the primordial type of the Destructive Reformer, launching incessantly as he does in most picturesque phrase the missiles of denunciation. But whom do the missiles strike? No one. The denunciations are so vague as to be perfectly harmless. The whole is a thing of artistic effect, and this man who is placed at the head of the Destructives has never destroyed aught, and has never desired to destroy aught that the most bigoted Conservative cared to save. Of course in comparing themselves with him and with such as he the Intellectual Educators may easily prove that theirs is a more excellent way. But is the true Prophet to be hunted from the Earth because the false Prophet or the mere artist so often speaks in his name? The voice is JACOB'S voice, but the hands are the hands of ESAU. It is odd enough that while the Intellectual Educators affect to be so alarmed and disgusted at the denunciations, the destructive spirit of the Prophet, they are themselves as destructive, as fond of denunciations as he, only in a different way. Do

they not denounce as emphatically as they can false systems of Education? Do they not expend the primeval pith of their energy in attempts to overthrow them? Even if an Intellectual Educator does not mention false systems of Education at all, and merely sets forth the excellence of his own, he is by implication a destructive, a denouncer. The only difference is, that the destruction and the denunciation are done in a more cunning, in a more cowardly way in the one case than in the other. And in that difference lies a mighty meaning, a meaning which the Intellectual Educators try their best to conceal from themselves. We run no risk in being Intellectual Educators, however revolutionary our plans may be; but the Moral or Religious Reformer cannot forget that the divinest have been crucified, and that JOHN HUSS and GIORDANO BRUNO were burned. As long as ROBERT OWEN was known only as the improver of Education he had England's proudest nobility galloping after his heels. But when he spoke one word about social reform the nobility vanished and leagued with the Obscurantists to crush him. Emperors and kings patronised PESTALOZZI; they knew that an intellectual slave is a more obedient slave than all others. When would they have patronised a Moral Reformer? It is but natural, perhaps, therefore, that the Intellectual Educators should denounce the Moral Reformer and the Religious Reformer, since they cannot help entertaining, and now and then expressing, the suspicion that he is in the service of the enemy. The corruptest statesmen that gathered round LOUIS PHILIPPE's throne, they who by their evil counsel were the main cause of his overthrow, had been the most active in the creation of schools for primary instruction. We cannot make a barbarian wholly a machine; but by subjecting a human soul to an elaborate series of intellectual processes divorced from deeper and broader agencies, we may make it so completely a machine that the will, the vigour, the spontaneity, the manhood die. We must confess, therefore, that we would rather see the intellectual education left wholly unattempted unless religious nurture and moral culture are to precede it. It is beginning at the wrong end, as the saying is. Our idea of a temple where man may learn from divine to grow diviner, is not exactly fulfilled by a Mechanic's Institute, with its jargon, its sciolism, and its dainty disdain for the simple manliness that knows little except its God and its duty. In the manufacturing districts of England knowledge as knowledge is spreading rapidly enough, but what is beautiful in reverence, love, and nobleness we must seek in other regions. We see in the United States of America the pride of knowledge joined in a consummate degree to the pride of mammon; and can there be, has there ever been, a more tragic spectacle? Every earnest man in these days stands mournfully, very mournfully, between the Illuminists and the Obscurantists, attacking both and compelled to attack both. He stands mournfully, very mournfully, between those who pamper the intellect and tear little children from the heart of their mother to cram them with dogma and to kill them with discipline, and to teach them so well how the blood circulates that the blood forgets to circulate, and those who would quench the intellect and enslave and darken the spirit. Perhaps it is not the worst part of his destiny, though it is the most annoying, to be called a Denouncer and a Destructive, as we shall no doubt be for what we have now been saying.

KENNETH MORENCY.

THE LITERARY PILGRIM.

NO. I.

FROM APSLEY HOUSE TO PARK LANE.

THE soldier or the politician may amuse or occupy himself, standing before the gates of Apsley-house, with reminiscences that affect him, some readers will say; but the Pilgrim of Literature will find there nothing to interest him, and had better march on towards Park-lane, or whithersoever else he may be bound. You are quite mistaken, worthy readers! who say this, or anything of the kind: the spot, and that dual mansion, once red brick, and faced these four-and-twenty years with Bath stone, swarm with literary reminiscences, as I hope to convince you before we go much further together. Why, is not JULIUS CÆSAR a classical author, a Roman man of letters? Are not his "Commentaries" a standard book for the use of schools? And, pray what are those famous Commentaries but Dis-

patches carelessly turned into narrative? When CÆSAR's Gallic war has been all forgotten, that of WELLINGTON's, not to speak of his others, will be held in remembrance; when MACAULAY's traveller from New Zealand sits on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, little boys at the Antipodes will be whipt at school into construing the Dispatches of ARTHUR, Duke of Wellington! Antipodal and oriental commentators will write disquisitions, founded on them, respecting the British soldier, and dispute the causes that led to the death of their editor, Colonel GURWOOD.

If this will not content you, and if, in spite of those goodly volumes of *Dispatches* and *General Orders*, you refuse his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON the title of author, you do so at your peril. Some years ago, at the head of an ingenious and enthusiastic member of the Literary Guild, it was proposed to found an Authors' Association, whereby the tyranny of publishers was to be terminated for ever, and Grub-street was to cast off the yoke of Paternoster-row. The evening came for the preliminary meeting, and a host of writers assembled in a well-lighted room to propose resolutions and inaugurate a great movement. All of a sudden, some mischievous or thoughtless auditor protruded the fatal remark: "This is to be an Author's Association: pray what is, what constitutes, an Author?" *Solvitur risu tabula!* The late Sir ROBERT PEEL's famous question, "What is a pound?" was not more susceptible of varying answers. One wished to exclude newspaper writers but not quarterly reviewers; another would have nothing to say to compilers; another to translators; and on this rocky point the ship of the Association foundered before it had quitted harbour! But if some literary exclusionist should be tempted to refuse the designation of author to the writer of the *Wellington Dispatches*, what can he allege against the claim of the Duke's brother, the Marquis of WELLESLEY, who tenanted Apsley-house in 1809, and for several years afterwards. The brilliant Governor-General, whose Indian sway was marked by the fall of TIPPOO SAIB, was the author of *Primitive et Reliquie*, some of the best of modern Latin verses, and, as a learned person testified before a Committee of the House of Commons, was a Greek scholar not inferior to PORSON. Probably it was this taint of man-of-lettership that led to his impoverishment in later years, an impoverishment, however, which the Court of Directors remedied by the present of a magnificent sum of money. Happy nobleman of letters!

Go back (in point of time) a little farther, and literary associations crowd upon you. Apsley-house was built about 1784, by HENRY BATHURST, Baron Apsley, second son of that ALLEN, first Earl of Bathurst, who was the friend of POPE and SWIFT, and who lived to the age of ninety-one. Speaking of GIBSON's incidental praise of FIELDING, THACKERAY has finely said that to be mentioned by the author of the *Decline and Fall* is like having your name written up in St. Peter's, and if Lord BATHURST missed that honour, he has enjoyed one scarcely inferior, a panegyric in an oration of EDMUND BURKE'S. Everybody remembers the fine picture, in BURKE'S speech on *Reconciliation with America*, of the mighty growth, in a single lifetime, of the Transatlantic colonies, and the lifetime he selects for illustration, with handsome compliments interspersed, is that of "my Lord BATHURST." He seems, indeed, to have been a type of the old English nobleman, dignified, yet jovial, cultivated without pedantry, generous without ostentation. It was he who, in advanced years, delighted STERNE by coming up to him at the Prince of WALES' Court, with a "I want to know you, Mr. STERNE, but it is fit that you should know also who it is that wishes that pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord BATHURST, of whom your POPES and SWIFTS have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them, and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have cleared my accounts, and shut up my books with thoughts of never opening them again. But you have kindled a desire in me once more, before I die, of opening them again, which now I do; so go home and dine with me!" The happy STERNE took the compliments and the dinner, delighted with both. This is the Lord BATHURST of whom the severe JOHNSON said, that he was the only one of POPE'S high acquaintances that a good man would be proud of. POPE has inscribed to him, and made him an interlocutor in his satire-epistle on "The Use of Riches;" he himself being the other interlocutor,

and, as usual, saying most and the best things, with a passing compliment to his foil—"BATHURST still unspoilt by wealth." Hyde Park Corner, indeed, connects itself with more than one memory of POPE. Somewhere here he was at school, going occasionally to the play; once turning OGILLY'S *Iliad* into a drama acted by his school-fellows—the happy little poet!—his schoolmaster's gardener being pressed into the service to fill the part of AJAX! And over yonder, where St. George's Hospital lifts its beneficent walls (within which JOHN HUNTER died,) once stood Lanesborough-house, the town residence of the peer whom POPE has celebrated as "sober LANESBOROUGH dancing with the gout." When Prince GEORGE of Denmark died, this sober peer seriously advised Queen ANNE to relieve her grief by tripping it on the light fantastic toe!

HENRY, the first Earl BATHURST's second son, succeeded in time to the title, but was meanwhile created Baron APSLEY, on his elevation to the woollack; he having married a Sussex heiress of that name—hence Apsley House, which he is chiefly famed for building. He was a dull, saturnine man, so much so, that when young he would leave the company of a night, and his gay old father would say, "Now that the old gentleman is gone, let us enjoy ourselves." Going to the Bar, he succeeded, dull as he was, in reaching the woollack, where he maintained himself between 1771 and 1778, owing his elevation to connexion and political trimming and truckling. Neither is he, however, unconnected with the history of literature. The famous Doctor DODD tried to bribe him, by an offer of 3,000 guineas to his lady, into a simoniacal gift of the living of St. George's Hanover-square; for which the Doctor was very properly dismissed from the King's Chaplaincy he held. Sir WILLIAM JONES, when struggling with the world, received from him a Commissionership in Bankruptcy; hence the dedication of Sir WILLIAM's translation of *Isæus* to the builder of Apsley House. The world owes (whatever the debt may be) to this dull man the publication of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*. When young STANHOPE's widow was about to publish them, CHESTERFIELD's executors applied for an injunction, which Lord BATHURST granted, coupling it, however, with a strong recommendation to allow the publication after they had been furnished with a copy. It was he, too, who decided, when a short-hand writer had gone to the play, and taken "down" ("for a guinea") MACKLIN'S *Love à la Mode*, that the representation of a drama was equivalent to publication, and secured the copyright to the author or manager. And it fell to him to give that famous decision on the copyright question in general, from which have proceeded so many literary tears. Lord MANSFIELD, following the dictates of common sense, had ruled that authors had a copyright independently of all statutes, and more particularly of that act of Queen Anne which first defined and limited it. When the appeal was brought before the Lords, Lord MANSFIELD could not well interfere, and his most just decision was reversed.

Apsley House is numbered 149, Piccadilly, and the mansion next to it, eastward, No. 148, once tenanted by "Earl DYSART" and "Admiral TOLLEMACHE," has been, since 1839, the residence of Baron LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, the member, or quasi-member for London. Curious that thus, side by side with each other, should be domiciled the foremost representatives of those two powers which now rule Europe and the world—the sword and the money-bag—embodied in the Iron Duke and the Gold Baron. Curiously enough, too, there is a tradition that the house now tenanted by ROTHSCHILD, was occupied by CALONNE, after his dismissal, in 1787, from the French Controliership of Finance, a post, under the old French monarchy, equivalent to our Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was CALONNE who, by his enormous official prodigality, and blandly desperate "Convocation of the Notables," followed immediately, and naturally, by a demand for States General, was more than any other man or thing, the beginning of the end—the end which was the first French Revolution! On his dismissal, he was sought in marriage by a rich financier's widow, and lived either in No. 148, or in Nos. 146-7 (which there is a tradition also that he inhabited, having thrown them into one), in great splendour. He was an author, too, of numbers of financial statements and political pamphlets, but to no purpose; and, mismanaging his own finances, as he had mismanaged those of France, he died in the latter country, poor, a year or two after the opening of the century:—"A man

of incredible facility," in the days of his Controller-ship, CARLYLE describes him; "facile action, facile elocution, facile thought; how in mild suasion, philosophic depth sparkles up from him, as mere wit and lambent sprightliness; and, in Her Majesty's soirées, with the weight of a world lying on him, he is the delight of men and women." Baron LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, if not literary himself, has surely been the cause of literature in others; for is he not, according to all accounts, the Sidonia of Mr. D'ISRAELI'S *Coningsby*? What reader of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's novels, forgets the first appearance in *Coningsby* of the mysterious Hebrew, said to be an idealized portrait of the tenant of 148, Piccadilly. The storm somewhere in the midland counties, the forest inn where the young Coningsby takes refuge; the entrance of the Great Unknown, a gentleman "above the middle height, and of a distinguished air and figure, pale, with an impressive brow, and dark eyes of great intelligence"—the dinner of eggs and bacon, accompanied with perry, and followed by cheese; the high discourse that ensued between the young Seeker and the middle-aged Finder, abruptly ending, when Sidonia declares:—"I am of that faith that the Apostles professed before they followed their Master," and leaps astride of his Arab courser "the Daughter of the Star," a foal of the mare which belonged to the Prince of the Wahabees, and for the possession of which, his Highness had scymitared countless orientals!

Reader! Opposite No. 148, on this Piccadilly pavement, along which you stroll in careless dullness on your way to the Park, you are, you see, in the region of romance—a few steps more and we shall enter it again. Let us pass swiftly before Nos. 147 and 6, the town-mansions of the Cockereil and Antrobus families, before No. 145, the residence of the late and present Marquis of Northampton, the former as President of the Royal Society, and by his soirées, known in "scientific and literary circles"—before No. 144, where lives Lord LONDSEBOROUGH, formerly Lord ALBERT CONYNGHAM, a *soirée* of whose may be pictorially reported in to-morrow's *Morning Post*—here once lived T. WESTWORTH BEAUMONT, Esq., a wealthy country-gentleman from the North, who knew not what to do with himself and his money, who tried Parliament and politics, squabbles with O'CONNELL, duels with Irish members, patronage of "Poles," "Italians" and the like, even starting or supporting (if I remember rightly) *The British and Foreign Review*, heaviest of all the quarterlies—let us hurry on past No. 143, once the pre-dowager Lady HOLLAND's, now the residence of Mr. LANGTON, and we are in front of No. 142, Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY'S, where, for a few minutes, let us pause. Here, on the very spot where you now stand, there once stood the noted tavern "The Hercules Pillars," where a century ago military gentlemen, the Marquis of GRANBY among the rest, loved to carouse, and where, above all, Squire WESTERN, with curses not a few, put up his horses when, with Parson SUPPLE, he came to town in that memorable pursuit of SOPHIA. A few moments, a few yards, and we have exchanged CONINGSBY for TOM JONES! Our satisfaction would be complete were there but an antiquarian that could point out the site of the lodging in the neighbourhood where the Squire housed his own person; and in an upper room of which the fair SOPHIA was soon deposited and locked. "While SOPHIA was left with no other company than what attend the close state of a prisoner, namely fire and candle, the squire sate down to regale himself over a bottle of wine with the parson and his landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the squire saw, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of the quality stand at his house." SOPHIA, however, will not be disconsolate long; for Black GEORGE will soon be up, with her favourite dish of plovers' eggs, and inside one of them a note from TOM. In spite of CONINGSBY and Miss MILLBANK, SOPHIA and her lover find their sympathizers!

Here we are at Hamilton-place, the name of which preserves the memory of the owner of the first buildings erected (in CROMWELL's time) between Hyde Park-corner and Park-lane. At the Restoration, the first Ranger of Hyde-park was the Duke of GLOUCESTER, and he dying in 1660, was succeeded by "JAMES HAMILTON, Esq.," to whom the tenements in that region were granted on lease, and whose name, long

after they are gone, still, we see, has a local habitation that preserves it. This HAMILTON was a prime favourite of the Merry Monarch's, and brother to "la belle HAMILTON," who, after so many courtships, bestowed her hand on that Count de GRAMMONT, whose memoirs, redacted by another and a younger brother, Count ANTHONY HAMILTON, were but lately republished in a new edition. The handsome favourite of King CHARLES figures in GRAMMONT's memoirs as well as his lovely sister, once, some readers will remember, with a couple of lighted candles in his mouth! The memory of a very different favourite of a very different king haunts No. 1, Hamilton Place, the corner house on the western side which looks into Piccadilly, next to Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY'S; for it was built by the "great Lord ELDON," the favourite of GEORGE IV., and is now occupied by his descendant the present Earl. Save the late Duke of NEWCASTLE, the latest representative of antique Toryism, the great Lord ELDON was not a very literary character; although indeed he gained the prize for prose competition at College, and occasionally scribbled verses to his "BESSY," almost half a century after he had made her his wife at Gretna—steadfast, you see, in his attachments to other things than the institutions of our ancestors. Once he told the bar, after the vacation, that he had been employing his leisure in the perusal of *Paradise Lost*! Many of his sayings and stories, recorded in Twiss' life, especially when they relate to his younger years, breathe an affectionate and almost poetical spirit, the last that those who know him only as a lawyer and a politician, would be disposed to give him credit for.

Looking our last at Lord ELDON's house, with a faint remembrance of his biographer, HORACE TWISS, the first inventor of the Parliamentary Summary in the Morning Newspapers (he began it in *The Times*), and crossing over, neglecting Lady RAMSDEN's, only a wing of which has to do with Piccadilly, we see the end of our journey in No. 139, the Earl of ROSEBERRY'S and No. 138, the residence of Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, the American minister. These two were originally one house, and occupied by the Duke of QUEENSBERRY of infamous memory. LEIGH HUNT has not published his pleasant sketches of the Town (otherwise the present Literary Pilgrim would not be here) so as to include Piccadilly; but one slight notice by him of this spot is printed by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

In the balcony of No. 138, on fine days in summer, used to sit, some forty years ago, a thin withered old figure with one eye, looking on all the females that passed him, and not displeased if they returned him whole winks for his single ones. This was the Most Noble William Douglas, Duke, Marquis and Earl of Queensberry, Marquis of Dumfries, Earl of March, Drumlanrig, and Sanquhar, Vicount Nith, Torthorold, and Ross; and Lord Douglas, of Ambresbury, Howick, Tibbers, Kilmount, Middleby, Dornock, Nieldpath, Lyne, and Mannerhead. He had been prince of the jockies of his time, and was a voluptuary and millionaire. "Old Q." was his popular appellation. He died at the age of eighty-six. We have often seen him in his balcony,

Sunning himself in Huncamunca's eyes, and wondered at the longevity of his dissipation, and the prosperity of his worthlessness. Stories were told of his milk baths, his inhaling the breath of dairymaids, and his getting up interludes of Paris and the golden apple, the part of Paris by himself. The last, it seems, was true. His dying bed was covered with *billets-doux*, that is to say, with love-letters addressed (as Molière has it), to the "sweet eyes of his money-box."

Rather an interesting picture this; the young LEIGH HUNT looking up at the aged debauchee, and wondering a little, perhaps (but without envy), that the peer should have so much and the poet so little! No. 139 is now the residence of a noble Scottish family with whose title and family name LEIGH HUNT would be charmed; for the one is ROSEBERRY, and the other, PRIMROSE! There was a learned divine of this family in the seventeenth century, a Doctor PRIMROSE: who knows but that, perhaps, poor GOLDSMITH, lighting on it in the course of his hack-work, treasured it up in his memory to re-appear as *The Vicar of Wakefield*? Various other interesting associations of a mixed kind are connected with this No. 139; for here Lord BYRON passed the first London period of his married life, beginning to tenant it (under the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE) in the March of 1815. He was active in the Drury Lane Committee in those days, and here COLERIDGE may have visited him to talk over the

theatrical prospects of *Remorse*. Here, probably, *Parisina* and the *Siege of Corinth* were written; here the separation was caused and took place; here there were "nine executions" in the course of a twelvemonth's tenancy by the "noble poet!" And now we are at No. 138, of which mention has been already made, as the Castle Dangerous of the Duke of QUEENSBERRY; and Park Lane is round the corner. Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, the American minister, who acceptably and hospitably occupies the mansion, once polluted by the orgies of ducal senility, is not like his predecessor Mr. BANCROFT, a man of letters. But he lately avowed that "as an individual" he was favourable to International Copyright with America.—English literature hopes that he will promote it,—as an ambassador!

PEREGRINE PROTEUS.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Committee appointed at the public meetings of booksellers held at the beginning of June, have finished their labours, and on receiving their report the publishers have decided that the trade is to be left in the meantime unregulated, every man doing what may seem good in his own eyes. A resolution proposed by Mr. BOHN and seconded by Mr. MURRAY: "That the trade allowances be allowed to remain as at present without alteration," was carried only by a majority of two, twelve gentlemen voting in its favour, and ten against it. Those who voted for, will maintain the present discount, those who voted against, will probably reduce it, and in the book-trade as in other trades, "Chaos come again" will be the order of the day. As the twelve gentlemen who are agreed not to reduce the discount include some of the most eminent publishers, and as the great firm of Messrs. LONGMAN is against a reduction, a very large portion of the retail trade will be conducted on the principle of receiving an allowance of twenty-five per cent, the retailer being free to make a present of the whole or any part of it to the public. There is nothing now to hinder the grocer or the draper from adding book-selling to his other business. BICKERS and BUSH have at least to add to the prime cost of the books they sell a percentage to defray shop rent and attendance. But the grocer or the draper have already the shop and attendance provided. The sale of books at a mere trifle above prime cost would remunerate them, by drawing people to their shops, just as for the same reason, tradesmen of all kinds are glad to keep district post-offices and sell postage-stamps. We do not envy the victors in a contest which will terminate in the destruction of a respectable and intelligent body of booksellers, and annex the duties of what might have been an intellectual profession to the hucksterings of the grocer and the tobacconist.

One of the ablest and most vigorous assailants of the Booksellers' Association was Mr. F. O. WARD, whose connexion with the most powerful organ of public opinion in this or any country is now a matter of notoriety. Mr. WARD's avowed object in forwarding the dissolution of that association was, to reduce the number of retail booksellers, too numerous, he thought, for the area which they supplied, and he pointed admiringly to the bakers of Paris, restricted in their numbers by law. It has been in vain that we have indicated the immense difference which does, or might exist between the retailer of loaves or snuff, and the retailer of books, the stock which the latter has had to keep on hand of a species of commodity singularly liable to depreciation, and the intellectual and critical function which he was often called on to discharge. Let that pass. But would not, we may ask, Mr. WARD's object have been better attained, had the bookselling trade been converted into a profession, and the number of its members been legitimately restricted by the imposition of a literary examination on every candidate for admission? Look at the profession of the law. The heads of the law feel, in regard to their profession, as Mr. WARD feels in regard to the book-trade, that it is over-crowded. What course are they now pursuing to obviate this? Do they propose, like Mr. WARD, to reduce the number of barristers by opening the bar to all comers and by proclaiming perfect Free Trade in Law? Not at all. The Inns of Court are instituting new modes of preliminary examination, and it was but the other night in the House of Peers that both Lord LYNCHURST and Lord BROUGHAM strongly recommended that these examinations should be compulsory. This is the

right method of restricting the number of members in a profession. If there must be a partial monopoly, let it be one of talent and information, not of underselling. It has been objected, it is true, to this view, that any limitation, however honourable or intellectual, of the right of every man to exercise his energies or employ his capital in any branch of industry, is opposed to the principles of political economy. Indeed! ADAM SMITH passes for a person slightly acquainted with political economy; let us listen to what he says: (*Wealth of Nations*, Book V., Chap. I.)

The state might render the study of science and philosophy almost universal among all people of middling or more than middling rank and fortune by instituting some sort of probation, even in the higher and more difficult sciences to be undergone by every person before he was permitted to exercise any liberal profession, or before he could be received as a candidate for any honourable office of trust or profit.

And not only for "people of middling rank" does he propose this.

The public can impose upon almost the whole body of the people the necessity of acquiring the most essential parts of education by obliging every man to undergo an examination or probation in them before he can obtain the freedom in any corporation, or be allowed to set up any trade in a village or town corporate.

If this be requisite for "any trade" how much more requisite is it for the bookselling trade, which deals exclusively with works of intellect. Really, now that a part of ADAM SMITH's doctrine is in universal operation, it is time to realize the other and not less important part. It may, perhaps, be as well to inform Mr. BUSH that the writer we have been quoting from died some time ago, so that the successful underseller has no chance of inflicting his cherished penalty, by putting the great political economist into the police-office!

The necessity for wisely regulating and fostering all that pertains to the intellectual cultivation and recreation of the people, the folly of leaving them to "supply and demand," are forcing themselves on the attention of all thoughtful persons. Even in many matters not intellectual, "supply and demand" has broken down; witness the general establishment, out of public rates, of baths and wash-houses. A friend of ours went lately to take a plunge-bath at an establishment where that convenience had used to be accessible. The old servants and proprietors were still there, but the bath had been converted into a casino:—"We make more, Sir," said they, "by selling ginger-beer to the dancers than we used to get by the bathing." If this be true of the bath, how much more true is it of the theatre, which is the literature of the working-classes. Apropos of *The Vampire*, a monstrosity imported from Paris to the Princess's Theatre, the able theatrical critic of *The Times* has been lately lamenting the decay of genuine dramatic entertainment, and the substitution of spectacle and scenic splendour for manly and interesting representations of natural human action and passion. The state does still exercise over theatrical literature a control which it has lost over every other kind. There is a dramatic censorship vested in the Lord Chamberlain, but along with this negative influence, it is time to exert a positive one. In most other European countries, the theatre receives a certain aid and willingly accepts a certain fostering control from the state. Mechanics' Institutions are excellent things in their way, but there are wants in human nature which their appliances do not reach. And it might be a question, even economically, whether the crime engendered by the low theatres of the metropolis does not cost the country more than would their judicious patronage and supervision by the State.

Mr. R. H. HORNE, the well-known author of the farthing epic, *Orion*, and of the *New Spirit of the Age*, has addressed to one of the morning papers, on his departure for Australia, a rather affecting letter, dated from the "Australian ship, *Kent*, Plymouth Sound." The author of *Orion* gratefully alludes to the "elaborate, philosophical analysis and criticism, and far higher eulogies than any poet could reasonably expect during his life," which he has received in the most eminent quarters. But, at the same time, he sorrowfully has to avow a "twenty years of public indifference;" hence the departure for Australia. Mr. HORNE is a man of talent and poetic ingenuity considerably above the average; but if he have been neglected by the public for twenty years, he may depend on it that he is himself partly to blame. He began his literary life in England

with a book entitled *Exposition of the False Medium that excludes Men of Genius from the Public*,—a very bad beginning, for, not to philosophize on, but to break through, that "false medium," is surely the first duty and the first pleasure of the man of true genius. People paid no heed to Mr. HORNE's dramas and tragedies, but neither did they to those of men of equal "genius," GEORGE STEPHEN and GEORGE DARLEY. *Orion*, though published at a farthing, has not produced nearly so profound an impression as Mr. TENNYSON's fragments of *Ulysses* and the *Morte d'Arthur*, included in volumes which cost half-a-guinea or so;—a fact which the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P., may meditate on at his leisure! *The New Spirit of the Age* wanted the lively personal touches of HAZLITT's old one, yet it had a considerable run, quite as long a one as it deserved. *The Dreamer and the Worker*, Mr. HORNE's latest and best book, showed that he was just getting into the right track; why did he desert it for Australia? It took CARLYLE twenty years to push his fine life of SCHILLER to a second edition; how many years was it before WORDSWORTH's poetry paid? On the whole, if Mr. HORNE has been unsuccessful, it has been his own fault. True: it has been his misfortune that he was an Englishman and not an Italian. Had he been Signor HORNIZZI, he might have breakfasted with Lord BROUGHAM, and, after eating toast (and toasts) at his Lordship's table, have been promoted to fill a place in some great national establishment. Had he been Signor HORNINT even, and written some dull book about the Italian revolution, Mr. GLADSTONE would have translated it, and Mr. MURRAY would have published it, and the former gentleman would have moved heaven and earth to get him appointed Secretary to the London Library. Being simply an Englishman, he had to go without patronage of that sort, and if he failed in English literature, he has perhaps himself chiefly to blame. Let Mr. HORNE consider the sharp outlook which the most popular authors of the present day keep to the topics that are engrossing the public mind, and can he say that he has exercised a proper vigilance in that direction? Yet, let us not be hard on Mr. HORNE. The race is not always to the swift. Fortune has much to do with these things. If TITIVUS lie recumbent under cover of a spreading beech tree, while the worthy MELIBEUS leaves the ends of his fatherland, and its sweet acres—is TITIVUS vain? By no means; but answers in pious recognition—*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is the model of a popular author, ever on the stretch to play the tune that is likely to please the popular ear. Novelist, historian, dramatist, essayist, pamphleteer, reviewer, editor, politician, statesman, satirist, Sir EDWARD has lately entered a new "sphere of usefulness," by appearing on the platform of the Royston Mechanics' Institution, and delivering a lecture on the antique nations mentioned in Scripture. If Mr. HORNE had followed Sir EDWARD's example! When Sir EDWARD wrote dramas, he made them telling ones, like *Richelieu* and the *Lady of Lyons*. His novels contain endless pictures of high life, dear to virgins and boys, in provincial towns. His *England and the English*, unlike the *New Spirit of the Age*, was full of anecdote and pleasantry. His poetry, if no great things aesthetically, breathed that melancholy, sentimental spirit which BYRON's will not willingly let die. And now, at the eleventh hour, like a man of sagacity as he is, when my Lord CARLISLE and other aristocratic persons have made such a step praiseworthy, he leaps on to the platform of the Mechanics' Institution, and conducts his admiring hearers through the ruins of Babylonia and Assyria to the heights that crown Jerusalem, and there leaves them to weep and to worship!

The other night, in the House of Commons, Sir JOHN ROMILLY, the Master of the Rolls, in the absence of Mr. TUFNELL, brought under the notice of the House, and of the Government, a long-ventilated proposal that Mechanics' Institutions should be furnished gratuitously with Parliamentary publications. The proposal did not meet with much favour. Mr. HUME reminded the august assembly that the publications in question were very cheap, only one penny per sheet:—Does Mr. GLADSTONE find them extensively in the houses of his acquaintances? Mr. DISRAELI thought the matter deserved "much consideration," reiterated Mr. HUME's statement as to "cheapness," and pronounced the published papers of the House of Commons "an important

portion of national literature," and one which, if known, would "redound to the credit" of Honourable gentlemen. How so? The papers published by the House of Commons, and which anybody might be disposed even to look at, are of two kinds, returns, and reports of committees. The returns may be excellent enough, but if they "redound" to anybody's "credit," it is to that of the clerks who compile them. The reports of committees, and the evidence accompanying them, are generally a disgrace to the Honourable House, consisting, as they do, of thoughtless questions provoking uninformative answers, a hasty and meaningless report prefacing the whole; and seldom a lucid summary to give the huge chaos a meaning! Nevertheless, as a yearly subscription for the papers of the House of Commons costs some fifteen guineas, honourable gentlemen might have presented them to those Mechanics' Institutions who number above 300 members—a very small proportion of the whole. It would have been a recognition, on the part of the State, of their existence, and to many a laborious rural secretary an encouragement in his often thankless labours. By the way, none of the Irish Institutions have given in their adhesion to the proposed Union under the auspices of the Society of Arts; and the Yorkshire Union is said to be drawing back, at the instigation of Mr. EDWARD BAINES, who was mortified at not being allowed to make long speeches at the recent meeting in London; a mortification which, considering its occasion, was probably limited to himself!

Oxford Commemoration went off last week triumphantly, and if the "sweet voices" of the under-graduates were to count for much, the University would be liable to be considered entirely opposed to reform, at least *à extra*. Among the squibs which the occasion produced, was one of a metrical kind, that identified University Reform with the introduction of German philosophy, and pleasantly enough quizzed the cloudy phraseology of HEGEL and Co. 'Tis unlucky for this view of the matter that German scholarship (a thing quite apart from German philosophy) has taken possession of the University of late years, and that almost the only books it ever produces worth a glance are translations from the German! Some resident members of Convocation, aware of the fatal danger lurking in unreforming inertia, have been memorializing the Hebdomadal Board to appoint a deputation of Convocation to consider needful and feasible reforms; but the Board, stiff in its rights and privileges, has rejected the petition, and says, like Louis XVI. of the happiness of his people, "*Moi seul, je le ferai!*" It is to be hoped that the same fate as his may not overtake the Hebdomadal Board.

The English subscription for a monument to TOM MOORE hangs fire considerably; in spite of the patronage of it by Lord LANSDOWNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the Treasurership of one of the Messrs. LONGMAN. The truth is, people are beginning to grow weary of subscribing to statues, and are bethinking them whether, after all, that form of memorial is the most suitable for men of literary genius. The Greeks themselves, with all their love of statue-carving, would not allow one to be erected to an ugly victor at the Olympian games, and Tom was certainly not handsome. The proper way, surely, in these cases would be to consider what is the memorial that the illustrious deceased himself would have pitched on had he been consulted? Certainly not a stone statue of himself. *The Times* scholarship, the Working Man's Monument to Sir ROBERT PEEL, consisting of books distributed to public libraries, are specimens of a different sort of memorial than the stone or marble statue, and worthy in their way of recognition and imitation.

Mr. PETTIGREW has written and published an angry letter, blaming the recent decision of the Society of Antiquaries to reduce their admission-fee at the instance of Mr. JOHN BRUCE. We are no friends to extravagant cheapness when any truly intellectual gain is to be got; but certainly in the present condition of the Society, the lower the entrance-fee the better. In its old days, when a very little archaeology was a rarity, to be a member of such a society was an honour in its kind; but who now would pay much to listen to some very dull papers, and be the colleague of—Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON? The genuine object of such a society should be to publish books and treatises of an interesting antiquarian kind, but this and all other objects seem at present to be forgotten in wretched squabbles as to whether the subscription is to be one guinea or two.

A trusteeship of the British Museum has been termed the "blue riband" of literature and science, and it is gratifying that the vacancy created among the trustees by the demise of the late Earl of DERBY has been filled up by the election to it of Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, the President of the Geographical Society, and whose well-won honours in many fields amply entitle him to this distinction. It was out of the mismanagement of the geological department of the Museum that the late Royal Commission proceeded, and Sir RODERICK's appointment is a guarantee for its better conduct in future. MACAULAY, HALLAM, HERSCHELL, MURCHISON, are now trustees, and it is to be hoped, with such men in authority, the many disgraceful blemishes of our great National Institution will be in time repaired. There has of late been a good deal of writing, especially in *The Athenæum*, the tendency of which is to advocate the removal to other institutions of most of the objects which fill the Museum. But is it sufficiently considered, in these speculations, that there is a great advantage to visitors, who find collected under the same roof a number of departments, however incongruous, in the consequent facility of access without locomotive removal to a number of localities?

Among literary movements, we have to chronicle that of THACKERAY to the sunny plains of Italy; it is to be hoped with a literary intent. THACKERAY's sketches of travel, such as the *Irish and Paris Sketch Books*, and the *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, have hitherto been done to order, and full as they are of touches that betray his peculiar genius, they are delineations of reality scarcely worthy of him. May we not hope that, inspired by a generous feeling of rivalry with DICKENS, whose *Pictures from Italy* are among the happiest of his efforts, THACKERAY will give us a delightfully witty book about the fatherland of ACHILL, satirically serious, comically faithful, slyly smiling, pictorially caustic?

Topography, especially antiquarian topography, used to be the chosen department of dunces and pedants; but of recent years, thanks to the diligence of our later literateurs, we are fast "changing all that." EUSTACE's *Classical Tour* is superseded by DICKENS, and may be further superseded by THACKERAY. KINGLAKE and ALBERT SMITH pourtray Turkey and the Holy Land, and the racy page of the jovial FORD cheerfully commemorates the memorabilities of Spain. Nor is it otherwise at home. County history is still, indeed, the abode of owls, but London has of late been illustrated with happy and vivid topographical talent, none the less happy that it was correct, by PETER CUNNINGHAM, by JESSE, and by LEIGH HUNT. All of these deal more, however, with a rather remote past than with the present, and there is still room for the record of a Literary Pilgrim in London; more especially as LEIGH HUNT has completed but a small portion of his genial and anecdotal metropolitan survey. How far he may have found a worthy successor we cannot pronounce, until we have seen the forthcoming *Picturesque Sketches of London*, by THOMAS MILLER, once known as the basket-maker, and protégé of the late Countess of BLESSINGTON: and since known as the author of various works of lively merit.

Among other forthcoming works, three deserve to be singled out, all of them fictitious and by authors of repute:—THACKERAY's new novel, finished at last, of which the time is laid in the reign of Queen ANNE, and the heroes are its civil, military, and literary notabilities; *Reuben Medlicott*, by Mr. SAVAGE, the author of *The Bachelor of the Albany*, and *The Falcon Family*, two of the most delightful and genial fictions of recent years; and *The Blithedale Romance* by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the well-known American author, which is to appear contemporaneously in the States and in London.

Of changes of magazine-editorship there have been several of late; some for the better, some for the worse. Mr. BRUCE, of the Antiquarian Society, formerly of the Camden Society, is no longer editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and just as SYLVANUS URBAN was beginning to speak in the dialect patronized by the "Genius of the Age," and antiquarianism vivified by modern talent was "looming in the distance," his teacher and regenerator has left him. Mr. "JOHN MACGREGOR, M.P.," was lately appointed political editor of *Tait*, will he retain the post in the face of certain recent disclosures? Mrs. S. C. HALL has undertaken the conduct of *Sharpe*, may she be as successful with it as is Mrs. NEWTON CROSS-

LAND (once CAMILLA TOULMIN) with the *Ladies' Companion*, in the editorship of which the latter lady has succeeded Mr. H. F. CHORLEY, well known to the *Athenæum*, and who, by the way, has in hand a second series of his lively and amusing *Musicians and Manners in Germany*.

FRANK GRAVE.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 314.)

LADY.

What, art thou done already? Thy tale is like
A day unseal'd with sunset. What though dusk?
A dusky rod of iron hath power to draw
The lightnings from their heaven to itself.
The richest wage you can pay love—is love.

WALTER.

Then close the tale thyself, I drop the mask;
I am the sun-tanned Page; the Lady, thou!
I take thy hand, it trembles in my grasp;
I look in thy face and see no frown in it.
O may my spirit on hope's ladder climb
From hungry nothing up to star-pack'd space,
Thence strain on tip-toe to thy love beyond—
The only heaven I ask!

LADY.

My God! 'tis hard!
When I was all in leaf the frost winds came,
And now, when o'er me runs the summer's breath,
It waves but iron boughs.

WALTER.

What dost thou murmur?
Thy cheek burns mad as mine. O untouched lips!
I see them as a glorious rebel sees
A crown within his grasp. I'll taste their bliss
Although the price be death—

LADY (springing up.)

Walter! beware!
These tell-tale heavens are listening earnestly.
O Sir! within a month my bridal bells
Will make a village glad. The fainting Earth
Is bleeding at her million golden veins,
And by her blood I'm bought. The sun shall see
A pale bride wedded to grey hairs, and eyes
Of cold and cruel blue; and in the spring
A grave with daisies on't.

WALTER.

My world is cracked,
My brittle brilliant world! These knife-like words
Have left a deep red gash across my heart.

LADY.

We twain have met like ships upon the sea
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more. We have been foolish, Walter!
I would to God that I had never known
This secret of thy heart, or else had met thee
Years before this. I bear a heavy doom.
If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the solemn stars.

(LADY pauses, WALTER remains silent.)

'Tis four o'clock already. See, the moon
Has climbed the blue steep of the eastern sky
And sits and tarries for the coming night.
So let thy soul be up and ready armed,
In waiting till occasion comes like night;
As night to moons to souls occasion comes.
I am thine elder, WALTER! in the heart
I read thy future like an open book:
I see thou shalt have grief; I also see
Thy grief's edge blunted on the iron world.
Be brave and strong through all thy wrestling years,
A brave soul is a thing which all things serve;
As when the Corsican from Elba came,
The soldiers, sent to take him bound or dead,
Were struck to statues by his kindly eyes:
He spoke—they broke their ranks, they clasp'd his knees;
With tears, along a cheering road of triumph,
They bore him to a throne. Know when to die!
Perform thy work and straight return to God.
Be thou the midnight's world-embracing moon:
Set, when the midnight thou hast fill'd is past.
O there are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause
When they should sleep in earth—who, like the moon,
Have brighten'd up some little night of time,
And 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Have linger'd, like its blank and beamless orb,
When daylight fills the sky. But I must go.
Nay, nay, I go alone! Yet one word more—
Strive for the Poet's crown, but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits;
That gold and crimson mornings, though more bright
Than soft blue days, are scarcely half their worth.
Walter, farewell! the world shall hear of thee.

(LADY, still lingers.)

I have a strange sweet thought. I do believe
I shall be dead in spring, and that the soul
Which animates and doth inform these limbs
Will pass into the daisies of my grave;
If memory shall ever lead thee there,
Through daisies I'll look up into thy face
And feel a dim sweet joy; and if they move,
As in a little wind, thou'lt know 'tis I.

(LADY goes.)

WALTER (after a long interval, looking up.)

God! what a light has passed away from earth
Since my last look! How hideous is this night,
How beautiful the yesterday that stood
Over me like a rainbow. I am alone.
The past is past. I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

PAPER MILLS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—There were at work, in the United Kingdom, on the 13th of June last, 380 paper mills. Of these, 304 were in England, 28 in Ireland, and 48 in Scotland. The number of beating engines at work in English mills was 1,267, and silent, 107; in Scotland, 278 working, and 8 silent; and in Ireland, 71 at work, and 15 silent.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Great Artists and Great Anatomists: a Biographical and Philosophical Study. By R. KNOX, M.D., F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the "Académie Nationale" of France. London: Van Voorst. 1852.

Dr. KNOX designates his work a *Biographical and Philosophical Study*. To the latter title it undoubtedly has fair pretensions; but to the former none at all. A biographical study is the study of the life and character of a human being, simply as a human being. It is not merely the man in relation to science, literature, and art that constitutes a biographical study, but the man in relation to his creator and his fellow-men—as a member of the great human family, and the responsible offspring of the Father of the Spirit of all Flesh. Doubtless this definition of a biographical study embraces, as an important item to be considered, that peculiar development of the intellectual and moral faculties which fixes the fitness of the individual for one career rather than another—which makes one man a MOZART and another an organ-grinder, or one man a CUVIER and another a RAPHAEL. But in a biographical study, properly so called, it is the work in relation to the worker, and not the worker in relation to the work, which ought to be contemplated. That the volume now on our desk is no biographical study, we do not require a more certain proof than that we are no better acquainted *as men* with CUVIER, GEOFFROY, LEONARDO, MICHAEL ANGELO, and RAPHAEL, the subjects of study, than we were before we read the book. We can only guess now as heretofore at the earnest desire for truth, or the passionate love of beauty, at the self-reliance, the self-devotion, the energy, the determination, the perseverance, which must have distinguished those great men. Without these, or similar high qualities, we know they could not have wrought their great works; but in what proportion they possessed, or how, as individuals, they manifested them, Dr. KNOX has not shown us. They are still to us great scientific and artistic abstractions, not flesh and blood, not men and brothers.

As a philosophical study, this little work ranks higher. Indeed, had it not been for the title-page, we should not have supposed that the biographical element was intended to be a prominent feature in the work. Dr. KNOX thus states his threefold object:—

1st. To establish the exact relation of Descriptive Anatomy to the science of the animal organic world as it is now, and as it once existed. * * * 2nd. To trace Transcendental Anatomy to its essence, and to show, in the life and labours of Geoffroy (St. Hilaire), that the philosophy of the creation of animals is explicable only by Descriptive Anatomy. 3rd. To discover, if possible in the life and labours of the immortal artist who painted the "Cena," and of his great rivals, Angelo and Raphael, the true relation of Descriptive Anatomy to Art.

As we have not space to enter into a discussion on these subjects, nor to state where we differ from or where we agree with the author, we refer the reader to the work itself, assuring him that he will find it throughout piquant, original, and suggestive. We could have wished, indeed, that the arrangement of the materials of discussion as well as the sentences had been a little more methodical. The sequence of thought is frequently interrupted, and the argument, instead of advancing steadily to the construction of an invulnerable edifice of proof, leaps backwards and forwards, placing a stone here and a stone there, rushing to heap one upon the roof, then flying back to fill up a gap near the foundation. We take at random the following sentence as a specimen of the occasional slovenliness of diction to which we have alluded. The author, after stating that there are men whose lives form the history of the period in which they live, proceeds—

Such was Newton in respect of science; such was Aristotle; and, politically, such were Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon; what these men were in respect of the brute masses of men, those I now speak of were to the thinking world.

Any one would imagine from the construction of this sentence that the words, "these men," in the last clause, referred to NEWTON and ARIS-

TOTLE as well as to CÆSAR, ALEXANDER, and NAPOLEON, if the sense of the sentence did not show that they only relate to the three latter.

Connected with a sketch of the scientific researches of CUVIER, Dr. KNOX proceeds to attain his first object. In his discussion of the labours of GEOFFROY, which includes his second, he shows himself an earnest advocate of the transcendental theory of unity of plan in the structure of living forms, in opposition to those who maintain the fixity of species as a fundamental law of nature. Into the respective merits of these opinions we cannot here enter. We have only to remark that, from earnest enquiry and open discussion, religion and morality must ever be gainers. Truth must ever agree with Truth. Often the connecting links which bind the fragmentary segments of the chain of truth into one great circle are hidden from our ken; we know not if a finite mind may ever hope to behold unbroken that glorious Whole; but one by one a link is supplied, and the experience of the past should teach us patience, faith, and humility for the future, and guard us against rashly pronouncing on apparent incompatibilities. With regard to religion, those who have "the witness within them" know that they are grounded upon a truth from which nothing can move them. They ought, therefore, to be the last to shun discussion, which is obviously the fitter course of those who have no confidence in the creed they wish to maintain.

One of the most valuable parts of the volume, in our opinion, is that which treats of the relation anatomy bears to art, and in how far it is necessary or desirable as the study of an artist. Dr. KNOX's opinions on this point are particularly sound and sensible, and fully borne out by what he relates of the practice of LEONARDO and RAPHAEL, those great heroes of art whose works are yet the admiration and wonder of mankind. A short extract will suffice to give an idea of the bent of his views.

Science is an admirable thing in itself; and to know anatomy is a valuable acquisition to all scientific, to all educated, men. But the aim and end of its study must not be misunderstood. A knowledge of the interior of man's structure is essential to the surgeon and physician, to the zoologist and to the transcendental anatomist; it furnishes to the artist, as its highest aim, a *theory of art*. Hitherto, though not in all instances, it has unhappily induced the artist to display what he knows, instead of enabling him cunningly to conceal that knowledge, as Nature has done, from the gaze of the world. He begins where he should end, and, by drawing anatomically, he displays that knowledge which he should keep in reserve merely to prove the correctness of his power of observing living forms.

And, again, in alluding to those artists, who endeavour to give a "life-like appearance to their figures, by putting in action all the superficial muscles:"

The result is, an *anatomical study*—a *galvanised corpse*. Follow Da Vinci. Draw the dead as dead—the living as living; never depart from truth. The dissected muscle, besides being dead, is quite unlike the living in form, and in every other quality.

The following contains a great truth in criticism:

When we examine with a view to criticise the works of little minds—of men of mediocrity—we look at once at *detail*; for there is nothing else to look at. An anachronism in time or place becomes a glaring defect. But where the works of the great Masters are the objects of criticism, the best thing a man of detail can do is to be silent. You cannot measure the great ideas of Rubens, of Raphael, of Leonardo, by such a rule. Your mind must either come up to the conceptions of the artist, or you must abandon the attempt altogether. These men, and many others whom I could name, show you the *unseen* through the *visible*. They show you that which alone can touch the deepest feelings of your nature, which is, in fact, the great aim of art.

But there are some persons who have none of those nobler and deeper feelings. There are a class of critics who judge all things by a set of petty rules, and who can never, on any occasion, trust to that spontaneous passion of admiration which a work of genius naturally calls forth *directly*, and without any investigation of detail whatever. To be capable, however, of feeling this admiration, the critic must have a soul in sympathy with the artist. He must be capable of

seizing intuitively the loftier purpose to which all the details are merely subservient. He, too, must be capable of perceiving the unseen, through the visible, though he need not, like the artist, be capable of expressing or interpreting it.

It is this power of perceiving the unseen which constitutes genius. In art, as in literature, genius alone can paint mind. Mere observation may teach us to paint the outward forms—the "*lifeless statues*" of things; but sympathy or intuition only (for in this sense, these two are the same) can enable us to inspire them with the living spirit. No amount of observation will enable the most observant man to see beyond the surface—much less to manifest to others what is hidden there. To perceive effects is one thing; to interpret causes is another.

Through the intuition of sympathy alone can we, by observation of the visible manifestations, read the unseen spirit either of man or of the other objects of God's creation.

Political Elements; or the Progress of Modern Legislation. By JOSEPH MOSELEY, Esq., B.C.L. London: Parker and Co.

AN able analysis of our political system. The author, Mr. MOSELEY, whom, we believe, we have met in the same field before, discards all party prejudice, and contemplates his subject from a purely philosophical point of view. The rival principles of Conservatism and Reform, Public Opinion and the State, the Functions of a Legislator, &c. are the topics which, in the hands of our author, are ably and dispassionately handled. His theory of Reform and Conservatism, as contending feelings in our common nature, reminds us of EMERSON's brilliant essay on the same subject, and the verdict of both writers being the same, we conclude Mr. MOSELEY drew his inspiration from that source. But if he cannot always lay claim to originality of thought, his views are generally sound, and the arguments by which he supports them, close, clear and concise. The elementary forces of Legislation he defines to consist in Legislative Science and Public Opinion. Our present laws he considers imperfect, mere additions and supplements, in fact, to the old; and that they will probably remain so till the time arrives when the facts legislated upon having changed, an entire and perfect new law will become necessary, which will supersede what our author terms the patch-work of legislation, now in force. But while admitting that in our day Legislative Science is comparatively undeveloped, he estimates far too low, to our thinking, the importance of Public Opinion. He makes no comment on the existence of a powerful newspaper press, as its organ; and gives it as his opinion, that, with the exception of a few great measures, Reforms have more often originated with the Legislature than with the Press or the people. To this doctrine we cannot give our assent. We hold Public Opinion to be the only real governing power in the whole civilized world. And we think it matter of regret that what Mr. MOSELEY terms "Legislative Science" should so rarely take the initiative in reform, till Public Opinion, in conjunction with the Press, forces it on Parliament by dint of popular outcry and agitation out of doors. To Democracy Mr. MOSELEY is plainly opposed; he has no faith in what our Chartists term the "rights of man," and boldly declares the doctrine of Universal Suffrage to be false.

The concluding chapters of the work treat of the Functions of a Legislator, and are admirably written. We especially commend his remarks on the qualifications most required in a member of Parliament to the attention of the public at the present time. He estimates, at their real worth, the showy rhetoric and loud-mouthed pretensions to patriotism, which too often eclipse real merit in the eyes of the multitude. After the important gift of a capacity for judging, he considers "integrity to be the last great qualification in a legislator more wanted than is generally supposed." With this valuable hint, we take our leave of a work which, we doubt not, will be read by all who feel an interest in the important questions discussed in its pages.

SCIENCE.

History of Physical Astronomy from the earliest Ages to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, comprehending a detailed account of the Establishment of the Theory of Gravitation by Newton, and its development by his successors, with an Exposition of the Progress of Research on all other subjects of Celestial Physics. By ROBERT GRANT, F.R.A.S. London: Baldwin. 1852.

THE science of astronomy has many characteristics which are somewhat paradoxical, though its subject-matter be inaccessible; it is the most succinct of all the sciences, traces of it are found in the first ages of human society. Although the objects which form the basis of celestial mechanics are completely out of reach, and the whole theory grounded on facts indicated by one sense only, that of sight, yet the science of astronomy is the most perfect, the most precise, and the most sublime of all the sciences founded on observation.

Here is a treatise before us of very considerable bulk; not a flimsy performance consisting of a rivulet of type and a meadow of margin; quite the reverse; the book comprises upwards of six hundred closely printed octavo pages, replete with historical matter as to how those objects have been accomplished, and by whom they were performed. Should our readers feel an interest in such subjects, and should they have a desire to form an acquaintance with the history of the progress of those grand achievements of man's intellect from the earliest periods, they cannot, we think, adopt a more judicious course than to treat themselves with Mr. GRANT's elaborate, yet interesting, treatise named at the head of this article, and give it a careful perusal.

The work, upon the testimony of the highest authorities, sets forth the state of astronomy at various periods, from the earliest times down to our own days, affording, as we think, an index to the progress of the human intellect throughout the whole time.

The author says the main object of the work is to exhibit a view of the labours of successive inquirers in establishing a knowledge of the mechanical principles which regulate the movements of the celestial bodies, and in explaining the various phenomena relative to their physical constitution, which observation with the telescope has disclosed.

The work is divided into twenty-one chapters, together with an introduction and preface. The chapters contain early notions of physical astronomy; Newton and Gravitation; his intellectual character; circumstances that impeded the early progress of the Newtonian theory; perturbations of the planets; irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn; theory of the figure of the earth; Jupiter's satellites; their physical theory; secular variation of the planets; variation of their mean distances; theory of the perturbation of the larger planets; researches on the tides; oscillations of the atmosphere; ancient observations on Uranus; irregularities of the planet; remarks on the discovery of the planet Neptune; the elements of the planet; researches on solar parallax; general aspect of comets; Halley's comet; importance of facts in the cultivation of physics; eclipses of the sun and moon; early methods of observing the celestial bodies; catalogues of the fixed stars; early notions of the telescope; origin of Stellar Astronomy; there is also an appendix of considerable length, chiefly on the perturbations of the planets. In treating these important topics and a great variety of others connected with his subject, the author has given an account of the labours of all the celebrated astronomers from the earliest times, in many instances placing before the reader an interesting sketch of their lives, the difficulties they had to encounter, and the additions they have made to the general stock of human knowledge.

It has been remarked that the author has given interesting sketches of the lives and performances of the most distinguished astronomers from the most ancient time down to our own. In this galaxy of intellectual magnificence, Englishmen take a prominent position—in many respects the highest; we have NEWTON, HALLEY, BRADLEY, MASKELYNE, SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, and others who are celebrated wherever astronomy is cultivated or science held in repute. We have also HERSCHEL, ADAMS, AIRY, HIND, LASSELL, and some others still in the field, whose achievements have written their names in sunbeams on the firmament—their labours will encircle their memories with a halo of glory which will endure as long as the universe is governed by laws of which they are the gifted expositors. Every Englishman

must feel a proper pride, in perusing this volume, to find that so many of the sublime truths connected with astronomy were first ascertained and promulgated by his countrymen. NEWTON immortalized himself by establishing the law of gravitation. HERSCHEL, AIRY, and ADAMS, treading in the steps of their celebrated chief, have extended the law to the utmost boundary of the range to which the human intellect has reached.

In practical astronomy, also, England stands pre-eminent; the addition which Mr. HIND has made to the planetary system has conferred honour on the country to which he belongs. As a proof of the estimation in which this indefatigable and distinguished astronomer is held, it may be mentioned that the committee of the French Academy last year (Comptes Rendus 21 Avril) in preparing a list of candidates for the vacancy in their astronomical department occasioned by the death of M. DUNLOP, unanimously agreed that

Au premier rang M. Argelander à Bonn, en Prusse.
Au deuxième rang M. Hind à Londres. [Univ.]
Au troisième rang M. Bond à Cambridge (Etats)
Au quatrième rang; were our ADAMS and fifteen others in alphabetical order.

The discovery of the new planet Neptune was the most astonishing feat of intellectual power that can be found in the history of the human mind. The work before us contains the most elaborate discussion on that remarkable performance which, we believe, has yet been given to the public. The author's explanatory matter on planetary perturbations in the appendix is not only interesting, but imparts much serviceable information on a very recondite subject. He gives a circumstantial sketch of Mr. ADAMS's treatment of the problem, from the time that he made the memorandum in his note book, on the 3rd of July, 1841, down to October, 1845, when he (Mr. ADAMS) called at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the Astronomer Royal's absence, and left a paper containing the elements of the new planet.

In conclusion, we give the author's views on the future prospects of Physical Astronomy:

The future prospects of physical astronomy are in accordance with its past triumphs. The theories of the smaller planets and comets, and the inverse problem of planetary perturbation, still continue to offer to the geometer extensive subjects of interesting research. The theories of the secondary systems are also still in an imperfect condition. It is true that the moon and the system of Jupiter's satellites have formed the subjects of elaborate research, and that their complex perturbation have been studied with a degree of success which leaves little further to be desired; but so intricate are the various parts of physical astronomy, and so difficult is it for the geometer to bring them within the reach of his analysis, that methods of investigation devised for any particular problem become totally useless when applied to others apparently similar to it. In the secondary systems of Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, difficulties will doubtless occur to the geometer which can only be vanquished by methods of analysis peculiarly adapted to each specific case. But the planetary system does not hold out the exclusive prospect of future advancements in the study of celestial mechanics. Already the sublime truth announced by Newton, that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force varying reciprocally as the squares of their mutual distances has been realized in the motions of those vast bodies which roll in space at an inconceivable distance beyond the limits of the solar system. The recent researches of astronomers on the motions of the double stars, have established this important fact beyond all doubt. An unlimited field of speculation is here presented to the contemplative mind. Whether it is allotted for the geometer to transport his analysis effectually to these myriads of bodies which twinkle in the starry heavens, and to calculate the perturbation which the solar system may one day experience as, in the course of its motion through space, it approaches some of the great masses of the universe, are questions which cannot fail to occur to the thoughtful inquirer, but are of the class which time alone can solve. To use the language of an eminent Philosopher, it would be rash to be too sanguine; it would be unphilosophical to despair.

We had marked many other parts for quotation, but we are compelled by other claims on our space to be more brief than the merits of our work deserve. In closing our article, we again heartily recommend the book to all who take an interest in astronomy, as containing a condensed mass of well arranged information upon almost every subject having reference to that most sublime of all the sciences.

Lectures on Histology. By JOHN QUEKETT. London. Baillière.

HISTOLOGY is the name given to the science that investigates the elementary tissues of plants and animals; and Mr. QUEKETT may boast that he is almost, if not quite, its founder, for he gave the first impulse to the use of the microscope in physiology and medicine, which has wrought such miracles in the way of discovery, and from which so much more may yet be anticipated. The volume upon our table contains a series of lectures delivered to the College of Surgeons, in which he states the results of his investigations into the minute structure of the organs of plants and animals, and these are exhibited to the eye by no less than 159 woodcuts. The subject is incapable of being treated of within the limited space we can give to any book; but we can assure our readers that they will find this one to be full of new wonders, and profoundly interesting and instructive.

A SECOND edition has been issued of Mr. AIRY's (the Astronomer Royal) *Six Lectures on Astronomy*, which he delivered at Ipswich in 1848, and which are remarkable for the simplicity and clearness of his descriptions, and his successful endeavours to make science intelligible to a popular audience. The writing is a model for such compositions. Technical terms are almost entirely thrown aside, or, if used, are always accompanied with an explanation of their meaning. A better sketch of the present state of astronomy we have never seen. It would make an excellent book for class-reading in schools.—Mr. BOHN has added to his "Scientific Library," a translation, by the two Misses HORNBY, of *Oersted's Soul in Nature*; a bold attempt to systematise Nature, and to present what may be termed a Philosophy of Creation. To attempt even a description of a work so vast in its design, so abstruse in its reasonings, so ingenious in its speculations, would be a task far beyond the limits of such a journal as this. Enough for us to record its appearance in an English dress for the study of those who enjoy to have the mind exercised by reading that compels thought. This volume will be a study, and a wholesome occupation even for those who may not assent to the author's views.—Mr. MORTIMER has published a second edition of his thoroughly practical book of instructions in *Pyrotechny*; or, a complete *System of Recreative Fireworks*: (Hodson.) To all who exercise themselves in that pleasing art, this volume will be an invaluable manual, for its instructions are so minute that it is almost impossible not to succeed if they are carefully observed.—Mr. BRAID has published a third edition of his treatise on *Magic, Animal Magnetism, Hypnotism, &c.*, in which he shows that they are all forms of the same condition of the human frame, self-induced, in which the power of the will is paralyzed for a time, and the other phenomena being the result of that condition.—A fourth edition has appeared of the Chevalier CLAUSSEN's account of *The Flax Movement*, which is growing in importance.—Mr. THOMAS MILLER, M.A., Rector of the Academy at Perth, has sent a *Treatise on the Differential Calculus, with its application to Plane Curves, to Curve Surfaces, and to Curves of Double Curvature*. It is his design to explain his subject in a simple manner, with well selected examples in each chapter. We are not competent to say if he has achieved his object.—Mr. E. TOMLINSON's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy* will be found to be a clear, intelligible and interesting sketch of the principal laws of nature, and an acquaintance with which will be the best preliminary to the study of this particular science. We can recommend this little book to young persons. It would be a good school book.

HISTORY.

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas: including a History of that Empire from its Foundation to the Present Time. By GEORGE FOWLER, Esq. In 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Shoberl.

THERE is a blank in the historical literature of England. Historians have presented to us in our own tongue the histories of every country in Europe—with one exception—Russia. BELL attempted it, but unsuccessfully, for his work was little read, and its very existence will probably be now made known for the first time to many of our readers. Nor did he carry it beyond the date of the Treaty of Tilsit in 1806. The early portions of it are, we believe, now admitted to be very incorrect.

The Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, therefore, fills a gap in the library, even although Mr. FOWLER avows that he has aimed at nothing more than a careful compilation from the productions of the native historians of Russia, from French and German authorities, and from the works of BREMNER, KOHL, GOLOVINE, GRANVILLE, and other observant travellers. From these sources, assisted by some inedited manuscripts which

had been placed in his hands, and his own personal knowledge of the country and the people, the author has contrived to select the materials for a work of no common interest, and whose subject cannot fail to attract the reader desirous of knowing something about the largest empire in Europe, the arbitress of the fate of Austria and Prussia—it may be the future conqueror of ourselves—if, indeed, it is still to be the fate of nations that when they have become effete through excess of civilization, they shall be thrust out by the physical might of a barbarian race that enjoys the full vigor of its physical faculties.

Mr. FOWLER has very briefly told the story of the earlier sovereigns, of whom the records are extremely confused. He dwells at greater length upon the career of IVAN THE TERRIBLE, presenting us with a graphic picture of the effects of unrestrained despotism upon the characters alike of the despot and of the people. The larger and by far the most interesting portion of this first volume is devoted to the Life of PETER THE GREAT, of whom this is the most minute biography we have seen. VOLTAIRE'S brilliant Life of the Czar is more fanciful than real. He made a charming picture, but it was done in his own fashion, by representing only the most striking traits of the character of his hero, and repeating every amusing or curious anecdote of him, without caring to investigate its truth. Mr. FOWLER, following KARAMZIN, the best of the native historians of Russia, has given us an apparently authentic narrative of the life and reign of this remarkable man, who by his own energy consolidated an empire, and gave it that onward impulse which has been thenceforth continued with accelerated speed, until its destinies begin to agitate men's thoughts and rouse the fears of monarchs and peoples. In his carefully digested narrative of the reforms wrought by the great PETER in the Russo-Greek Church, Mr. FOWLER has taken the opportunity to introduce an account of the present Ecclesiastical Establishment of Russia, of the Churches and Monasteries, the Clergy and their Benefices, and of the Doctrines, usages and ceremonies of the Church.

The author modestly informs us in his preface, that this is not a composition, but a compilation. We presume that he means by this to intimate that he has not introduced any opinions, disquisitions, or original researches of his own, but has merely put together in the English language the facts which are related by writers in Russia, France and Germany. Nothing more than this could have been expected or desired; but even this is labour that demands a great deal of patient research, and much sound judgment, not merely in the selection of the materials, but in the putting of them together. A regularly bred literary hack would, perhaps, have made it more amusing, by picking out just the exciting incidents, and omitting or colouring the droller ones; but the result would not have been of the same value for the purposes of instruction and of reference.

With these remarks suggested by the perusal of the first volume, which only has yet appeared, we take the earliest moment to introduce the work to the public, and to describe the character and quality of its contents. We must reserve a more ample review of it as a composition when it is before us in its entirety, and may be more fairly judged, and extracts better adapted for our columns, where each must have a complete and independent interest in itself, will be more easily found in the later portions of the work, when it advances into times that more immediately connect Russia with the present and future of Europe.

The Celt, the Roman and the Saxon. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A. London: A. Hall and Co.

THIS volume is a successful endeavour to make archaeology walk hand in hand with history. Mr. WRIGHT has gathered together all that is known to us of the relics of Ancient Britain, from the earliest period down to the conversion to Christianity of the Anglo-Saxons, and from these authentic memorials he has compiled a history of the early inhabitants of Britain, from which a far better conception of them and of the condition of the country will be obtained than from any work with which we are acquainted. The materials of which the picture has been constructed are scattered in many and distant repositories, in a multitude of books, in archaeological reports, local and general, in museums metropolitan and provincial. With amazing diligence Mr. WRIGHT has explored every accessible source for information, and thus he has succeeded in presenting a more minute and perfect history of our ancestors than any that has been written. He has also condensed it into a compact volume, instead of expanding it into three or four lumbering tomes, as, if he had followed the fashion of the day, he might have done. To make it more interesting, and to render verbal descriptions more intelligible, he has introduced a great number of woodcuts illustrative of the antiquities referred to in the text. Nor is the style or manner such as from the proverbial dryness of antiquarians might have been

anticipated. On the contrary, it is graphic and lively; pleasant as well as profitable to read. We commend it to the notice of all our readers as a necessary addition to the histories of England, and to all students of history as the first book to be read about their own country, as showing them more perfectly than any of the historians what was the precise condition of their ancestors, how they lived, what were their manners and customs, and what progress they had made in the arts and sciences, as well as their literary achievements, all of which are fully treated of by Mr. WRIGHT.

BIOGRAPHY.

Corneille and his Times. By M. GUIZOT. London: Bentley. 1852.

THIS work performs more than it professes; for, while it only assumes to give an account of CORNEILLE and his contemporaries, it is in reality a complete history of the Poets and Poetry of France from the earliest times to the culminating point of the French drama. From any man such a work would have been a welcome boon, for it supplies a gap in literary history, a want to the student of letters; but coming as it does from the pen of M. GUIZOT, it bears upon its very title-page a twofold claim to our respect, that of being a wanted work written by an able man. And let all feelings of prejudice vanish from the mind in considering this performance, for it is the work of GUIZOT, written in all the vigour and freshness of his youthful powers, when literature was his early love, long ere he had cramped his vast and mighty intellect into the limits of a political career over which we may be inclined to brood with other and more hostile feelings. "I have reprinted," he says, "in the present volume, one of the first works of my youth, a work published for the first time in 1813, nearly forty years ago."

M. GUIZOT very sensibly remarks that Literary History has this advantage over general history, that it holds in actual possession, and is able to exhibit, the very objects which it desires to make known and to judge. Of the personages with whom general history has to deal, we have nothing but the merest and most shadowy silhouettes, too often the most absurd caricatures; kings and heroes are preserved between the pages of the historian, not in their true and living forms, but as the dried herbs in a *herbarium siccum*, destitute of form, vitality and colour; while the subjects of Literary History are now living upon our shelves clothed with as perfect and lively forms as ever they wore at the moment of their actual creation. When we speak of VIRGIL or of HOMER, we speak not so much of the Citizen of Mantua, or of the old blind poet who sang his everlasting songs through Greece, but we speak of the *Æneid*, and of the *Georgics*, of the *Odyssey*, and of the *Iliad*. If, therefore, M. GUIZOT had confined himself to the title of his work, and had been content to tell us of CORNEILLE and his times, our task would have been very simple indeed. In a rapid sketch we might have glanced at the interesting details of that age, and have left our readers to their own researches for the rest. But M. GUIZOT has not so confined himself. His book, with a most un-Guizot-like policy, performs much more than it promises, for, instead of keeping strictly to the age of LOUIS XIV., he philosophizes upon the origin of poetry in general, and enters into a prolonged disquisition upon the entire history of poetry in France.

"Poetry," says he, "the first outburst of a budding imagination in the midst of a world that is new to it, finds, in all surrounding objects, themes for its songs, and derives from the simplest sights a host of sensations previously unknown. Adam, on opening his eyes for the first time to the light, thus describes to us his first movements:—

As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid, &c.
Milton's Paradise Lost. Book viii.

And then are quoted those beautiful lines by MILTON, in which ADAM is represented as describing his first sensations.

Now, without stopping to enquire what precise idea M. GUIZOT means to convey when he tells us that poetry "derives a host of sensations from the simplest sights," we must remonstrate against this account of ADAM'S first attempts at thinking being regarded as historical. The situation is nothing more than the pure invention of a highly imaginative poet, the only authentic historian entirely omitting to mention any such occurrence, and it is, therefore, going a little too far to found any reasoning about the probable

"outbursts of a budding imagination," upon ideas born of an imagination in full blow, when, if the truth could be ascertained, it would probably turn out that the "budding imagination" was utterly at a loss to know what to make of the surrounding world so "new to it."

This tendency to jump at specious conclusions too frequently leads M. GUIZOT into similar extravagances whenever he attempts to generalize philosophically. For example, when he tells us that—

The Greek, at the origin and during the progress of his civilization, appears to us like man issuing from the hands of God, in all the simplicity and grandeur of his nature—coming into existence in a world that is ready to yield to him all the riches that his intelligence can extract from her ample stores, but which discloses those riches gradually;

we feel inclined to object that M. GUIZOT appears to have formed his idea of "the Greek" out of the most perfect specimens that tradition and history have handed down to us; that his "Greek" is probably endowed with the Reason of SOCRATES, the Imagination of ÆSCHYLUS, the Taste of SOPHOCLES, and the Wit of ARISTOPHANES; that he is as attractive as ALCIBIADES, as brave as LEONIDAS, as eloquent as DEMOSTHENES, and as temperate as ARISTIDES; that he is as good a general as EPAMINONDAS, as good a sculptor as PRAXITELES, as good a painter as XEUXIS, and as great a legislator as SOLON; whereas the truth is, that the average Greek was a very common-place, stupid individual, with no more, if so much, of intelligence, as an average man of these days, and that these were only the *rare aves* indigenous to the soil of Attica. It is just as if philosophers hereafter were to idealize M. GUIZOT, and then talk about "the Frenchman."

These eccentricities of reasoning arise, we feel convinced, from that old theory which attributes the moulding of the national mind and taste to the influence of external objects—an influence which, although it may have a sensible power, has been, in our opinion, grossly exaggerated. By this theory, the points of distinction between natural poetries are very comfortably disposed of. The Italian poetry is suave and melodious, because the breezes of Italy are balmy, and her skies are blue. The German poetry is rough and boisterous, as the German land is more rugged and chill. But yet UHLAND and GOETHE melt into all the flowing smoothness of PETRARCH; DANTE is mysterious and gloomy; and the notes of TASSO ring out *mild* and sonorous as a trumpet-blast.

Let us turn, however, from these philosophical mazes, in which even the strong intellect of GUIZOT appears to have wandered, to that interesting chain of facts and statements out of which error can scarcely arise—the early history of Poetry in France.

The earliest poets in France were the Troubadours of Provence, and the French Trouvères. These gentle rhymsters, who considered all subjects but Love and War as unconnected with their art, have left behind them specimens of romantic poetry which seem to our modern eyes more like marvels of imbecility and the most ridiculous puerility, than inspirations of poetic genius. Prowess in war, and facility in versifying, appeared, in those days, to entitle their possessor to any favours he chose to demand from the lady of his choice. Muscle and doggerel were all the rage, and, if our present poet-laureate, who is a strong and stalwart knight, had lived in those days, he would have run RAIMBAULT DE VAQUEIRAS very hard indeed. As an example of the state of public opinion upon these matters, we may cite an anecdote of this witty Troubadour. He fell in love with BEATRICE, the sister of the Marquis of MONTFERRES; but, when she married some other gentleman, she very properly thought it only delicate that RAIMBAULT should discontinue his attentions; upon which he wrote her a farewell song, composed of five languages, each couplet being in a different language, and the last in all the five hashed together. "So lively an invention," says PASQUIER, "that, if it had been presented to the knights and ladies who were judges of love, I am willing to believe that they would have decided in favour of the renewal of the loves of BEATRICE with this gentle poet."

With the exception of the famous *Roman de la Rose* (a long and tedious satire, commenced by GUILLAUME DE LORRIS, and continued by JEAN DE MEUN), and the *Bible Huguiot*, no poetical work of importance appeared in France down to the time of CLEMENT MAROT—CLEMENT MAROT, valet-de-chambre to FRANCIS I., loved of the fair

DIANE DE POICTIERS, the beautiful mistress of HENRY II. MAROT is, in the opinion of M. GUIZOT, "the true type of the old French style—a mixture of grace and archness, of elegance and simplicity, of familiarity and propriety." Many of his productions, *Le Temple de Cupido*, and some of his *Epîtres*, deserve all this praise; but his epigrams are a mixture of coarseness and elegance unsurpassed in variety by any poet besides MARTIAL.

So very little is popularly known of those poets who flourished before CORNEILLE, that we question if very many of our readers ever heard of RONSARD, DUBARTAS, JOELLE, or BAIF; albeit they preceded CORNEILLE by only a very few years. Nor are these poets worthy the attention of the general reader. The literary historian may derive from them instructive principles, and may trace in them the gradual development of taste, and the slow perfection of poetry; but life is so short, and books are so long, that all other readers may well dispense with the task of winnowing such bushels of chaff for the sake of the few grains of wheat which may haply lie concealed among the mass. Pre-eminent in this age of mediocrity shone RONSARD and MALHERBE. Both pedantic and amorous, consequently both ridiculous, but both of infinite service to the French muse, because they paved the way to that classic perfection of the succeeding age—the age of CORNEILLE, RACINE, CREBILLON, MOLIÈRE, and VOLTAIRE—a perfection which was not the result of that sudden and almost divine inspiration which animated HOMER and our own SHAKESPEARE; but which was the result of study and experience, and a careful criticising examination into the faults of their predecessors. The follies of RONSARD are both amusing and instructive. According to the fashion of the age, he chose a fair lady with whom to fall in love;—not that he cared two straws about her, or she for him; for she was very ugly, although "of very good birth," and he had fallen somewhat into the yellow leaf;—but in order that he might address to her his pompous love songs, after that absurd fashion brought into vogue by PETRARCH. In one of these precious compositions, he asserts his mistress to be his "*Entéléchie*;" a term which MURETUS explains as borrowed from ARISTOTLE'S Philosophy, and to signify "my sole perfection, my only soul, which causes in me all movement, both natural and spontaneous." This truly is a pregnancy of meaning that even TENNYSON might envy, to whom indeed, in his faults, though not in his beauties, RONSARD bears rather a striking resemblance. In his poem, *In Memoriam* of MARGUERITE of France and FRANCIS I., he regrets that he cannot employ the words—

Ocy more, Dyspotime, Oligochronien :

And his line—

Du moulin brise-grain la pierre rondo-plate,

which we may translate—

The rounded-flat stone of the grain-crushing mill,

is perfectly Tennysonian. Well might BALZAC say of this Prince of Poets, as his admirers called him—"he is not a poet complete; he is the commencement and material of a poet; in his works we perceive the nascent and semi-animated parts of a body which is in process of formation, but which is never brought to completion." Upon MALHERBE, too, we may also pass judgment in the words of BALZAC;—"he was an old court pedagogue, who was formerly called the tyrant of words and syllables; who made the greatest difference between *pas* and *point*, and treated the affair of gerunds and participles, as if it were a contest between two neighbouring nations quarrelling about their frontiers. Death surprised him while he was rounding a period, and his climacterical year arrived when he was deliberating whether *erreur* and *doute* were masculine or feminine. With what attention did he expect to be listened to, when he was for ever dogmatizing about the virtue and use of particles?"

With such *coryphées* as these, who can wonder that the literati of the nation were in a very weakly state indeed, during the reigns of HENRY IV., LOUIS XIII., and the "good regency" of ANNE of Austria. The plain common-sense of the first, greater at finance than at poetry; the timorous melancholy of the second, and the empty-headedness of the third, who had, as DE RETZ records, "just so much sense as enabled her to conceal her folly from strangers," were not very favourable to the cultivation of the Muses. Nor did the literary inclinations of RICHELIEU, who would insist upon leading where he ought only to have followed, tend much to foster the growth of

good taste in the country. As is the custom with some "literary" gentlemen of these days, whose only connection with literature is that they gossip about authors, it was, indeed, fashionable to meet in certain *salons*, and there prattle by the hour the mere chit-chat of the literary world, recounting, as MASCARILLE hath it in *Les Précieuses*, "*how one author has composed the prettiest piece in the world upon such and such a subject; or words to such and such an air; how Mons. So-and-so wrote a stanza yesterday to Madlle. Thingumy, who sent him an answer at eight this morning; how such an author has got to the third part of his novel, and how another is passing his works through the press. These are the sort of subjects*" adds MASCARILLE, "*to make you valued in society; and if you are ignorant of them, I would not give a tenpenny nail for all the wit you may possess.*" This insignificant *petit-maitreism* stifled rather than encouraged literature; for men of real genius are naturally unwilling to set themselves apart as gaping-stocks for fools and purveyors of gossip to every fashionable idler.

The drama all this time was in a very miserable condition. To the old Mysteries had succeeded that species of composition personifying abstract ideas and qualities, the traces of which are not yet eradicated from the modern stage. A drunkard was then called *Je Bois*, and a glutton *Banquet*, just as, in some modern pieces, we have people named *Graspall*, *Faithful*, and *Marlinspike*, to indicate their qualities or occupations. In those days, too, sprung up and flourished the weed *Burlesque*, killing what few flowers, fair and beautiful to look upon, had haply sprung up, despite adverse circumstances, in the garden of French Literature. Hand-in-hand with this, came the habit of playing upon words (*pointes*, as they were called, from *punctum* (Latin), a point, from whence probably, our word *pun*), upon which *Burlesque* has subsisted ever since. This was a weary prospect. HARDY, writing his *Eight hundred* pieces for "the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne, at the rate of three crowns a-piece, and a share in the profits." Imagine eight hundred such pieces as *Scedastus*; or, *Hospitality violated*, in which two young girls, who are abused by their hosts, defend themselves upon the stage to the last moment! Imagine such pieces as SCUDERY'S *Didon* gaining applause! After the storm, during which the "pious" *Eneas* and *Dido*, took their famous shelter in the cave, has perfectly dispersed and cleared away, *Eneas* peers out upon the weather, and, with the air of a beau leading some fair damsel out of a pastry-cook's shop, in which they have taken shelter from a shower, says—

"Madame, il ne pleut plus; votre Majesté sorte;"

and then, being requested to inform sister *Anna* and the suite of their whereabouts, he climbs upon a rock to shout—

"Hola! hi! L'on répond; la voix est déjà proche.

Hola! hi! la voix?"

and so forth.

It was in the midst of this age of mediocrity that there arose a man who has been justly styled the Father of the French Drama; a man endowed with such rare genius and fine taste that, emancipating himself from the thrall of established prejudices, he founded a style of his own, new to modern letters, and approaching, nearer than any other the purity of the Greek school. This man was PIERRE CORNEILLE. This man, who commenced by writing comedies in the old style, for the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne, sharing the dusty old laurels of HARDY, who contemptuously called his most successful comedy "a very good farce," proceeded gradually from triumph to triumph, until he attained to a degree of literary fame superior to that of all contemporary men. That tardy meed of praise which is commonly left to the justice of posterity to award, was bestowed upon CORNEILLE while he was living; and, long before the close of his career, in the very zenith and vigour of his life, he was distinguished by the epithet of LE GRAND CORNEILLE. How this great dramatist attained, early in life, to the distinction of being one of the five *faiseurs de dramas* for his literary Eminence the Cardinal DE RICHELIEU, from which post he was summarily discharged for not having the *esprit de suite* necessary to fulfil it satisfactorily, we have all heard. How the Cardinal persecuted the *Cid*, and excited the Academy, then lately called into existence by him, to pass an adverse judgment upon that masterpiece, which they, in all courtly smoothness, delicately refused to do, CORNEILLE himself in his prefaces, and his critic, M. DE VOLTAIRE, have abundantly informed us. With the works of CORNEILLE, all readers

of French Literature are familiar. Many of us have heard the great RACHEL interpret CORNEILLE in his *Polyeucte*, his *Rodogune*, his *Horaces*. The literary merit of all his pieces has been so fully considered by VOLTAIRE, in two bulky volumes of criticism, that it would be idle to discuss it here. We can do little more than record a few lines of admiration to the memory of this remarkable man.

CORNEILLE is both not so great as, and he is greater than, SHAKESPEARE. He sinks below SHAKESPEARE in nature, as he rises superior to him in art. SHAKESPEARE loved to crowd upon his canvas all sorts of figures, noble and grotesque, idealizations and caricatures. CORNEILLE took one correct and beautiful outline which he filled up with harmonious colouring. A piece by the former is as a beautiful woman, with all her charms and all her imperfections, all her ennobling qualities, and all her grosser impurities; but a piece by the latter is a statue finished by the chisel of PRAXITELES, cold, and beautiful, and harmonious, in perfection of outline surpassing nature, but wanting the scintilla of life.

The admirers of CORNEILLE have always vaunted the intimate knowledge he possessed of the passion of Love. It is true that in the *Cid*, in *Polyeucte*, in *Horace*, and others of his masterpieces, exquisite scenes of this nature are to be found, equalled by none of his contemporaries, and surpassed by none of his successors; but CORNEILLE himself was but an indifferent lover. This he confesses when he says:

En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal;
J'en écris assez bien; je le fais assez mal.

The truth is, that there are two kinds of love: the one natural and the other artificial. The one a human quality and the other a mere invention of romancers. Some ingenious reasoners have attempted to conceal this passion behind a roseate cloud of sentiment, as unsubstantial as it certainly is unsatisfactory. By attempting to raise men and women to a level with the angels, they rob love of its most natural features, and, thinking to give it something more precious in exchange, they have, to use an expression of St. EVREMOND'S, "transferred the seat of passion from the heart into the mind, and changed impulses into ideas." Hence arose those absurd similes with which the charms of the female sex have been over-loaded by the euphuistic poets of all nations,—by the French poets of the time of MALHERBE, by our own Elizabethans, and by the oriental poetasters of every age. With these gentlemen a woman is not a woman, but a flower, or the sun; her lips are coral; her teeth, pearls; and her breath, the cinnamon-laden breezes of Araby. Not that these refinements prove any very high condition of virtue, for they are indeed but veils and disguises to conceal the natural truth, and furnish oftentimes as convenient excuses to the prude as of old time did that comfortable creed which taught confiding parents to believe in the possibility of their daughters straying innocently into the woods and falling into danger by favour of the god APOLLO, or some other equally convenient divinity. In the days of CORNEILLE this creed of inevitable love was at its height. Even the astute LA BRUYÈRE professed his belief that those sudden "sun-strokes" from which there is no escape, and but one remedy, were alone deserving of the name of Love. "Love," says he, "is born suddenly, without other reflection, from temperament or from weakness; a glimpse of beauty transfixes and decides us. That love which grows gradually is too much like friendship to be a violent passion." Everybody who pretended to any degree of refinement, the *précieuses*, the frequenters of the Hotel Rambouillet, the grave Academicians themselves, were constantly discoursing about the gentle passion, until LA ROCHEFOUCAULD was tempted to observe that "there are some people who would never have fallen in love, if they had never heard love mentioned." The fatuity of these people even went so far as to lead them into the discussion of where the seat of love actually existed. In order to prove it to be in the blood, SEGRAIS relates how that the faithless mistress of a German gentleman, being desirous of getting rid of him, stabbed him twice in the body with a sword. The wounds did not prove mortal, but the gentleman lost a considerable quantity of blood; whereupon, marvellous to relate, "as soon as he was recovered, he felt as much indifference for the princess as if he had never loved her, and he attributed this to his loss of blood," which reasoning is, of course, very satisfactory and conclusive.

Appended to the principal portion of the book, like accessories in the back-ground of a picture to heighten the effect of the chief subject, are sketches of three of CORNELLE's most remarkable contemporaries, CHAPELAIN, ROTROU and SCARRON. Of the last very little can be said: he was a cripple, wrote the *Roman Comique* (a performance infinitely inferior to the *Gargantua of RABELAIS*), and was the first husband of Madame DE MAINTENON. Of the second we may record that he attained during his life a celebrity which succeeding ages have not ratified. His dramas are written in exceedingly harmonious verses, and some passages even approach perfection; but posterity has not been pleased to say with CORNELLE himself, "*M. Rotrou et moi.*" The first, however, deserves more special mention. He was, perhaps, the greatest literary hoax that ever was played. He undertook to write an immense poem upon the subject of the famous *Pucelle*, which was to be such a master-piece of perfect writing that he took twenty years to write the first twelve cantos. These were to him "twenty years of unmix'd glory;" the reputation of his coming poem more than sustained him, and among the other solid advantages he derived from it may be cited a pension of 4,000 livres from M. DE LONGUEVILLE, to be continued until the poem was published. All this time isolated passages of the great work were being read and paraded to select fashionable circles, who admired and praised and cackled over the lines with just so much of secrecy as served to let everybody know all about them. Alas, then, for human vanity! Well had it been for CHAPELAIN if he had been content to live upon the shadow of his glory. But one luckless morning he rushed into print, and that *Pucelle* which, to use the not very refined joke of a great lady of the time, had been so much sought after when under the protection of a nobleman, lost all her reputation as soon as she became public property. "It was," says VIGNEUL-MARVILLE, "the greatest and most deplorable fall that has ever occurred in the memory of man, from the top of Parnassus to the bottom." In vain did CHAPELAIN appeal to the superior court of posterity and indignantly declare that he would "take nothing less than the universe for his stage, and Eternity for his spectatress;" his "Eternity" was very short-lived indeed, and before six months were over the name of the unfortunate *Pucelle* was heard no more in the saloons of even her most pertinacious quondam admirers. Those who would wish to read one of the most trenchant dissections of a bad poem ever written had better read GUIZOT's essay; but we, ourselves, could fill a whole number of THE CRITIC with an account of the absurdities which, on a very cursory perusal of the poem, we marked upon the margin.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1852.

WE left CHALMERS (*antea*, vol. x., p. 107,) on the morrow of two great eras of his public life—the passing of the Veto Act in 1834, and the commencement of the movement for Church-extension. In the Veto Act, the moderate and conservative CHALMERS had fondly hoped that the conflicting claims of the spiritual and temporal powers were finally adjusted, and that without any important detriment to the rights of patrons, what he considered to be the rights of congregations were amply and irrefragably secured. In the movement for Church-extension, which, at its commencement, was smiled on by politicians of both parties, he fancied that he saw approaching the realization of his dearest dreams, the day when, in completely adequate proportion to the wants and numbers of the population of Scotland, ministers of CHRIST would be settled in secure activity throughout the land, battling with cultivated listlessness in high places, and with uncultivated brutality in low, the servants at once of Heaven and of the Commonwealth; a true theocracy in the nineteenth century. When these high expectations were promising to his sanguine mind to become certainties, he was in his 55th year, strong in body and in spirit, the most admired and venerated ecclesiastic of his native land—a land where ecclesiastical worth and reputation are more highly prized than in any other Protestant country of Europe. In the literature and practice of religion he stood alike approved. At Glasgow, the manufacturing metropolis of Scot-

land, he had made himself famous as the initiator of a new system of parochial usefulness, and a long course of eloquent deliverance from the pulpit, through the printing-press, and in the Academic Chair, had been crowned by his appointment to the Professorship of Theology in Edinburgh. Nay, the most tenacious and scrupulous representative of a system of theology entirely opposed to his own, the University of Oxford, and the chief intellectual corporation of the most sceptical of modern countries, the French Institute, united much about the same time to do him honour. For, at the opening of the present new and latest volume of his biography, we find him proceeding to Oxford to receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, and conveying to the French Institute his high sense of the honour which, for the first time, they had conferred on a British ecclesiastic, in voluntarily electing him one of their Corresponding Members.

While CHALMERS was enjoying, in the summer of 1835, his new honours among the Academic Halls of Oxford, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was procuring the appointment of that Royal Commission on the state of Religious Instruction in Scotland, the final result of which was so disappointing to the Scotch promoters of Church-extension, and perhaps by inuring them to a dependance on voluntary effort paved the way for a more ready assent to the great Disruption of 1842. By the close of 1837, the Reports of the Commission were before the country; but the Whigs had nothing to propose save a measure which was alike distasteful to the friends and foes of State Church-extension, and when a Committee of the General Assembly waited on Lord MELBOURNE to expostulate, the free and easy Premier dismissed them with a—"You may not be the better for our plan; but, hang it,—you cannot surely be worse." WILLIAM IV. died in the June of 1837, and CHALMERS, in the following month, came to London as a member of two deputations to congratulate the new Sovereign. He found in the young Queen, at the first of her levees, "a most interesting girlish sensibility to the realities of her situation, with sufficient self-command, but withal simple, timid, tremulous and agitated, that rendered her to me far more interesting, and awoke a more feeling and fervent loyalty in my heart than could have been done by any other exhibition." When the autumn-elections of 1837 were over, and PEEL's advent to power seemed not far off, CHALMERS wrote to him, pressing the claims of the Kirk to extension, and expressing hopes for Sir ROBERT's spiritual welfare "amid all the troubles and temptations to which all on the high arena of public life are exposed. To which Sir ROBERT replied in his best style, closing his answer thus: "The constant occupations of public men in public life, the vehement of party contentions, and the feelings and passions to which they give rise, have indeed too great a tendency to withdraw their minds from the contemplation of matters of much deeper obligation and much more lasting interest. They have not, however, deadened in my mind those solemn feelings which are naturally awakened by your affecting remembrance of me in your prayers, and recommendation of me to the guardianship and the mercy of a kind Providence." Disappointed in the Whigs, CHALMERS and his coadjutors were beginning to look to the Conservatives, more especially as PEEL, at the famous Glasgow banquet of January 1837, had dropped some phrases which had seemed to identify him with the cause of Church-extension.

The year 1838 was, for CHALMERS, full of novel movement and activity: "The real question," the Duke of WELLINGTON was saying, "which now divides the country, is Church or no Church." The establishment in Ireland seemed threatened, so did that in England; and friends invited CHALMERS to deliver that course of lectures in London on Church establishments, which make the April and May of 1838 memorable months in his biography. The Hanover-square rooms were crammed with "the most brilliant audiences that ever assembled in Britain," it being "supposed that at least 500 of those present were Peers and members of the House of Commons," who, from the lips of the eloquent Scotchman heard a bursting oratory of a kind their own assemblies were unaccustomed to. The very Duke of CAMBRIDGE was astonished. "What does he teach?" inquired his Royal Highness, concerning CHALMERS, of some mutual acquaintance. "Theology" was the reply. "Monstrous clever man," said the Duke, "he could teach anything." With royal, aristocratic, and legislative plaudits

ringing in his ears, CHALMERS, in the quickly-ensuing summer months, journeyed to Paris to read a paper before the Institute. Paris and France,—his impressions of which are given in the present volume from his diary, pleased him greatly. In Paris, "life moves on at a more rational pace. Its buildings are more impressive" than at home. He saw GUIZOT, and was "struck with the smallness of his establishment; certainly not superior to the average of the W. S.'s in Edinburgh." MIGNET, he found, "near the Foreign Office, where he has an employment—sitting at papers; young and of an open countenance; remarkably good-looking." He talked much with his Parisian acquaintances upon Political Economy; was told that the great LA PLACE had read, when dying, his Christian Evidences, and liked them better than Bishop BURNETT's. His essay, read before the Institute, was on "the distinction between a legal charity for the relief of indigence, and a legal charity for the relief of disease," which, in spite of CHALMERS, we must regard to be "a distinction without a difference." Your working man, with a large family, falls out of employment. "Give him not a farthing," cries CHALMERS. Presently he falls sick, from want of food, he and all his family. Then CHALMERS steps forward with pill-boxes, medicine-bottles, wine, soup, nourishing viands, and even money—in fact with a much greater outlay than would have sufficed to have supported the poor people, perhaps, during the whole of their transition to employment. The essay read, CHALMERS passed some pleasant time at the Chateau of the Duke DE BROGLIE, enjoying in the circle there assembled the union which he so much valued of religion and high culture; and with widened experiences of many things returned early in the autumn to his Edinburgh home.

Scarcely was the college-session of 1838-1839, fairly over, when double cares fell heavy on him, in relation to his two cherished projects, the independence of the Kirk and Church-extension. In the May of 1839, the House of Lords confirmed on appeal the decision of the Court of Session in the memorable Auchterarder case, ruling that the Veto Act of 1834 was illegal—that no law of the General Assembly of the Kirk could diminish the rights of the patron, and that if the presentee to a living were unexceptionable in "life, literature and morals," the Kirk was bound to ordain him, and the congregation to accept him. Immediately, the General Assembly of 1839 appointed a deputation to proceed to London to confer with the Government on the crisis; and the Doctor was forced to become a member of it, although Lord MELBOURNE, on occasion of a former deputation, had expressed a hope that "that d—d fellow CHALMERS was not among them!" CHALMERS was soon busy among the political grandees, of whom his extracts from his Diary give account. There was "a long conversation with Lord ABERDEEN," the latter, "friendly and intellectual, but not thoroughly satisfied, and refused to pledge himself. I a little damped." Nothing was to be made of Lord MELBOURNE. "Sir ROBERT PEEL very bland, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM quite joyous and cordial." Sir JAMES, indeed, quite fascinated CHALMERS. "I am particularly delighted," writes the unsophisticated CHALMERS, "with the effect which my conversation in Sir ROBERT PEEL's, where he was, had on him," Sir JAMES, "and still more with the effect of my printed speech"—the impressive Baronet!—"which has converted him"—the flexible Baronet!—"from 'his strong principle of a veto with reasons, whereas he now acquiesces in a dissent without reasons. See the last pages of the latest of my works, and more especially my quotation from AKENSIDE, which has impressed Sir JAMES very powerfully"—the poetical Baronet!—"Came away greatly relieved and comforted; for Sir ROBERT's extreme caution and coldness operate as a damper on a man's spirit; whereas Sir JAMES is a fine, hearty, honest, outspoken Englishman"—the clever Baronet! "of great good feeling and practical sense withal." CHALMERS lived to alter, it may be added, this opinion of the opener of MAZZINI's letters. These negotiations for a legislative guarantee of the spiritual independence of the Kirk, often afterwards renewed, were to come to nothing; and those for legislative aid for Church-extension had already come to nothing. The work of Church-extension, through voluntary effort, had been vigorously pushed on, however; in the four years, 1835-8, some 110,000, had been collected. Public meetings, an organised agita-

tion of a kind, had been resorted to, the end justifying the means, and when CHALMERS returned from London, delighted with Sir JAMES GRAHAM, late in the summer of 1839, he set on foot "a great northern tour" in Scotland, to address public audiences for subscriptions to his beloved scheme—a tour chronicled in his diary "with unparalleled minuteness of detail," of which the specimens given are not the least pleasant portion of the volume before us. CHALMERS had a painter's eye for the beautiful and sublime in scenery, and even in his hasty jottings there is many a striking little delineation of nature. In hearty sympathetic commune with his fellow men, and in the acceptance of genuine hospitality, he took the keenest relish. Both of these enjoyments were proffered him in large measure in the course of this tour, and his record of it abounds with interesting glimpses into the rural life of Scotland, as led both in the manse and in the castle. Peculiarly, the tour was not so successful as might have been expected, owing partly to the distractions in the Church, and partly to other causes. Thus, at Elgin, we hear, in the Diary, CHALMERS pithily complaining that all the eloquence of the deputation "told no more upon the audience than it would have done upon a clay dyke: all symptomatic of the apathetic region and atmosphere which had been created here, under the tender reign of moderation."

The years 1840-4, were important for the new development of Scottish ecclesiastical politics, and for CHALMERS, the most powerful and prominent leader of the Non-intrusion party. This period is marked by the refusal of the Whigs to legislate, by their opposition even to the compromise framed by Lord ABERDEEN, and by the daring act, in 1841, of the General Assembly, who solemnly deposed members of a presbytery for obeying the civil rather than the ecclesiastical power. The hopes that the Non-intrusion party had entertained of Conservative statesmen were dashed to the ground, and when, in the autumn of 1840, CHALMERS was proposed for the Chair of Theology at Glasgow, his old favourite, Sir JAMES GRAHAM, then Lord Rector of that University, went out of his way to make a journey to Glasgow, in order to record his vote against the foremost theologian of Scotland; although *The Times* uttered its thunder against the rejection of his pre-eminent claims. A new topic, moreover, of a social rather than an ecclesiastical kind, turned up at this time to arrest CHALMERS' attention, and engage his energetic efforts. The excellent pamphlet of the excellent Dr. ALISON, which four years afterwards created the modern Scotch Poor Law, was published in 1840, and CHALMERS, opposed then, as ever, to a legal provision for the able-bodied pauper, rushed to arms to defeat the new enemy. He argued the matter before the British Association, assembled at Glasgow, in the autumn of 1840; he lectured on it to the students in Edinburgh; he published in 1841 the purport of his lectures in 1841, and sent one hundred copies of it, with a letter from himself, in every case, to upwards of a hundred public men. The "parochial system," by which CHALMERS meant voluntary effort, superintended by the clergy, was his panacea for Scotch pauperism. But if he delayed, he did not prevent, what must ever be, at least, an anodyne for pauperism—the establishment of an effective, or not altogether ineffective, Poor Law. "Take nothing from the rich, and give the poor that," was some wit's definition of the old system in Scotland, where, in spite of the Poor Law of 1844, much yet remains to be done.

It was in the May of 1842 that, on the motion of CHALMERS, the "Claim of Rights" was adopted as the manifesto of the Kirk, and the events which followed its rejection by the PEEL Ministry and the Legislature are matters more of history than of biography. On the 18th of May of the following year, a day which will be long memorable to Scotchmen, the famed Disruption took place, and 400 ministers withdrew from the church of their fathers—Lord JEFFREY, reading "in his quiet room," casting his book aside, when he heard the news, springing to his feet and exclaiming: "I am proud of my country: there is not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done!" Moderator of the New Assembly, Principal and Theological Professor of the New College, Chief Financier where Finance was all-important, CHALMERS, after the Disruption as before, led the wonderful movement which is now fast crystallizing into a second Church-establishment for Scotland. Nor were these duties enough for him. He helped to

organize what had long been with him a cherished union—the Evangelical Alliance. In the most pegrated part of the old town of Edinburgh, he evolved into successful and self-supporting activity a little set of ecclesiastical and educational institutions—a type of the territorial system which he had once hoped with the aid of the state to establish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. Even a course of study foreign to him, he did not hesitate to engage in, when he thought he might check the growth of spiritual error. German philosophy, or what passed for it, was gaining ground among the studious youth of Scotland, and CHALMERS set to work in his class-room and in the newly-founded *North British Review* (to which he was a frequent contributor), to explode the pretensions of the Teutonic system-builders. "Your Skillers and your Skagels," as he was wont to mispronounce the SCHILLERS and SCHLEGELS—the venerable man could not away with. And when the calamitous famine of 1846 imperilled the lives of hundreds of thousands in Scotland and of millions in Ireland, who more forward than CHALMERS, publicly and privately, in the good work of relief?

The three last springs of his life were spent variously and characteristically. In the spring of 1845, he visited for the last time his native village of Anstruther, seeking out every scene and person that connected themselves with the long-vanished past: "heaving a sigh occasionally and muttering to himself 'more than forty years ago!'" In the spring of 1846, he was in the vale of Yarrow, repeating WORDSWORTH's fine verses, and preaching in "the small but beautifully situated Free Church, built upon the edge of St. Mary's Loch." In the March of 1847, he saw London for the last time. It was on business for the Free Church that he repaired to the metropolis,—to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the circumstances under which a large portion of the Scottish aristocracy refused to grant sites for the erections of the new church. The reader has heard CHALMERS' first impressions of Sir JAMES GRAHAM; here, from his London diary, is his final meeting with the Right Honourable Gentleman, and a description of an examination before a House of Commons Committee.

At length the call came, and I took leave of my gossips in the lobby, for my inquisitors in the committee-room. Sir James was there, and when I entered, rose from his seat, came down to the floor, and shook hands with me with smiles and blandnesses of expression, that made him as unlike a worricow as possible. Mr. Bouverie was in the chair; but Mr. Maule conducted the examination, which he did ably and satisfactorily. Sir James rose in the middle of it and went out, and I thought he was really to keep his promise. But he did not, for he returned, and had a number of documents along with him; my printed speeches, Address to the Free Church Assembly, the very Montrose paper where was my letter agent Gladstone, &c., &c. Thus armed, he fell upon me for an hour or so, to the great surprise of Mr. Maule, who told me afterwards that he had said in public he should not put one question, he could not in the face of old friendly recollections, &c., &c. [How touching!] My only regret is that his questioning process of an hour, was the last hour, when, a good deal exhausted, I was scarcely able either mentally to frame, or orally to articulate a reply. However, he was mild and gentlemanly throughout, and shed many a benignant smile from the tribunal where he sat on the panel of the bar. On one occasion, when he asked me about the wisdom of legislating on some one point or other—some very ambiguous matter, and on which he thought to press me hard—I said that I did not feel it was for me to instruct legislators on their duties. There was a general smile, and he got off by the reply that from me he should ever be happy to receive instruction upon all subjects. However, in his hands, the examination did at length degenerate into twaddle, and the best answer from me would have been that it was twaddle. But as I could not just say this, and behaved to give him some sort of answer, I was obliged "to answer a fool according to his folly," so that as you have heard of trash upon trash, you may perhaps yet read of twaddle upon twaddle, &c., &c., &c.

What with the *agreements* of the Athenæum club (where CHALMERS had a good mind to propose the *North British Review* for being taken in), dinners at Mr. FOX MAULE's, "a most splendid breakfast-party—ISAAC TAYLOR, Mr. MORELL, Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, Mr. BAPTIST NOEL," &c., he enjoyed his last visit to London, whence he arrived in Edinburgh in Friday 28th of May. On the Sunday, he attended public worship as usual—and in the evening—but let us quote from Dr. HANNA.

During the whole of the evening, as if he had kept his brightest smiles and fondest utterances to the last, and for his own, he was peculiarly bland and benignant. "I had seen him frequently," says Mr. Gemmel, at Fairlie, and in his most happy moods, but I never saw him happier. Christian benevolence beamed from his countenance, sparkled in his eye, and played upon his lips." Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying "a general good-night."

Next morning, before eight o'clock, Professor MacDougall, who lived in the house adjoining, sent to inquire about a packet of papers which he had expected to receive at an earlier hour. The housekeeper, who had been long in the family, knocked at the door of Dr. Chalmers' room, but received no answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and unwilling to disturb him, she waited till another party called with a second message; she then entered the room, it was in darkness; she spoke, but there was no response. At last she threw open the window-shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there half erect, his head reclining gently on the pillow; the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. She took his hand; she touched his brow; he had been dead for hours: very shortly after that parting salute to his family he had entered the eternal world. It must have been wholly without pain or conflict. The expression of the face, undisturbed by a single trace of suffering, the position of the body, so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it, the very posture of arms, and hands, and fingers, known to his family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose—conspired to show that, saved all strife with the last enemy, his spirit had passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens.

Lives of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest. By MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN. Vol. IV. London: Colburn and Co.

AVOWEDLY suggested by, and modelled upon, the *Lives of the Queens*, this work wants the attractions of novelty. All the periods treated of were fully revealed to us by Miss STRICKLAND, and we here see again the same courts, the same manners, the same costumes, and almost the same personages. Occasionally, however, when a Princess marries a foreigner, we are taken with her to a foreign court, and then there is a great deal of novelty and curiosity for us. It is also due to Mrs. GREEN to say that she has been diligent in exploring the British Museum, and has taken largely from contemporary documents neglected by Miss STRICKLAND, so that her *Lives of the Princesses* may be looked upon as a welcome addition to "The Queens." This fourth volume contains the *Lives of ANNE*, the fifth, CATHERINE, the sixth, and BRIDGET, the seventh, daughters of EDWARD IV.; and of MARGARET and ELIZABETH, daughters of HENRY VIII. MARGARET was Queen of Scotland, hence the greater portion of this volume contains a very minute, curious, and interesting account of the Court of Scotland, and of the manners and customs of the Scotch in those early times, such as we have not seen before, and know not where to find. Mrs. GREEN is extremely conscientious in the citation of her authorities.

We cite a passage which introduces, we believe, a new fact to history:

DEATH OF JAMES IV.

The question still remains unsolved, whether the mortal remains, which passed through such alternations of honour and dishonour, were or were not those of James IV. The absence of the iron penance chain, which the King invariably wore, raised doubts as to the identity of the corpse. These were confirmed by the fact that a strong likeness subsisted between the King and Lord Elphinstone, a nobleman who fought and fell near his royal master; added to which, it became known that on the day of battle the King had attired several of his nobility in royal armour, in order to encourage his own troops and confound the enemy by the semblance of his presence. On these grounds, the opinion prevailed that Lord Elphinstone's body had been mistaken for that of the King; and many of the common people consoled themselves with the hope that their beloved monarch had left them only to perform his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whence he would shortly return. But after-circumstances led to a strong suspicion that the King fell a victim to private treachery. In the heat of the conflict, he had observed the troops of Lord Home keep themselves aloof; and, riding up to that nobleman, used both reproaches and threatenings in urging him to his duty. It was darkly surmised that Lord Home took care to prevent his indignant sovereign from having the power of executing his threats: he is

said to have conveyed the King to his own castle, and ordered him to be put to death by several of his servants, one of whom afterwards hinted that "he had assisted to teach a Scottish King that he was mortal;" and another offered to the Regent Albany, on condition of a free pardon, to show him the King's body, with its belt of iron. The offer was unfortunately refused. These rumours are reported, with more or less credence, by the historians of the period; they received an unexpected and startling confirmation within the last half-century. During the course of alterations in Home Castle, some excavations in the moat around its walls brought to light a skeleton, wrapped in an ox-hide, and bearing round the waist an iron chain. This important fact, which has not yet taken its place in Scottish history, seems to leave little doubt that James IV. lost his throne, as he had won it—by treachery.

MR. MACFARLANE, the Author of the *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, which has proved very popular, has just published a *Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, (Routledge and Co.) which will no doubt be equally attractive. As a condensed narrative of the public and private life of Queen ANNE's great General, it will be found far better adapted for the busy reader than the more voluminous biography of Archdeacon COXE. The second volume of the new and cheap edition of *Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon*, brings down the narrative to the preparations for the Invasion of England. As we have already observed, the merits of this biography are greater than its fame. It contains a great deal of good writing, as, indeed, everything that came from HAZLITT could not fail to do.—A *Memoir of Richard Reynolds*, a very benevolent Quaker in the North of England, written by his relative HANNAH M. RATHBONE, will, doubtless, be read with interest by those to whom his name was more familiar than to ourselves. It has very little to attract the general reader.

RELIGION.

The History of the Later Puritans, from the Opening of the Civil War in 1642, to the Ejection of the Non-conforming Clergy in 1662. By J. B. MARSDEN, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1852.

AMONG those who are in the habit of talking about Puritans and Puritanism, we wonder how many clearly understand the meaning of the words they use so glibly. Some of them, we imagine, are in the habit of regarding *The Nonconformist* and *The British Banner* as the true modern exponents of Puritan principles, and their enthusiastic readers as the true descendants of Puritan believers of the seventeenth century. They have a hazy notion, that Anti-state Church committees, Finsbury orations, and the modern activity of dissent, are somehow the nineteenth century form of the spirit which animated the Puritans in the days of OLIVER and the Rump. The intellectualism, however, which the contemplative and philosophical Dissenters of our day affect, and the designs with which the coarser political section of them are identified, resemble as much the spirit of the English Puritans as a church-rate squabble in a parish vestry now-a-days resembles the attitude assumed by the London ministers in the days of CROMWELL, or the 2,000 in the days of CHARLES, or as much as the modern Dissenting chapel built on the model of the Greek theatre or temple resembles those grave sad structures, guiltless of ornament, in which the grave, sad, earnest, unpoetical spirit of the seventeenth century Puritans, sought to find an appropriate tabernacle in which to offer its lamentations and prayers in the ear of God.

Some, again, who view Puritanism from the Church side, are apt either to ignore its later phase altogether, and to regard CARTWRIGHT and TRAVERS, in the sixteenth century, as the representatives of Puritan opinion as finally developed; or else, to view the life and activity of the later Puritans through the distorted medium of SOUTH's impassioned and prejudiced attacks, levelled at them in common with a variety of others, for whose sins they are held accountable. The one opinion is about as correct as the other. Modern dissent is far from identical with either the earlier or later English Puritanism; nor are the prejudiced Anglican writers of the close of the seventeenth century, who wrote under the influence of manifold wrongs, the responsibility for which they were not careful to adjust in the proper quarter, to be followed as guides to a true understanding of the case.

To men of all parties we recommend MR. MARSDEN's present work, as presenting a very

fair and impartial review of the history of religious parties during the eventful years, from 1642 to 1662 inclusive, and as tending greatly to clear the view of modern readers, both as to the precise character of these parties, and their position in reference to the startling political movements of the period. A writer must have a great deal of courage to venture anew on ground already so well-trodden; but many of those who have gone over this ground before have done it to little purpose, and may be compared to those who should delude the traveller by the erection of false landmarks and deceptive finger-posts, or strike out so many paths like the true one, that it would become difficult or impossible for any one ignorant of the road to find his way. Authors have written about the men and the incidents of that epoch—for it can be called nothing less—with so much passion and blind prejudice, with so little carefulness as to the establishment of the truth of statements which they boldly set down as facts, with so much willingness to adopt and enlarge any slander which may blacken the character of such personages as they are disposed to dislike, and with such a facility of unworthy evasion in reference to those whom they have undertaken to defend, that the reader, who merely reads for information, is apt to be bewildered by these unfair representations, and is in danger of extricating himself from his difficulties at last, by catching up one of the party cries, and, re-reading the history in the spirit of the partizan, making all its incidents square with his partial and adopted views. After the indulgence of so much blind passion, and so much wretched and fruitless recrimination of false charges, may a writer, who is merely calm, honest and truthful, at length be heard? That is the question we are disposed to put on behalf of MR. MARSDEN. Has the time at length come when we can canvass the proceedings of Episcopacy, Presbytery or Independency, during the period of the civil wars, the Protectorate and the Restoration, without the revival of the old polemical hatreds; and when we can discuss the characters of such men as CHARLES I. and CROMWELL, without unburying ancient calumnies, in order that the one may be blackened as a fiend, and the other canonized as a saint? MR. MARSDEN has gone far to convince us that it has. He has very calmly and very fairly, as it seems to us, reviewed the whole history; while his estimates of some of the principal characters who acted in it often display a fine appreciation of motives, and a rare power of analysis. He has shown, also, that an original mind does not need a new subject in order to give good proof of its originality.

We propose to offer our readers a few extracts bearing upon the most interesting characters of the history.

In the opinion MR. MARSDEN expresses as to the causes of the civil war, he is disposed to attach the highest importance to the duplicity of CHARLES's personal character,—a duplicity which in his case was the result of careful training, and was pursued on a deliberate principle, but was not inconsistent with the existence in the same character of very eminent kingly and personal qualities. To say that a man who had been taught to believe dissimulation a necessary feature of "king-craft," and that the virtuous or politic end in view rendered it not only necessary but justifiable to resort to concealment, evasion, and even deliberate deception, could be a good man, seems a strange paradox; but, when we consider how the decisions of conscience may be warped by a false system of education, and when we fairly estimate the private life of CHARLES, as distinguished from his public policy, it will be hard to resist the conclusion that he mainly acted with a desire to do that which he believed to be right. Even in his public acts, it would be unjust to forget that he regarded the kingly office as a sacred trust which he held for future kings, and strove to administer that trust on principles which, however false, he had been taught from his childhood to approve. But we think it must also be admitted, that a character which was thus mainly virtuous was stained by some acts of weakness and faithlessness to loyal adherents, for which no faults of education or errors of judgment can be pleaded in excuse. On the private character of the king, as contrasted with that of his courtiers at Oxford, the author pronounces the following candid judgment:

Charles himself was a religious man, especially now that trouble had chastened him. Of his own court, he was probably the best example, as he was the highest. His habitual duplicity he learned in his cradle; it was

a part, and the most important part of his father's king-craft. He had been taught to consider it right. He practised it without hesitation, without remorse, and, it is to be feared, without repentance. On this one point his conscience was insensible to the last; in other respects he was a virtuous man, and his religion was sincere. He was fond of the society of the good and wise, and found more pleasure in strolling through the libraries of Oxford with his chaplains, than in the noisy revels of his court; and Sheldon, Sanderson and Hammond were companions, with whom certainly no irreligious men would have wished to live.

Among other instances of the just spirit in which this writer criticises the various actors in this history, is the following vindication of the Scotch army from the oft-repeated charges of venality and treachery, in giving up the king to his English subjects:

"In truth they had no alternative—unconvinced by the arguments of Henderson, Charles had refused the Covenant, and the Scotch at home refused to receive him as their king, on any other terms. Had the Scotch army carried him back to Edinburgh, he must have been a guest or a prisoner. As a guest they could only protect him by force of arms; as a prisoner they had no right to detain him in opposition to his own wishes, and those of the English Parliament. It was unfortunate that the surrender of the king was connected with the payment of their arrears; but the arrears were justly due, and, paid or not, it is difficult to perceive upon what grounds they could have claimed the exclusive right of disposing of the person of the king. But even granting that the Scotch were mercenary in this affair, they had already nobly retrieved their national character. When to his more cautious friends in England his cause seemed lost, they had poured an army of 26,000 men into the northern counties, and penetrated the very heart of Lancashire. Cromwell himself had met and beaten them at Warrington, for they were ill-supported, and the whole adventure was romantic. Yet it shows the depth and earnestness of the Presbyterian loyalty of Scotland. Their generous enthusiasm in behalf of one who had few claims upon their affection, threw into the shade the measured caution of the English royalists. Charles was no sooner dead than they proclaimed and crowned his son; and although already jaded and distressed, plunged into a second war. It is little creditable to English writers that their surrender of the king at Newcastle should be so much censured, and their subsequent devotion to his service so little praised.

In the same spirit the English Presbyterians are vindicated from the charges of cowardice and half-heartedness, which it has of late become the fashion to bring against them. MR. MARSDEN, regarding them as the representatives of the earlier Puritans, clearly shows that while they were not behind any party in their patriotic determination to preserve the liberties of the country from the despotism either of the king or of the army, they exposed themselves to serious peril by their consistent and persevering efforts to preserve, both the king's person, and the monarchy, with which, when constitutionally administered, they had no quarrel.

The Presbyterians, says this author, whether Scotch or English, are free from the guilt of Charles's death. They denounced it as a grievous crime. They did all that religious men could do in the presence of a victorious army. They reasoned, they protested, they denounced, they prayed. In the eyes of Europe their vindication was complete.

The silence of the Independents is also construed in their favour, as implying their want of sympathy with the violent proceedings of the army, which yet they were unable to prevent. One man alone, of all the Puritan clergy, dared to applaud the proceedings of the military power. This was DR. JOHN OWEN. MR. MARSDEN thus speaks of the abettors of the king's death, and the motives under which they acted:

The actors in the king's death have left us a clear exhibition of the motives by which they were guided. Their conduct was deliberate; they acted, as they believed, at the bidding of conscience, not the wild impulse of revenge. They lived to acknowledge their mistake, but with a few exceptions, never to confess that they had been guilty of a crime. They are still on judgment before posterity, and the cause is undecided; for, with a not unrighteous retribution, it has happened that the men who refused a hearing to their king, have been denied the same privilege at the bar of posterity themselves.

Cromwell is generally regarded as the chief promoter of the king's death. This he himself denied; but it was part of his character to put forward other men to announce his own measures in the first instance, leaving

him at liberty either to fall behind and disengage himself, or to spread all sail and take the lead, as the breeze of public opinion might be favourable or adverse. It will not readily be supposed that the House of Commons undertook so daring an exploit without instructions from its masters, the army, or that the army embarked in it without their generals, or their generals without Cromwell. Once begun, none urged the matter forward more eagerly, no man was more impatient to bring it to a fatal close. His motives were various, up to the period of his life Cromwell had been a religious man; his conduct had been consistent; his private life was pure, his affections warm, his devotions fervent; but he was a man of vast ambition; by nature cunning and sagacious, but scarcely wise. His mind too was distempered with enthusiasm; a fault of which, at this period, the army generally partook; he believed in particular impressions. He fell into the too common error of supposing that the comfort he enjoyed in prayer was the proof of its acceptance; and he often rose from his knees expressing an assurance that his petitions had been answered. It has been said, and sometimes in Cromwell's vindication, that it was on one of these occasions, and after earnest prayer, that the conviction was revealed to him that Charles must die. Cromwell's good sense might have taught him, as we suspect it would have done had the revelation been unwelcome, that supernatural impressions are only to be trusted when supernatural and miraculous powers endorse them. No doubt the divine direction was implored, not only by Cromwell, but by many of his party. Solemn fasts were held, fervent prayers were uttered; but amongst the delusions to which the heart of man is liable, one is to substitute the acts of devotion for the spirit of obedience. Prayer may be fervent and yet not sincere. It may be nothing more than the effort of the worshipper to overlay and stifle conscience, to crush misgivings, to persuade himself that the tumult of enthusiasm within him is the voice of God; and the man who kneels down in prayer to clamour for an answer which shall agree with his own wishes, offers so profound an insult to the Majesty on high, that it is reasonable to suppose he will be left, if no heavier punishment befall him, to be the dupe of his own delusions. The officers, with Cromwell at their head, were impatient for Charles's death. Brave as they were, fear—a fear which they avowed—urged them forward. How could a king forgive the men who had chastised him, and chased him from his throne—men whom he had so often denounced as rebels? He who draws his sword upon the king, must throw away the scabbard, was now on many tongues. Here could be no safety for the army; much less for its generals, but in the destruction of their prisoner. The king's insincerity had not yet forsaken him. During the treaty at Newport he had again been playing a double game, and carrying on a secret correspondence, at variance with his professed intentions, both with Ormond and the Scotch. Once restored to power, they were sure to be the first victims of his revenge.

Admirably as most of this is said, we think Mr. MARSDEN has hardly allowed sufficient weight to the effect of that vengeance-breathing preaching which was then in vogue, and which each man might apply according to his peculiar circumstances and resentments. We have before us a sermon, preached before the Parliament some years earlier, by one EDMUND STAUNTON, before things had come to this pass; but we may imagine how utterances such as the following, which were by no means rare, and often comparatively harmless in intention, might be caught up, and applied to the royal delinquent whose approaching fate was then in all men's thoughts:

"There is," says the preacher, "a fire of civil war kindled in England, still burning in the bowels of it, and for my part, I think there is but two bloods will quench it, the blood of Christ and of his desperate enemies; free grace in God hath poured out the one; full justice in your honours should help to pour out the other. The sacred story in the Old Testament all along discovers sin to be the make-bate, and execution of judgment to be the make-peace between God and Israel."

* * * * * The physician, by way of revulsion, stops bleeding by letting blood; and did England bleed enough in the malignant vein, we have cause to think that other sad issues of blood would be stopped.

* * * * * Could I lift up my voice as a trumpet, had I the shrill cry of an angel, which might be heard from east to west, from north to south, in all the corners of the kingdom, my note should be, *execution of judgment, execution of judgment*,—that is God's way to pacify wrath: then stood up Phineas and executed judgment, and so the plague was stayed." It was, indeed, the most familiar doctrine of the day that God's wrath was declared against the nation for grievous sins; and if it were to be purged away by blood, who so appropriate a victim as the arch-offender himself? So Charles would be considered by his enemies, and although the army

undoubtedly did not act without their generals, yet these generals would never have acted as they did had they not known that their measures were in perfect accordance with the temper and opinions of the men.

In the extract last quoted, we would point out a passage which Mr. MARSDEN would do well either to expunge, or to guard, by some explanatory words, against the misconceptions to which it is manifestly open. We allude to that in which he speaks of a man "kneeling down in prayer to clamour for an answer which shall agree with his own wishes," as "insulting to the Majesty on high." Now, men are, undoubtedly, encouraged to pray for what they feel they need, and if their want is satisfied, the answer must agree with their own wishes; but we presume the author means the case of those who pretend to seek for guidance, in prayer, and yet consent to accept none but that which confirms them in their previously-formed resolution.

The story of the trial and execution of CHARLES has never been more impressively told than in the present work; and there are added some special features of interest in the particulars concerning the Duke of HAMILTON, the Earl of HOLLAND and Lord CAPEL, who so soon followed their royal master to the scaffold. The subsequent career of CROMWELL is sketched in a very interesting manner, and his character impartially estimated. Such an estimate will be welcome to our readers, unless they are prepared to accept Mr. CARLYLE's conclusion as final, that the possession of a strong and masterful will, which can sway all the weaker spirits of the age, and assert an unquestioned superiority over them, is a sufficient justification of acts which are, at the very least, questionable as regards their patriotism and their morality.

The elaborate judgment of CROMWELL's character, pronounced by Mr. MARSDEN, is remarkable for its fullness, for its ready appreciation of all the finer qualities and greater actions of that remarkable man, and for the evenness with which the balance is held between his extravagant eulogists and his far more extravagant detractors. After the calumnies of many generations, and the exaggerated praise which his latest biographer (CARLYLE) has awarded him, Mr. MARSDEN's calm and measured criticism sounds like the summing up of the judge, after counsel on both sides have exhausted all the resources of eloquence and ingenuity in the cause. But if the language he uses in speaking of CROMWELL be sometimes severe, it is mild and laudatory compared with that in which he denounces the hypocrisy and profligacy of CHARLES II., of whom he says that "men of fashion may have emulated his other vices; but for the honour of our nature we cling to the belief that few young men, and none of royal blood, have been such consummate hypocrites." Into this, however, we must not enter. The insincerity and want of religious earnestness, apparent in the monarch, contributed greatly to the unsuccessful issue of the Hampton Court and Savoy conferences. A salutary interposition of royal influence might have moderated the arrogance of the High Church party, now at length freed from the oppression of many years, and disposed to retaliate on their adversaries the indignities they had suffered. Mr. MARSDEN does full justice to the Puritan divines in this controversy. Whether he equally allows for the conscientious scruples of their opponents, as to the validity of non-episcopal orders in a country where episcopal ordination might be had, may be doubted. But in this, if he has erred, he has done so on that side to which his own prejudices must have least inclined him to make concessions. On the whole, we do not think a more temperate and just review of this eventful period of our history could be desired. The extracts we have given are sufficient to show that it is presented in graceful and vigorous English; and those of our readers who seek a farther acquaintance with its pages, will find that historical accuracy, though its highest, is far from its only merit. A. R.

THE REV. E. STORROW, of Calcutta, has sent us a little tract, entitled *The Eastern Lily Gathered*, an account of the conversion of a Hindoo girl, with an unpronounceable name.—Sir C. E. WILMOT, Bart., has printed an eloquent address, which he delivered on the occasion of the opening of a new church at St. Mary Church, Devon, on *The State of the Diocese of Exeter, and its Remedies*. It denounces the present condition of ecclesiastical affairs there.—The first volume of *The Bulwark*, a journal devoted to the comparison of Catholicism with Protestantism, and exposure of the character of the former, is now completed, and

certainly it is a curious collection, affording much for philosophers to ponder upon.—The Rev. W. MASON has published a little pamphlet, entitled *What is Conscience?* He refers to all the former definitions of the divines and philosophers, and then elaborates his own. It is a well-reasoned treatise, although we cannot quite assent to all its conclusions.—*The Sailor's Prayer Book* has been sent to us. It is an excellent manual of devotion for sailors at sea, and their families at home—appropriate, solemn, and very well composed.—Mr. THOMAS MULLINGER, of Worlingworth, Suffolk, has submitted to us a volume, entitled *The Notice to Quit, cum the Invitation*. It is a disorderly collection of the writer's thoughts on all sorts of subjects, between which we can trace no relationship.—Mr. CHAPMAN has issued an *Analytical Catalogue* of his publications. Until we saw this, we were not conscious how vast a quantity of infidel books were issued from that establishment, nor of the extent to which Deism, under the less offensive name of Rationalism, was patronized in this country. Here is a catalogue of nearly 100 pages, of books, most of them written with much ability, purposely to assail Christianity, and these are now aided by the *Westminster Review*, which also has become the property of the same publisher, and is devoted to the same object. Should not something be done to counteract this deluge of scepticism?

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

WE have received a packet of the little Elementary School-books published by the National Society. We cannot recommend them to use. They are very unfitted to convey knowledge to children. They are altogether wanting in that primary requisite to a good school-book—simplicity. They convey facts in the driest, and, therefore, most repulsive, form. They are mere exercises for the memory, and do not at all address themselves to the intelligence. The geographies are catalogues of names; the histories are chronologies; the science is a string of problems; there is nothing practical, nothing pictorial, nothing that could win the attention of youth. Shall we never find good educational books?—*Hunter's Text Book of Arithmetic*, issuing from the same source, is open to the same objection. It wants simplicity. Only one who is already an arithmetician can understand it.—Mr. WILSON has published a sixth edition of *Rhymes on the History of England*. We must express our surprise at this success, which the merit of the work by no means justifies. Imagine such lines as these for the edification of the young:—

Prime Minister was Walpole long;
The war with Spain caused discontent;
But Portobello Vernon won,
And round the globe Lord Anson went.
Against the Queen of Hungary
Frederick of Russia took the field;
But England to the rescue went,
At Dettingen opponents yield.

There was really an aid to memory in "The Normans in England once did sway," &c. But such a rhymed catalogue as the above is badly written and in bad taste.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851: being the Third Series of the Notes of a Traveller. By SAMUEL LAING, Esq. Author a "Journal of a Residence in Norway," &c., &c. London: Longman and Co.

Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles. By ANDREW HAMILTON. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

Journal of a Winter's Tour in India; with a Visit to the Court of Nepal. By the Honourable Captain FRANCIS EGERTON, R.N. With Illustrations. In 2 vols. London: Murray.

A Journey to Katmandu (the Capital of Nepal), with the Camp of Jung Bahadur; including a Sketch of the Nepalese Ambassador at Home. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. London: Murray.

Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China. By M. HUC. Translated from the French by W. HAZLITT. In 2 vols. National Illustrated Library.

Japan and the Japanese; comprising the Narrative of a Captivity in Japan, and an Account of British Commercial Intercourse with that country. By Captain GOLOWNIN of the Russian Navy. New and Revised Edition. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Art and Nature under an Italian Sky. Edinburgh: Constable. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

The first in this list of new books lately issued in this department of literature, is in all respects

the most valuable. Mr. LAING is known as one of the most observant and thoughtful of modern travellers. He makes travelling a *profession*. He prepares himself for the work by much previous study, and he pursues it systematically. He goes out to see the world, and he is not content merely with seeing it; he uses his eyes well, but also his ears and his understanding. He is not one of those who make general assertions, based upon particular incidents, like all Frenchmen who travel, and too many Englishmen; but he carefully collects a large array of facts before he attempts to generalize, and then he calls to his aid his extensive knowledge and strong reasoning powers, to test the probability of his conclusions.

Hence it is that his travels are really books of rare worth, embodying the reflections of a philosopher as well as the notes of a tourist; and a considerable portion of his *Observations on Denmark* consists of disquisitions on subjects suggested by his inspection of the state, not of that country alone, but of Europe. Perhaps in this volume he has trespassed somewhat too far into this domain of philosophy, for he has given an elaborate essay on the origin of the Sleswick-Holstein war, on the races by which the Duchies are peopled, on the two languages of Germany, and on the effect of education upon the German people, and thence upon national education generally.

The most interesting portions of this work to the general reader will be those that describe the aspect of the country, its agriculture, the tenures of its lands, the character of the government, the manners and morals of the people. We can only afford a few extracts from a book which would yield an abundant harvest of passages profitable to read and valuable for preservation.

Here is one:

COPENHAGEN COMPARED WITH EDINBURGH.

Copenhagen and Edinburgh are cities of about the same population. The composition of society, also, is similar in both. Neither of the two can be called a commercial or manufacturing city, although the trade of each is very considerable. The commercial or manufacturing interest is not, as in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, the main and predominant element in society. Both cities are capitals, or chief seats of civil administration, courts of law, and various departments of public business, for populations of about equal amount, Scotland and Denmark having each about a million and a half of people, and the expenditure of income by professional men, lawyers, and those connected with the public business of the country, and by private gentlemen of no business who have retired with moderate fortunes, gives the chief means of subsistence to the greater part of the inhabitants in both; each city, also, is the centre of education, fashion, conveniences, and luxuries, from which country towns and populations are supplied, and is a kind of *entrepôt*, rather than a manufacturing city. A literary tone predominates in a society so composed, although the individuals composing it may not be literary men. They are men of exercised minds, and thus Copenhagen and Edinburgh resemble each other in the numbers, composition, means of subsistence, and general character of the social body in each. It is remarkable enough that in the capital of the most absolute monarchy in Europe, according to its ground principle, the influences of education and of public opinion on government, are more efficient than in any of the most liberally-constituted monarchies on the continent: and, in private society, the man of talent in literature or the fine arts stands on a footing of greater equality with, or rather of greater superiority over, the more nobleman, functionary, or man of wealth, than in any other city. Holberg, Thorwaldsen, Oehlenschläger, Oersted, H. C. Andersen, Frederika Bremer, bear testimony to this peculiar trait of civilization and intellectual culture in the Danish capital; and in this also its social state is similar to that of Edinburgh. The literary corps in Copenhagen appears to be as numerous and as active as that of the Scottish capital.

But the literature of Denmark appears to surpass that of Scotland in quantity if not in quality.

"The Danish people consume more food for the mind than the Scotch, have more daily and weekly newspapers, and other periodical works, in their metropolis and in their country towns; and publish more translated and original works, have more public libraries, larger libraries, and libraries more easily accessible to persons of all classes, not only in Copenhagen, but in all provincial and country towns; have more small circulating libraries, book-clubs, musical associations, theatres, and theatrical associations, and original dramatic compositions; more museums, galleries, collections of statues, paintings, antiquities, and objects gratifying to the tastes of a refined and intellectual people, and open equally to all classes, than the people of Scotland

can produce in the length and breadth of the land. The modern Athens!"

And this is the state of

LITERATURE IN DENMARK.

The literary men of Copenhagen publish at least as many works, and of as high pretensions, in the course of a year, as appear from the Edinburgh press. A new poem, the epic, for instance, of Palludan Müller, entitled *Adam Homo*, said to be of singular merit, is not so rare a phenomenon as it would be in Edinburgh. Instead of our one lackadaisical Scotch drama, in a hundred years, — *Douglas, a Tragedy*, — the literature of Denmark boasts of between thirty and forty comedies of Holberg, which have for a hundred years furnished plots, situations, incidents, and characters to French, German, and English dramatic freebooters; and of such tragic dramas, in our times, as *Palnatoke*, *Earl Hæcon*, *Axel and Valborg*, and other master-pieces of Oehlenschläger. New dramas are brought out every season at the Theatre Royal; and the merits and demerits of a new comedy, which lately appeared, are being discussed so earnestly in all company, and in clubs and newspapers, that a traveller might fancy himself in London, in the days of Addison, when the wits and critics assembled at a favourite coffee-room to talk of the new play.

Mr. LAING is of opinion that the educational system of the Continent produces bad fruits. He thinks the literary class unfitted for statesmanship, and attributes to their incapacity the failure of the revolution and the restoration of despotism in Europe. There is some truth in the following:

In France, the President Louis Napoleon has swept the country clear of the influence of the educational and literary corps, and of the individuals who wielded it. The means have been unprincipled, and their application tyrannical, but the end attained has been good. A power has been crushed which could neither govern nor allow any other to govern. It is one of the most instructive facts in the history of the last half century, that the two countries, France and Germany, and particularly Prussia, which have taken the lead in national education, have established schools, licensed teachers, compulsory attendance, educational boards, superintendents, and a minister of state for public instruction, with a vast and efficient machinery, and which have succeeded in diffusing reading, writing, a taste for music, a taste for fine arts, and have spread many accomplishments among the people, have failed entirely in getting together, out of their educated populations, three or four hundred men of common sense and ordinary capacity for business, to be an efficient Parliament.

Mr. HAMILTON's residence of *Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles* was of a less formal nature, and his narrative, although, perhaps, more readable, is of less value. He wanted a country residence for the recruiting of his health, and his friends gave him introductions to the rural gentry, by whom he was hospitably entertained during the entire period of his sojourn, none appearing, according to his account, to consider his visit too long. He thus went slowly about from house to house, becoming domesticated, as it were, with the inhabitants. He possessed advantages for observation of the manner of life of the middle classes, such as few travellers have enjoyed. Hence the value of his book, which has no grace of style to recommend it, but on the contrary, is often tediously minute, and sometimes intolerably prosy. Mr. LAING condenses his wisdom into two volumes. Mr. HAMILTON expands his platitudes into two. We gather some passages:

SERVANTS IN DENMARK.

One seldom sees thoroughly respectable-looking men-servants in Denmark: they are usually ill-dressed; liveries are but indifferent. At the same time, the apparel of many servant-women, however fresh and clean, is curious to a stranger. All country-born girls retain their peasant costume in town — the bright stuff petticoats and jackets with still brighter ribbon hanging in abundance from the sleeves, and the long close bonnet-shaped white caps, with silken crown and flying streamers of ribbon. Thus it is always possible to tell a country-extracted servant girl from a town-bred maiden, even were there no difference in the colour and texture of their cheeks. The daughters of the island of Amak are in much request as handmaidens in Copenhagen; and they again are distinguishable even from rustic girls in general by the extra brilliancy of their dress. In addition to all the colours and alternations of red and white, and exuberance of ribbon glory, they are furnished with a deep border round the bottom of their gowns, similar in effect to a flounce. This border, which is about a foot in breadth (if that be a measure acknowledged by ladies), has usually a scarlet ground, and is embroidered with some amazing tropical plants in some other dazzling colour. The effect is tremendous to a

wish, making an appropriate finish to a prodigious commencement, with the clear snowy stockings and club shoes, buckles and all, emerging from below.

The next extract exhibits the faults we have noted.

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

All the young folks, as soon as they had swallowed their coffee and munched their sugar (it is a very common practice in Scandinavia to drink coffee with no sugar in it, but one or two lumps *with* it, of which the last is put into the mouth with the last mouthful of the liquid, and makes a very sweet termination to a bitter beginning. — N.B. it is extremely interesting to see a young lady take coffee in this fashion, daintily biting the sugar) — went out to the garden, and I was at once, without any more ceremony, invited to accompany them, being informed that by and by the whole party, old and young, would take a walk together; but meantime it was, on the part of the latter, to be preceded by a game. The game was that of the "ring." We formed a wide circle upon the lawn, each individual holding in his hand a wand. A few light wooden rings, in circumference as large as a soup-plate, were produced. These were to be thrown from one person to the other by means of the wands, and to be caught also upon the wands. If the thrower did his or her business awkwardly, the receiver might have to run a long way to catch the ring, and miss it after all, and then have to run back to his former position to pitch it in turn to the next. Much agility and adroitness were called for, involving a good deal of exercise. It was particularly necessary to turn about with no loss of time, after flinging one's ring to the next in the circle, in order to be ready to receive that which might otherwise be whizzing through the air from one's opponent on the other side. This was the most difficult rule to observe, inasmuch as it was very tempting, on casting the ring aloft, to watch how it came down, and whether it was caught; but if on any occasion you were unlucky enough to stand gazing after it, you were sure to feel a ring from the opposite quarter come dangling about your head or shoulders. People are always on the outlook to take their neighbours at unawares, just as he is busy casting to his neighbour. As there are no forfeits or punishments connected with the game, it is a very agreeable one where there is sufficient scope, producing an equally powerful but more healthful glow on the cheeks of youth and beauty than the exercise of a heated ball-room. The accompaniments are also more beautiful than the decorations of any dancing saloon, — the grass as carpet; the beds of real flowers as its pattern; the blue heaven as ceiling, or (if it be clouded) with clouds gilded by the upward rays of the setting sun; the atmosphere in the purity, and mildness, and balminess of a summer evening, instead of the usual heated air; and the heavy foliage of the neighbouring forests as natural walks, seemingly denser than walls of stone and lime.

Here is a picture of a place whose name is sufficiently familiar:

ELSINORE.

We landed and proceeded through the tidy little town, and went into one or two places. A good many English live here on business; the natives also ply business to a considerable extent, and there is a good deal of wealth in the place. From its size, however, and general look, — the look of the handsomely dressed ladies, and moneyed look of the children, everything savouring of full purses that had once been empty, — I vowed I disliked to live there uncommonly. It seemed to me that the purse and pocket-fillers had the upper hand here, nay, were strong enough to make the town too hot for any who should cause his prophetically dissenting voice to be heard in the streets. Long after, I had this confirmed to me by a lady whose lines had fallen to her there for a season. I should fancy there was no poet in Helsingör, nor even a play-actor; that all artists were shut out but such as were needed to copy merchants and merchants' wives, or at least their gold chains, seals, laces, ribbons, and who would be content to be dismissed without pay for mispainting the flowers and gewaws of a wealthy woman's cap. I should not fancy there was much taste for concerts and exhibitions, though they might exist for fashion's sake; nay, I should not even think the circulating libraries had much run. Altogether the entire town bore the imprint of a species of rich Kleinstädter.

The two narratives of travels in Nepaul, issuing simultaneously from the same publishers, are further contributions towards our knowledge of a country almost unknown to us till very lately. The notoriety given to the name by the visit of the Nepaulese Ambassador, will doubtless produce a flood of books about Nepaul, of which these are but the beginning. Captain EGERTON's tour, however, is more extensive than that of Mr. OLIPHANT's, for he visited Ceylon, and rambled about Hindostan, his object being the excitement

of a tour, with rapid travelling, occasional indulgence in the pleasures of sporting, and completing the entire round in about seven months. It may be well imagined how flimsy a book must be composed out of such materials; and so it is, but it is pleasant, because lively, reading, to beguile an idle hour. He tells, for instance, this

STRANGE STORY.

Colonel Sleeman told us a singular story of the carrying off and "educating" of children by wolves in this neighbourhood. Some time ago, two of the King of Oude's suwars riding along the banks of the river Goomptje, saw three animals come down to drink. Two of them were evidently young wolves, but the third was some other animal. They rode up and captured the whole three, and to their great surprise found that the doubtful animal was a small naked boy. He was on all fours like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude used in moving about, and bit and scratched his captors as any wolf might have done. The boy was brought in to Lucknow, and after a long time to a certain extent tamed. At first he could not speak at all, but he seemed to have a doglike facility for finding out what was meant by signs. He lived some time at Lucknow; but what became of him I don't know. Another boy found under somewhat similar circumstances lived with two English people for some time. He learnt at last to pronounce one word, the name of a lady who was kind to him; but his intellect was always clouded, more like the instinct of an animal than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful but less well authenticated story, of a boy who after his recapture was seen to be visited by three wolves one evening. They came evidently with evil intentions; but after examining him closely, he apparently not the least alarmed, they fraternized with him, played with him, and subsequently brought the rest of the family, until the wolves were five in number; which was also the number of the litter the boy had been taken from. A curious part of this story is the statement, that this boy always had about him, in spite of ablutions, &c., a strong wolfish smell. This story my informant did not vouch for; but he said he knew of five instances of his own personal knowledge.

Here is a portrait of a real royalty, with whom the Captain was invited to dine:

THE KING OF OUDE.

The king, his brother, and sons, received us near the head of the stairs, and we at once proceeded to the business of the evening. We were not seated, however, without some struggle for places, and I found myself between Grosvenor and, perhaps, the most intelligent-looking native present, who proved to be the king's brother-in-law. Another interesting neighbour was a roast guinea-fowl, off which I made my dinner. The table was laid as nearly European fashion as their acquaintance with our manners and customs would allow, and there was no lack of wine, if one only knew how to ask for it. Fortunately for Grosvenor and me, there was a servant behind us who knew a little English, and through him we managed to get some bread and other things, between which, the fowl, and the rice, we got on pretty well. Through the same individual, I managed to establish a conversation with my neighbour, who was mightily taken with my ring, which contains a key, a style of thing he had never seen before. As usual with natives of India, he was very anxious to know what our names, professions, &c., were, and seemed edified, but not much the wiser, when he ascertained that I was in the navy. Between these interesting facts, and the Great Exhibition, and the bands which played at intervals, we got on very well indeed. The king was about the most gorgeous, and yet nearly the most absurd individual I ever saw. All the effect of his magnificent robes and jewels was injured, not to say spoilt, by the ridiculous addition of a 42nd Highlander's bonnet and plumes, which he wore with an air as if he really thought he had "done it now." Besides the usual black feathers, he had added a bird of paradise plume to one side of it, the whole effect being supremely ridiculous. In other respects, with his yellow and gold dress, and blue velvet mantle, powdered with gold fleurs-de-lis, his splendid jewelled chains, and his gold embroidered slippers, he was the most gorgeously "got up" individual I ever saw. The chains he wore, three or four in number, were something like the collars of different orders of knighthood, but one mass of pearls, or other precious stones. Besides these, he had strings of jewels of immense size hanging about his elbows, an attendant walking close behind him on each side to hold them, for fear they should break off. In fact, as he stood, I should think he would have been cheap at 100,000*l*. * * At his majesty's particular request, the resident gave the Queen's health, followed also, at his request, by three cheers, uncommonly well given by, of course, the English part of the company; the bands playing "God save the Queen" (only they

began not exactly at the same time.) I think the staid Orientals were rather astonished at the row we made, and the king was pleased at having nearly the same noise made when we drank his health afterwards.

Mr. OLIPHANT, who is a son of the Chief-Justice of Ceylon, was invited by Jung BAHADUR, the Ambassador of diamond renown, to accompany him to Nepal on a visit of a few weeks. He reports of JUNG that he is an agreeable fellow, passionately fond of sports, a dead shot with a pistol, and master of the rifle. On their way, they remained for a short time at Calcutta, where JUNG took to himself a wife, the daughter of a native Rajah:

Upon the day following his nuptials my friend and I called upon him, and to our surprise he offered to present us to his newly-wedded bride. We, of course, expressed our sense of the honour he was doing us, and had just reached the balcony, the stairs leading up to which were on the outside of the house, when our friend the bridegroom perceived his father-in-law, the Coorg rajah, coming in a most dignified manner down the approach. Like a schoolboy caught in the master's orchard, he at once retreated and unceremoniously hurried us back—and just in time, for, no doubt, if the old Coorg had detected him thus exhibiting his daughter the day after he had married her, he would have mightily disapproved of so improper a proceeding.

Their entry into Nepal was made in extraordinary state. On the frontier, 5,000 of the natives had collected to welcome the return of the popular General. In this, also, his sporting propensities were curiously displayed:

On our arrival he was out shooting, so, mounting an elephant, we proceeded to join him. We heard such frequent reports of fire-arms that we fully expected to find excellent sport; great was my disappointment, therefore, when I saw him surrounded by some twenty or thirty followers, who held umbrellas, loaded his guns, rushed to pick up the game, or looked on applaudingly while he stealthily crept up to take a deliberate pot shot at some unlucky parrot or small bird that might catch his eye as it perched on a branch, or fluttered unconsciously amongst the leaves. But the most interesting object in the group was the lately-wedded bride, who was sitting in a howdah. Jung introduced her to me as 'his beautiful Mississ'—a description she fully deserved. She was very handsome, and reflected much credit on the taste of the happy bridegroom, who seemed pleased when we expressed our approval of his choice.

We have presented a portrait of the King of OUDE: as a companion, take that of

THE KING OF NEPAUL.

The young king looked as imbecile as the old one, while his countenance was far less prepossessing, as he seemed only to have just sense enough to be able to gratify the brutal and sensual passions to which he is a prey; whether the stories of wholesale executions of slaves taking place in his court-yard merely for his amusement are true or not, I cannot say, but he looked capable of any wickedness, and, though not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, had already rivalled the atrocities of Nero. His countenance was not unlike those depicted on the walls of Indian towns, with the same large staring eyes, thin twisted moustache, sensual lips, and thick bull neck. His dress was handsome, and his jewels were magnificent; but in dress, in carriage, and in dignity of manner, the prime minister was unquestionably the most distinguished-looking man in Darbar. He wore a magnificent robe of white silk embroidered with gold, and tight pantaloons of rich brocade, which set off his slim figure to advantage; his turban was a mass of sparkling diamonds, and his whole person seemed loaded with jewels. His sturdy body-guard, all armed with double-barrelled rifles, stood close behind his chair, and were the only soldiers in the tent; the nonchalant way in which he addressed the rajah, with folded arms and unbended knee, betokened the unbending power he possesses in the state.

The *Travels* of M. HUC, in *Tartary*, have been admirably translated by Mr. HAZLITT, and are published with numerous woodcuts interspersed in the text, in the National Illustrated Library. No travels of recent date contain so much that is new and strange as these wanderings of two Missionaries in regions almost unknown to Europeans. They are as amusing as any romance—but inasmuch as they are already, we presume, in the hands of most of our readers, a more minute description of them will be unnecessary, but we present an abbreviation, or rather abstract, of one of its most remarkable descriptions.

PRAYING MILLS AND CURSING MILLS.

Amongst the details of the Buddhist ceremonies and devotional practices of the priests or lamas, and pilgrims

of Tartary, there is a capital description "of a kind of praying mill which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a *chu-kor*, that is, "turning prayer," and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the sake of the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine, which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity, is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick paste-board, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted on one another, on which are written in Tibetan characters, the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep at their ease, whilst the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

One day, when we happened to be passing one of these machines, we saw two lamas engaged in violent quarrel, and almost coming to blows, all on account of their zeal for their prayers. One of them, it appeared, had come, and having set the barrel in motion for his own private account, was retiring modestly to his cell, when chancing to turn his head to enjoy the spectacle of its pious revolutions, he saw one of his brethren stop the wheel, and set it whirling again for himself. Indignant, of course, at this unwarrantable interference, he ran back, and in his turn put a stop to his rival's piety, and they continued this kind of demonstration for some time; but at last, losing patience, they proceeded to menaces, and then to cuffs, when an old lama came out and brought the difficulty to a peaceful termination, by himself turning the prayer-barrel for the benefit of both parties.

A fit pendant for this lively and pleasant description of a strange practice is to be met with in the *curseing mill* of the Malays. This instrument consists of an upright stick, one end of which is plunged in the ground, whilst on the upper extremity is placed a cross bar of wood, flattened at one end for the wind to act upon, and pierced in the centre to enable it to rotate on the upright stick, so as always to present to the wind the mill, formed of two flat pieces of wood, crossed at right angles to each other, and fastened vertically to the wooden cross bar, in a similar fashion to our bird-clappers, or the sails of a windmill to its axle. On these flat pieces or "sails," paper is pasted, inscribed with characters pronounced by competent judges to be Malayan, and beneath the paper are stretched, lengthwise, several long black woman's hairs. The one described was taken by a gentleman from the top of the Lion's-head mountain, Cape of Good Hope, in December, 1847, where it was fixed in a rocky and lonely spot, fully exposed to the south-east wind, which was spinning it round furiously. This instrument is regarded as a charm, capable of exercising a maleficent influence on the person whose hair is attached to it, so long as it is in motion. In this instance the mill is believed to have been set up in this out-of-the-way place by a Malay sailor, to revenge himself on his lady-love, who had jilted him, and whose hair was concealed beneath the paper; it was performing its functions to the best of its ability when the gentleman who brought it to England, reversing the practice, but not the principles, of the good old Tartar lama, put a stop to its mischievous spinning, and finally transferred it to the quiet repose of a museum.

The American Expedition against Japan will give a new interest to all that concerns an Empire of which we have less knowledge than of any on the face of the earth, save that of China. This new edition of Mr. GOLOWNIN's interesting narrative appears most opportunely, for in its pages are gathered by far the most authentic information that has ever been conveyed to Europe of the political, social and commercial history of the Empire of Japan. To the remarkable details of the captive Captain, who had a most unpleasant opportunity for obtaining the facts he has related, the Editor has prefixed an introduction, in which he fully and carefully narrates the rise, progress, and present state of British Commerce with Japan. What results may flow from the American Expedition, whether it will open the country to the exploring eyes of Europeans is yet in the womb of time. But until it does so, and adventurous travellers avail themselves of the opportunity, Mr. GOLOWNIN's work must continue to be the best authority on the subject, and this translation of it a standard library book.

Art and Nature under an Italian Sky is charac-

terised by sound moral health. Whilst its claims as a literary production will ensure for it the attention which it merits, there is a simplicity and *naïveté* about its style, giving it the charm wanting always to laboured composition. The writer, a lady travelling with her husband, tells us, that she "cannot help at least trying to convey an idea of that which has given to herself such intense enjoyment;" so she describes what she has seen, and sometimes what she has felt also; and her pictures are so graphic, that the reader will be placed by her side, and join her in her contemplation of the objects before her eyes.

Standing upon the heights of Monterosi, on a clear and cloudless day, she says—

Spread out before us, bounded on one side by the Apennines, and on the other by the ocean, glittering in the horizon like a girdle of silver, lay that vast plain, the theatre of so much that has been of world-wide interest for thousands of years. In the centre of the plain rested the object we had so longed to look upon—the "Eternal City"—towers, temples, and tombs, in countless numbers, and the stupendous dome of St. Peter's standing out against the clear sky, rising in giant majesty above all. Yes! there was Rome.

Pompeii awakens emotions still more deeply and exclusively melancholy than does Rome; for though to Rome attaches the grand history of peoples long since swept from the face of earth, and of deeds known now only by their records, yet life exists in that city. It has a present, albeit all unlike its past, whilst, in Pompeii, everything speaks of the past alone, with a voiceless and touching eloquence that no soul of man can withstand. Our author thus describes the visit of herself and her husband. They had reached the spot by railway—strange incongruity!

At length we stopped at the Pompeii station (how strangely it sounds!) On entering a gate, we found a guide, who told us we were fully a mile and-a-half from the ruins. The day was broiling, the road dusty; but I could feel nothing, save that every step brought us nearer. Turning off from the high road, and passing through vineyards and cotton fields, we came in sight of the enormous heaps of earth and ashes thrown out by the excavators. Winding by the side of these for a little way, we reached a sudden turn, and, walking on a few yards, an arched gateway stood before us. It was "the Gate of Herculaneum!"—the entrance to the "Street of the Tombs!" We looked on Pompeii, the City of the Dead! After standing for a few moments to realize the strange new ideas, that crowded on the mind, we followed our guide first into the house of Diomedes, the villa that was earliest disinterred at Pompeii, between 1771 and 1776. The rooms are just as they were originally, with paintings and mosaics in the principal apartments. The garden is surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars. At the gate the skeleton of Diomedes was found, with a key in one hand, and golden ornaments and coins in the other. In the subterranean corridors used as cellars, seventeen skeletons were discovered; one or them supposed from the number of jewels on her person, to have been the wife of Diomedes, crushed against the wall, where the mark of her form is still to be seen.

We recommend such of our readers as may travel over the same field, to emulate her good-humour and disposition to seize and secure the enjoyment of the moment, whatever its calamities, though they should reach, as with her they did, the capture and threatened confiscation of the one pair of sheets, taken, along with other baggage, to temper the miseries of night accommodation, the overturning of a carriage, the difficulty of procuring lodgings; or the importunities of hosts of beggars, the most picturesque that Europe nurses.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Baronet's Family. By Miss A. BEALE, Author of "The Vale of the Towey." 3 Vols. London: Newby.

Amy Paul, A Tale. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Vagaries of Life. By W. WELLINGTON CAIRNES, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

LADY-NOVELISTS are generally remarkable for the truthfulness and power of their pen-and-ink pictures, and this book affords a very fair illustration of the remark. It abounds in descriptive passages so graphic that an artist might in reality less design than copy from them—take, for example, the opening new year's festival, in which we are introduced to the heroines of the tale; the scene of the maiden's mental soliloquy

on the sea-shore; the bandit haunt among the Apennines; and the sea-storm, with its wrecked vessel, where the tender and courageous Gwenthean, like a second GRACE DARLING, comes to the rescue of the identical two persons who turn out to be most essential to her happiness. Throughout these volumes, indeed, so much interest runs, incident crowds on incident, and Miss BEALE contrives so cleverly to give an air of probability to the most unheard-of combinations of circumstances, that, although the period chosen is that of the present day, there is not the smallest approach to the rapid inanity of modern drawing-room chit-chat, as set forth in a variety of recent novels; nor will the reader easily lay down the book without regret until he has followed its course to the close.

The Baronet, whose family forms the subject of this story, is permitted to figure but for a few pages on the scene. Young, spirited, affectionate, but having imbibed the very general prejudices about birth and extravagance being inseparable, he is killed by a fall from his horse, and leaves his young wife and her three infant daughters so embarrassed in worldly means as to induce a variety of sacrifices and exertions, very naturally and powerfully depicted. The eldest daughter, Gwenthean, essentially differs from her equally beautiful and interesting sister, both as to physical and mental endowment. The mother is constrained to permit Clara, the younger, to be adopted by a cold and selfish sister of her late husband's, and, in consequence of the separation thus induced, a well-arranged plot is woven, amply attractive to carry the reader over even the prescribed three whole volumes of Messrs. COLBURN, NEWBY, BENTLEY and Co. The scene of the first of these is laid in England; the second opens amidst the mountain glories of Italy, and the villain of the piece, who, although he may possibly be suspected strongly even before the actual development of his guilt, is as much in keeping with the scenes in which he is made to figure in one as in the other.

Nor is Miss BEALE deficient in the lights, while the shadows are so bold and effective, in her landscape. There are portions (Mr. Jenkins', the jolly miller's love proposal, is one, where he comes prepared to devote himself to either the mother or daughter, as the case may be,) which, for their liveliness and humour, will be keenly appreciated, reminding us of some of the pithy pages in her *Traits and Stories of the Welch Peasantry*. Her genius is versatile; and while we congratulate her upon the talent displayed in *The Baronet's Family*, we think we may safely predict that her success will be sufficiently excessive to make her disprove her own words, *i. e.*—

"Look at these millions of books," said the Doctor, as they walked through the Bodleian Library, "two-thirds of their writers dreamed of fame, wrote for fame, and died of starvation. If you can write a good book well, write one at your leisure, and publish it—if you can; but never make authorship your profession. You had better go and hang yourself at once."

A brace of two-volume novels, in the same week, from different publishers, is ominous of the change which far-sighted men anticipate in the form of our literature. The argument of Lord CAMPBELL and of Mr. GLADSTONE was that, if books were sold cheap, the vastly increased circulation would yield more profit than the very limited sale which is the result of high price; that if, for instance, a novel were printed in one volume instead of three, and sold at five shillings instead of thirty, author and publisher would profit by the change. Such a change there will be; in no long time the legitimate three-volume novel, provided for the circulating library alone, will become extinct; but we have very great doubt whether the authors will gain by it. On the contrary, we are convinced that the effect will be to substitute an inferior class of new books, the copyright of which can be bought for a few pounds, for books of the better class, whose authors expect, and are entitled to, a liberal remuneration.

Perhaps two of the novels which head the above list of fictions of the fortnight are pioneers of the change, designed to break the fall from three volumes to one. But why should this be looked upon as a phenomenon? What article in the code of literature has prescribed three volumes, neither more nor less, as the proper longitude of a novel? Why is it the rule of practice? Wherefore is an author required to weave a plot that shall take precisely nine hundred pages in the telling? Why should he not be permitted to narrate his story in such manner as his exigencies demand;

neither curtailing nor expanding; but ending it just where it ought to end? That very interesting plots may be developed in two volumes, both the works upon our table testify. Both would have been injured by further expansion; for more chapters could only have been introduced by impertinent incidents and irrelevant dialogues. We hope to see more of such fictions thus rationally abbreviated into a space that is convenient for the busy reader, and a saving to the buyer.

We are very much pleased with *Amy Paul*, without being able to say why. Like many persons we meet in the world, who leave us with favourable impressions of them, neither the source nor the particulars of which we can explain, we have parted from *Amy Paul* with regret. It is not very brilliant in its composition, nor very new in its incidents, nor very striking in its characters; but it pleases as a whole. The story resembles many others that we remember in our novel-reading days—for, have not a criminal undiscovered, and enjoying the fruits of his crime, and suffering its punishment in his conscience, and an accomplice who preys upon him, been the themes of innumerable fictions? And are not *Amy Paul*, and *Barbara* to be found in almost every novel we open? But it is, perhaps, in the telling of it that the author makes this one such pleasant reading. There is no affectation of any kind, no straining after effect, no endeavour to be "funny," or poetical, or sentimental, or rhapsodical, or sententious, or any other of "the styles" in which pretenders seek to hide their emptiness. Therefore we recommend *Amy Paul* to our readers.

We cannot bestow the same praise on the *Vagaries of Life*. There is a great deal more cleverness in it than in *Amy Paul*; but there is also a great deal which deserves grave reprehension. The tone of it is singularly lax; the language often coarse; the ideas sometimes indecent. The author anticipates this judgment in his dedication. He fears, he says, that he shall "give umbrage to people of divers conditions. There will be some to express abhorrence of my outspoken plainness; some to discredit my heavy calendar of crime; and others, anchorites, impostors, Mrs. Lawrences, will denounce me, no doubt, as an unnatural and sacrilegious monster." We are neither anchorites nor impostors, but a sober citizen, with a habit of looking charitably upon the world, and making large allowances; but we say of Mr. CAIRNES'S *Vagaries*, that we do abhor plainness that utters vulgarities and obscenities; that we object to the depicting of crime which he may have seen in the stews and hells of Paris, and that his declaration, he is "quite determined to fight it out with huzbug of every order, in every class," is only an excuse for the abuse of everybody and everything that is reputable and respectable.

The Waverley Novels. Vol. II. Guy Mannering
Edinburgh: A. Black and Co.

THIS beautiful library edition of SCOTT'S Works promises to be one of the most successful of the many forms in which they have appeared. It is certainly the handsomest shape they have yet taken. A complete novel is contained in each volume, and all the notes and introductions are to be given. The typography is perfect. It will be an ornament to the bookshelf as well as pleasant to read.

THE new volume of the "Parlour Library" contains JAMES'S *Forest Days*, one of his best novels.—A translation of one of HOFFMANN'S *Tales for the Young* has been translated by a lady, and published for the benefit of a charitable institution. It is entitled *Money and its Influence*; and, like all the works of the author, will be found to be both attractive to children, and profitable reading for them, as it conveys an excellent moral.—*The Good-Natured Giant* is a tale written purposely for children and old people. The illustrations, by C. W. SHEERES, are better than the tale, which is extravagant, without being wonderful.—*A Story with a Vengeance*, is a humorous little bundle of stories told by a party accidentally associated in a railway carriage, produced by the joint pens of Mr. A. REACH and Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS. It is illustrated with some capital woodcuts, and will just serve to entertain a railway journey.—Mr. F. SHOBERL has translated from the German a tale, entitled *The Forester of Altenhain*. It is stated in the preface to be a true story, and "of so extraordinary and impressive a nature, exemplifying with a force that has no parallel, the workings of what is commonly called Fate, Destiny, but which ought rather to be designated the retributive justice of an

overruling power"—that the translator deemed it to be almost a duty to introduce it to English readers. It is a tale of a murder mysteriously done and almost miraculously discovered; interesting, because exciting; but really we can find in it nothing to justify the singular eulogium of this preface.—Mrs. S. SHEPHERD (formerly Miss HOULDRITCH), has sent us a tale in one volume, entitled *Reality; or Life's Inner Circle*, designed to impress on the mind the importance of sincerity and uprightness in the regulation of all our thoughts, words and actions, more especially such as immediately relate to our religious character and sentiment; and this she has done by a narrative that will amuse while it teaches, her incidents being drawn from the everyday affairs of life. We are glad to welcome again this agreeable and wholesome writer.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. London: Delf and Trubner.

We should think that the publishers of this book run little pecuniary risk in reproducing in England the poems of a young but gifted American. The poems of THOMAS BUCHANAN READ have the ring of sterling metal, and bear the superscription of genius. A knowledge of their value would ensure their currency. This poet is, in our opinion, sufficiently significant to claim marked attention in the old world. It is nothing to the question whether Mr. READ is popular or not in the New World, since our chief business is to sound his profundity or his shallowness, as a poet absolute, and only negatively can we consider him as a poet born near the rushing waters of the Missouri, or the Mississippi.

A new nation, that is to say, a nation new in its civilized aspects, is prone to exaggerate the merits of its poets simply because it has no historical Past. Having no anterior greatness, its Present stands beyond the pale of comparison. It is not difficult to understand why objects having an inherent value, a poet, for example, should be slightly overestimated by a new people. In every condition of man's life he invests objects with a worth that has the closest relation to his fancies, his desires, or his wants. The first flowers of spring, the daffodil being one which "comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty;" the first landmark that breaks on the eyes of the wearied and anxious voyager, are forms that can scarcely be contemplated calmly. The names of JOHN GOWER and ANDREW WYNTOUN are names not to be struck from our literature, though their works are scarcely known. Our poets have been so abundant and withal so prolific of excellent parts, that ALFRED TENNYSON is only at the head of the second class. Only in rare instances, and when it is dealing with men such as HOMER, DANTE, or SHAKESPEARE is fame positive—otherwise it is in a great degree the accidental concurrence of an epoch. GULLIVER was a giant in Lilliput and a dwarf in Brobdingnag. Hesperus, hanging like a jewel on the brow of night, is a beauty very conspicuous, but, when the flocks of stars are thickest, it may be overlooked in the heavens. Now it is pardonable if the Americans overrate their poetical status; we should account for such, not through their national exaggeration, but through their literary position. In its broad cumulative sense they have no literary history, but rapidly they are advancing in its formation. The creative faculty and that largeness of comprehension which distinguishes grandeur from elegance has not yet been developed in the poets of America. BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, and EDGAR A. POE are sensitive emanations from a virgin soil, combining grace, elasticity, and the strength that sleeps in shadows, but lacking the capacious front, the lofty mien, the majesty and the march of conscious power. EDGAR A. POE, of the three the most dramatic, has rather the aptitude for strength than sterling strength itself. He can place himself in the attitude of HERCULES about to strike, but then he has lifted no club that could crush the Nemean lion. But if EDGAR A. POE does not rise far into the world of genius, he has that from which lofty genius can scarcely be distinguished,—a surprising mode of burning his own thought and images into the very brain of his reader, so that he cannot pluck them hence. Take for instance, *The Raven*, artistically the completest poem in our language. How fearful a thing is this worm of remembrance, writhing and torturing, yet dying not! Why does that black and ominous Raven "perched upon a bust of Pallas," and typifying unspeakable sorrow for the lost *Lenore* for ever haunt us? Simply because the poet is appealing to us through the humanity of grief. Wonderful as this poem is it goes mostly to prove the surprising art of the poet. The hyperbole is pushed to the extremest verge of the ideal, which angular intellects and those whom nature never designed to love deeply, cannot reach. It is rather a marvellous than a great poem. The annals of American literature present similar examples—solitary poems,

that go beyond the identity of the poet, rather than indicate his everyday stature. The Americans have poets of whom they may be justly proud, but we are not aware of one who stands out with that individual completeness, with that oracular utterance, with that transcendent knowledge of the *struggles* of human passions, not the mere description of passion, through which poetry makes itself the mistress of the arts. We are not aware of one whose local habitation is forgotten in contemplating the compass of his intellectuality. A poet least localized has the most supremacy.

We are far from saying that THOMAS BUCHANAN READ will fill up the gap; it may be centuries before it will be filled, but every poet worthy the dignity of that high name helps to give America a literature that serves to balance and radiate the enormous expansion of her physical life.

The first thing that strikes us in Mr. READ's poems is their rare freshness: they are rounded and swelling as peaches in the mellow manhood of the year. The drapery which clothes his figures is always chaste yet full, occasionally, perhaps, too ample to show strongly the heaving of the bosom beneath; but we do observe it nevertheless. Added to this, he has as much power, active and dormant,—for much, we take it, slumbers in the crust and the shell,—as many American poets whose works are better known. In many instances his descriptions are fearfully distinct. We not only see the scene that he reanimates from the plastic resources of his brain, but we feel its influence creeping and mingling with our fancy till soul and sense is pervaded. Desolation, or ruin, whether it be a cottage in an English valley, or a mastless ship on a strand, or Pompeii, is the saddest of earthly things. Its invisible hand knocks at the human heart, and tells it that it is dust though it has hatreds and affections, hopes and ambitions now. Never was that desolation more vividly displayed than by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ in his description of a deserted quay. It is a volume of four lines.

The old, old Sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for its long-lost multitude of ships.

The position of a poet who can write thus cannot be long doubtful. HOOD, in his *Haunted House*, has not surpassed this picture of utter desolation. We will now cull a few extracts with the certainty that they will give our readers pleasure.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh how still;
To my feet, the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a barque.
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around,
Countless voices rise to cheer me,
From the ground.
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging, boat-like, as 'twould woo me
Far away—

And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.
There they hang and smile above me
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me!

A WINDY NIGHT.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair!
Through every hall—
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain—
They heave at the steeple with might and main;
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton ceases his arms in sleep
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell.

A FRAGMENT.

I walked the woods of March, and through the boughs
The earliest bird was calling to his spouse;
And in the sheltered nooks
Lay spots of snow,
Or with a noiseless flow
Stole down into the brooks;
And where the springtime sun had longest shone
The violet looked up and found itself alone.
Anon I came unto a noisy river,
And found the bridge beneath me sway and quiver;
Below, the hungry waters howled and hissed,
And upward blew a blinding cloud of mist;
But there the friendly Iris build its arch,
And I in safety took my onward march.
Now coming to a mighty hill,
Along the shelvy pathway of a rill
Which danced itself to foam and spray,
I clomb my steady way.
It may be that the music of the brook
Gave me new strength—It may be that I took
Fresh vigour from the mountain air
Which cooled my cheek and fanned my hair;
Or was it that a-down the breeze
Came sounds of wondrous melodies—
Strange sounds as of a maiden's voice
Making her mountain home rejoice?
Following that sweet strain, I mounted still
And gained the highest hemlocks of the hill,
Old guardians of a little lake, which sent
Adown the brook its crystal merriment,
Blessing the valley where the planter went
Sowing the furrowed mould, and whistling his content
Through underwood of laurel, and across
A little lawn shoe-deep with sweetest moss
I passed and found the lake.

ENDYMION.

What time the stars first flocked into the blue,
Behind young Hesper, shepherd of the eve,
Sleep bathed the fair boy's lids with charmed dew,
'Mid flowers that all day blossomed to receive
Endymion.

Lo! where he lay encircled in his dream;
The moss was glad to pillow his soft hair,
And toward him leaped the lily from the stream,
And hanging vine waved wooing in the air.
Endymion.

The brook that erewhile won its easy way,
O'errun with meadow grasses long and cool,
Now reeled into a fuller tide and lay
Caressing in its clear enamoured pool
Endymion.

And all the sweet delicious airs that fan
Enchanted gardens in their hour of bloom,
Blown through the soft invisible pipes of Pan,
Breathed, 'mid their mingled music and perfume,
Endymion.

The silvery leaves that rustled in the light,
Sent their winged shadows o'er his cheek entranced;
The constellations wandered down the night,
And whispered to the dew-drops where they danced,
Endymion.

Lo! there he slept, and all his flock at will
Went star-like down the meadow's azure mist;—
What wonder that pale Dian with a thrill
Breathed on his lips her sudden love, and kissed
Endymion!

These extracts show the calibre of THOMAS BUCHANAN READ—his enthusiasm, freshness, and scope. It seems to us that he has much of the lyrical purity of LONGFELLOW, and the objective delineation of BRYANT. If blossoms indicate fruit, if mind can stamp its individuality in printed words, America may point to another poet in her fast filling list. With a strong love of nature, what more ample field for advancing his poetical education can Mr. READ be blest withal than the manifold features of his own country? There is sufficient grandeur to awaken the deepest response of the poet in a land of mighty rivers, and mountains "whose tops touch heaven," and where the king of cataracts thunders everlastingly. There is enough beauty to fill the poet's soul, capacious as it may be, in a country where the flowers are gorgeous, and only rivalled by those tiniest of birds which flit past like flashes of sunshine. Then there are social characteristics enough for the epic or the lyrical, where the red man's hunting grounds are swept by the feet of civilized men, and where cities spring, as by magic, from the ruins of wigwams. What more is needed for a poet's education can be found in no locality, in no country, because it is the comprehension of the *universal*—the last and grandest element. Let THOMAS BUCHANAN READ look to it—his success is yet in the ruddy dawn, and we shall be among the foremost to watch his progress and welcome it. Our faith in his future is strong.

The Enthusiast; or, The Straying Angel. A Poem. By JAMES ORTON, Author of "Excelsior." London: Pickering.

THERE is a great deal of poetical feeling in this volume, an abundance of poetical imagery, unusual command of words, and melody of verse, such as are not always found in poems of loftier pretensions, and really of more substantial worth. And yet there is something wanting to give them the stamp of highest merit. What is that something? *Genius*. There is little novelty of thought. There are no passages which could be cited like those gems that blaze in the less polished and, in shape, less perfect, compositions of our contributor,

ALEXANDER SMITH, and which everybody who reads instantly acknowledges to be not only true, but new. Of course this is not a fault in Mr. ORTON. He fails thus, in common with all but a very small minority of poets, because true *genius*, inventive genius, is a rare faculty, possessed but by few. Mr. ORTON excels most poets of his time in that which is next to genius, *ability*. He writes agreeable verses, such as all may read with pleasure, and which nine-tenths of those who read, and who are not accustomed to distinguish between the genius of invention and the capacity to put old thoughts into striking shapes, and repeat them in forcible language, do not, and, perhaps, cannot recognise. Therefore, we can conscientiously recommend him to the general reader as a better writer of poetry, and *The Enthusiast* as a more pleasing production, than most of those they patronise in importations from America, or cheap reprints of what are called, in bitter mockery, the Standard Poets of Great Britain. Standard versifiers they should be termed—they are not poets.

WE have been requested to notice a volume of poems, entitled *The Wanderer and Domestic Pictures*, by JOHN DUNNING. Desirous of obliging a friend, we opened it with that purpose, and our first glance fell on the following:

My pen shall not apologise,
For crimes hidden or without;
Sins evidence must eventual rise,
Be sure 'twill all find out.

Deeming that this *must* be an accident, for surely no man in his senses would print such poetry, we opened another page at random, and there we read this:

Intellectual conquest in his glance,
Triumph revelled in his voice;
Nothing look'd wanting to enhance
Ambitious fullness to rejoice.

Mr. JAMES SINCLAIR's poem, *The Beauties of Nature*, is not entitled to much more consideration than this last. He not only wants the genius for conceiving poetry, but his composition is very bad. It is, in truth, wretched doggerel, as witness this stanza, which nevertheless is far from being the worst, nay, it is very much above the average:

Man often tries to raise a mass of rock,
Or for to build a deep and caverned grot;
And too to raise a hill, and make a walk,
Or plant a wood in some deserted spot;
And there at random he does often sport,
His circles and ellipses, not a few;
And then he makes the water for to spout
High o'er the rock, and spreads out to the view
The lake, and lawn, and much more even too.

Enough, the reader will exclaim, of such verses.—The Rev. E. CORNBOLD has published a translation of *The Georgics of Virgil*, in heroic couplets. It excels most other translations in the care with which he has introduced agricultural expressions, rendering, as nearly as possible, the right English equivalent for the Roman idea. The verse is smooth and polished; but with the one fault of want of due attention to the rhymes; such unions as "young, throng," "bow, brow," "rung, song," which occur in six successive lines at p. 33, being contrary to all rules of verse, and falling harshly on nice ears.—*Antar and other Poems*, by the Rev. E. W. CUSHLA, is more promising. The writer has much taste and feeling; his language is spirited, his lines are true to the laws of verse, but he would have acted more prudently had he refrained from printing his productions until time and hard study had more matured them.—There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the notion of promoting law reform by poetry. Nevertheless, it has been attempted in a poem entitled *Themis*, written by

one whose name is not known. Imagine the impudence of attempting to batter down the Court of Chancery by the discharge of 1,177 verses! But it must be confessed that the subject is not an inspiring one: our poet's muse halts sadly beneath the load of legal technicalities, and is compelled to descend to such doggerel as this:—

Nor final yet the ordeal of assize,
For subtle points of law will still arise,
Whereon the Jury prudently may base
A Special Verdict or a Special Case;
And once again refer the doubtful claim
To the same Court from whence his issue came.
The Record in the meantime being stayed,
Till notice of adjudication made.

Think of fifty pages of such, and tremble.—*Born in a Gale* is a narrative, in the versification of *Don Juan*, of the birth and career of an Addiscombe cadet. Nor is it without considerable merit. Much humour, great aptitude for rhyme, a correct ear for metre, fluency of language, with dashes of true poetry here and there, indicate a writer with abilities considerably above the average; wanting cultivation, and somewhat deficient in taste, but yet worth cultivating, and with talent which may hereafter command for the possessor a prominent place in the literary world.—We cannot say much for a small collection of poems, entitled *Ursino of Navarre* (WRIGHT), to which some fables are appended. The author of this also is anonymous; he will be wise if he remains so, for as yet he has not laid the foundation for fame as a poet. Respectable common-place is the best description we can give of the contents of this volume.

—OXONIENSIS (which is the name under which some modest gentleman has sent forth into the world the first book of an epic poem, entitled *Creation*, and, in another little volume, a collection of fugitive poems) need not apologise in his preface for having attempted a new metre, nor need he fear any prejudice against him on that account on our part, for we love originality, and desire novelty, provided that it also exhibits excellence, or the germs of it. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously discover this redeeming quality in the pages before us. They are respectable rhymes, embodying very commonplace ideas, certainly without the most distant approach to genius. The author has a turn for versification, and he readily adapts the ideas he obtains from books to his own language, and throws them into poems, which he probably imagines to be original, but which, in truth, are only the ideas that are to be found in books. *The Creation* (LUMLEY) is a daring subject for an epic; and if not likely to interest the mass of readers, would bring to the proof the presence of genius in the writer, bold enough to undertake it. We had hoped that, in this instance, the boldness of the design would have been justified by some uncommon capacities for its accomplishment. We regret to say of this also that the performance falls far short of the promise; that Oxoniensis is not a new genius dawning upon the world, but only one who has studied the composition of verses as an art.—Another nameless scribbler has indicted a tragedy, which he calls *The Rabbi of York*: (BAILY.) It is nothing more than dull prose cut up into lines of ten syllables; the plot unexciting, and the dialogues tame and unenlivened by a spark of poetry, or a single flash of true nature or feeling. Wherefore was it printed?—We next take up a curiosity—a little book of poems by a child of eight years old only—by name ALICE GEORGINA, and which are entitled *Wild Spring Flowers*. Certainly they are extraordinary compositions for a child so young, if they are *quite* her own, without emendation

by her elders. Here is a specimen, and the tone and turn of thought is childish, and therefore *real*.

THE SNOWDROP.

There is a little simple flower,
As white as driven snow;
It is never, never plucked,
And falls when the wind does blow.
Its form is of a bell,
It has a tender stalk,
Every day I see it
In my chilly walk.

—Mr. MOXON has published a 12mo edition of *Coleridge's Poems*, in the arrangement of which palpable improvements have been introduced. The volume is edited by DERWENT and SARA COLERIDGE, who have furnished some useful explanatory notes. But the novelty of the work is the arrangement of the poems into chronological batches: as, "Poems written in Youth," "Poems written in early Manhood and Middle Life," "Sibylline Leaves," and "Poems written in Later Life." It is important for the casual reader thus to have COLERIDGE's cruder efforts and boyish thoughts separated from the maturity and solidity of his after days. Wherever attainable, the editors have affixed to each poem the date of year in which it was written.—*The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* has been re-edited by Mr. EDMONDS, and published by Mr. WILLIS in a neat, portable and inexpensive form. This is acceptable. Although *The Anti-Jacobin* lives still in the memories of literary men, it has long been lost to the book-stalls; and the literary and political student can find it only by disintombing it at the Museum or at some other great mausoleum of the book world. The publisher of this edition has rescued it from such select custody, and all admirers of "the needy knife-grinder" will thank him for this liberality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Mr. E. H. BROWNE, of the Stock Exchange, has written a pamphlet on *The Gold Question*, in which he shows, with some force of argument, that the price of gold will not become depreciated by the recent discoveries of that metal. He contends that the value of gold is only comparative; that the two commodities with which it is compared are silver and corn; that these will become equally abundant in proportion with gold; and as all will fall in value together, there will be no change in their relative values.—Mr. HUNTER has devoted the fourth of his "Critical and Historical Tracts" to *Robin Hood*, whose period and real character he investigates with the enthusiasm of a genuine antiquary.—A second edition of Mr. JOHN REGAN'S *Emigrant's Guide to the Western States of America*, has reached us. We greatly approve the book, for it teaches useful things and is written by a practical man. Intending emigrants may fairly accept its advice, which is freely offered; and its information, which is extensive and evidently well-weighed.—*The Garden, the Grove, and the Field: a Garland of the Months*, by MARY MILNER, is a successful attempt to give, in the form of narrative, the natural history of each month; thus, for July, we have an account of the songbirds which are heard, the moths and butterflies which sport their short hour, the flowers which bloom in field and garden; and some information respecting the temperature of the month. The chapter is a very interesting one, and Mrs. MILNER writes in a popular strain, and from a well-stored mind. The amateur student of nature will derive instruction and entertainment from her carefully-written little work.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE event of the fortnight in Paris is the production, with complete success, at the *Théâtre Français*, of Ponsard's new classical drama of *Ulysse*. Ponsard is almost the only contemporary French dramatist whose instincts and predilections lead him to seek his models in the works of Corneille and Racine; and after some trial of more recent styles he has returned to the class of subjects and the mode of treatment which first gave him celebrity. It is not very many years since he came up to Paris from the provinces, an obscure young man with his tragedy of *Lucrece* in his pocket. The Parisian public was beginning to weary of the clever but overstrained melodramatism of Victor Hugo and his school; *Lucrece* made its appearance at the very nick of time; its polished elegance recalled to mind the verse of the great founders of French tragedy, it had, moreover, a modern warmth of colouring which

was missed in the frigid classicality of Casimir Delavigne; and Ponsard at once attained the highest ambition of every literary Frenchman,—a great theatrical success. His next production brought him into approximation with the more recent tendencies of the French Drama; successful in the classical school, he ventured into the romantic, and *Agnes de Meranie* was a drama of chivalry and religion, but one which scarcely maintained its author's reputation. Resolved to address himself to still more recent and immediate interests, Ponsard availed himself of the attention which Lamartine was drawing to the Girondin heroes of the first French Revolution, and brought out a fine tragedy on the story of Charlotte Corday. This time, he has abandoned the region of modern action and sentiment, and has sought his theme in the eldest literature of Europe, the Homeric poems. *Ulysse* is neither more nor less than a faithful dramatic version of

those closing books of the *Odyssey*, which narrate the adventures of Ulysses from his arrival in Ithaca to his slaughter of the Suitors, with which event the curtain of the *Théâtre Français* falls amid the plaudits of modern Paris. As a return to nature, even though antique, the appearance of *Ulysse* forms an era in the history of the French drama. Ponsard's Greeks are true Homeric Greeks, and not the Gallicized fine gentlemen of Racine. He has not hesitated to introduce Eumæus and his swains (the grunt of the porkers being within hearing,) and indeed the rude simplicity of Ithacan manners was too much for some of the more refined fashionables of the audience, for when Penelope bade the Stewardess of the Palace prepare a bath to wash the far-travelled Ulysses' feet, the plain French in which her command was couched provoked a loud titter among the fine ladies in the boxes. In spite of all this, however, Homer, Nature, and Ponsard, have

achieved a decided triumph; with the assistance it must be confessed, of a chorus which chaunted to the accompaniment of beautiful music, and of a *mise en scène* which was planned and superintended by Arsène Houssaye, the author of those clever and sparkling little books which have been recently translated into English, and under whom the *Théâtre Français* bids fair to rival the opera itself in splendid accuracy of "scenery, dresses, and decorations."

Despite the anxiety of French publishers (and, let us avow it, of a certain class of French authors) to pay indirect homage to the powers that be by producing ever new literary illustrations of the hero to whose memory the Prince-President owes his exalted position, Napoleon-literature has received few accessions since the *coup d'état*. The other day, however, there came out a long-promised work of which great expectations had been formed; *Mémoires sur l'enfance et la jeunesse de Napoléon jusqu'à l'âge de 23 ans* ("Memoirs of the childhood and youth of Napoleon to the age of 23.") The author was a certain Nascia, a Corsican, who died in 1850, who had for thirty years been a magistrate at Ajaccio, was the son of one of the companions-in-arms of the gallant Paoli, and was said to have collected all that could be collected respecting the early years of the Emperor. The work, which was completed long ago, is now dedicated to the nephew of the biographer, by the nephew of the biographer, the Abbé Nascia. Indirectly, from the sketches it contains of Corsican life and manners during the period of Napoleon's childhood, it throws some light upon his early development, but of direct information there is not much that is valuable, and the worthy Nascia having no great literary skill, the book is confused and unsatisfactory reading. Among its more curious contributions to the history of its hero, are some original letters from Napoleon to his brother Lucian, one of them written in the early weeks of July, 1792,—the period of pause between the irruption of the Parisian mob into the Tuileries (on the 20th of June) and the terrible August and September which have become historical months. Napoleon was in the streets on the 10th of August, famous and infamous for the massacre of the Swiss, and, as Bourrienne testifies, spoke at the moment with great contempt of the victorious *canaille*. His letters of this period to Lucian, now first printed in Nascia's work, express a horror of the Jacobins and a contempt for the mob. How strange seem such expressions as the following, in one of those letters, from the pen of the future conqueror and devastator of Europe: "To live quietly, to love others, and to enjoy their love—that is the lot to be chosen, when one has some hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and is between twenty-five and forty—the age when a tranquillized imagination has ceased to torment you!" Three years more, and just as the philosophic youth had reached the period of a "tranquillized imagination," his cannon-balls were mowing down the insurgent democracy of Paris, and another twelvemonth beheld him conqueror of Italy.

The "Taxes on Knowledge," a species of grievance or alleged grievance, with which we are so familiar in England, are beginning to excite public attention in France. In England they are three. 1. The excise duty on paper. 2. The tax on advertisements. And 3. The newspaper stamp. In France, as soon as the Revolution of February, 1848, was successful, the newspapers began to publish themselves without stamps, but the Provisional Government, in dreadful straits for want of cash, re-imposed the stamp (which has been continued ever since) to the great disgust of its supporters in the press. Under the new régime of Louis Napoleon, the press has been tormented in a variety of ways; *feuilletons* have been subjected to a heavy duty; the Law-Tingy forbidding anonymous writing has been re-enforced; and now not only newspaper-proprietors but book-publishers are menaced with a heavy paper-duty. The chief paper-manufacturers and publishers are making a loud and public protest against the new burden, and their opposition is backed by the quiet but potent voice of the *Journal des Débats*. Foremost among the protesters are the Messrs. Didot, who take a rank unknown in England, having for long been at once publishers, printers, paper-manufacturers, editors, and, last not least,—authors! The newly-published work, for instance, the *Essai sur la typographie* of M. Ambroise Didot, a member of this eminent firm, is one of the most important of recent contributions to the history of general literature. Far from being

merely technical in its details, it embraces much curious and valuable information respecting the whole commerce of French literature and its relations to the state, including, too, an account of the rise to their present prominence of the family, Didot, which, in itself, comprises a narrative of French book-selling and book-publishing. Apropos of this, the French newspapers contain a pleasant and cheering account of a fête given to one of the members of the firm, on the occasion of his marriage, by its workmen. M. Paul Firmin Didot, having lately entered into the holy state of matrimony, the operatives employed at the Didot paper-manufactory at Mesnil, celebrated the occasion by a joyous ceremony, in the course of which two magnificent vases were presented by them to the fortunate couple, and the whole was concluded by a display of fireworks, which, strange to say, did not fail. The social arrangements of the typographical community at Mesnil are said to be, thanks to the Messrs. Didot, of a most praiseworthy and enviable kind, and wherever socialism may have, through the negligence of employers, a pretext for existing, it is not at Mesnil—a circumstance of which literature may feel rationally proud.

Ever since the publication of Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*, and the establishment, after the Revolution of February, 1848, of the *Ateliers Nationaux* at Paris, the question of Reproductive Employment for Paupers has been a European one, and the most eminent intellects of all countries have not disdained to employ themselves with it. Far better, in such cases, is a very little practice than a great deal of theory; and, amid the general speculation on the political and economical bearings of the subject, there has not been wanting a curiosity to know how the experiments actually made in that direction by more than one European government have been found to prosper. At the present moment, an association for procuring the reproductive employment of paupers is growing into activity in England, and this bestows a new interest on the recent French work, *Etudes sur les colonies agricoles de mendiants, jeunes détenus, orphelins, et enfants trouvés* ("Studies on the agricultural colonies of paupers, juvenile criminals, orphans, and foundlings")—a sort of official report by two gentlemen, Inspectors-General of the Charitable Establishments of France. One result of their tour of enquiry, which extended over Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France, was a certainty of the failure of the system in Holland of forming agricultural colonies of adult paupers, and in communicating this conviction they express an eloquent sorrow that one of the thriftiest, most virtuous, and most practical of European countries should, after long and strenuous efforts, have failed to solve one of the most important social problems of the age. It does not, however, require an *Œdipus* to account for this failure. The Dutch adult paupers are treated like virtuous and competent freemen, and have allotments granted them on the supposition that they will work for the mere sake of working—a most absurd hypothesis. Fear of hunger and of distress, a motive-principle so powerful and so necessary with a class much higher than that of paupers, is not brought to bear on the mendicant offshoots of the Dutch cities; and then it is wondered that they are not industrious! One thing is clear from the report of the French officials, that agricultural colonies of juveniles are pretty generally successful; and this success points to many considerations in connection with the general subject which—we are not at liberty or at leisure to enter upon here!

The history of literature is a much more lively affair with the French than with us. The French historian of literature looks upon his hero not as the mere author of a certain quantity of printed thought of a more or less ingenious kind, but as the recipient of the influences and representative of the intellectual circumstances of his age and country. It is this fact that gives interest to the announcement that M. Charles Nisard, a person of considerable talents, and the bearer of a name distinguished in the French history and criticism of literature, is about to publish *Le Triumvirat Littéraire au dix-septième siècle, ou J. Lipsius, J. Scaliger, et I. Casaubon* ("The Literary Triumvirate of the seventeenth century: Justus Lipsius, Joseph Scaliger, and Isaac Casaubon,") a work of which an English translation would probably be welcome to our scholars. Among the more recent French contributions to literary history, a department in which the French excel, is a *Histoire de la Littérature Fran-*

caise, par C. Gesarez ("History of French Literature, by E. Gesarez,")—a succinct and lively book, comprising brief but careful notices of the speakers, singers, and writers of France, from the Carolingian rhapsodists to Voltaire.

These are French books that are to be, or have been, published; but now comes one of which the law authorities have prohibited the publication. The great Balzac, dead not long ago, had carried on a correspondence of the most intense and passionate kind with a certain lady—he and she both having spouses of their own. The great Balzac dies, and his lady-correspondent dies—what does the husband of the latter do, but carry the letters in question, having accidentally lighted on them, to a publisher, who gives him a good price for them, and advertises them as in the press; to the unspeakable delight of the gaping pruriency of France, for which "the abysses of passion" were now to become visible in the glowing light of genius. Madame Balzac, however, like a sensible woman, had no idea that her husband's shame should be coined into franc-pieces by a greedy and unscrupulous publisher, and applied to the Tribunals to prohibit the publication of the letters. She was successful in her application, and the gaping pruriency of France must look elsewhere for some nourishment.

The material for a Life of Mirabeau in any language is now complete. The vast biographical miscellany published many years ago by his "adopted" (and natural) "son," M. Lucas de Montigny, though it gave much that nobody cared for, wanted little that could be desired, unless it were a distinct narrative of Mirabeau's dealings with the Court in those latest and most important months of his life, when, seeing what democracy pure and simple would result in, he resolved, at the peril of his life and reputation, to build up a constitutional monarchy in revolutionary France. This great desideratum has been supplied, since the appearance of the work of M. de Montigny, by the comparatively recent publication of Mirabeau's *Correspondence with Count La Marck*, and it is almost a matter for wonder that in this age of literary enterprise and speculation, neither Paris nor London has since sent forth a concise and lucid life of the greatest of revolutionary Frenchmen. Germany, indefatigable Germany, has not, however, been behindhand, and Dr. Friedrich Lewitz has published, at Breslau, a first volume of such a work, under the exhaustive title, *Mirabeau; Ein Bild seines Lebens, seines Wirkens, seiner Zeit* ("Mirabeau. A Picture of his Life, his Achievement, his Age,") which promises to be the German life of Mirabeau. Prefixed is a lively and accurate sketch of the strange society with which the extraordinary and unfortunate Frenchman, on arriving at consciousness, found himself at war. This opening volume closes with 1781, and the most important periods of Mirabeau's life are still to be narrated; but what has been published augurs well for what is to come, Doctor Lewitz possessing not only the ordinary gifts of a good biographer, but displaying what even the best biographers sometimes lack—a disposition, namely, to keep ever in mind the enormous influence exerted on a susceptible contemporary by the spirit, habits, and manners of his age.

Another recent German biography of interest deals with a contemporary of Mirabeau's, although one who dwelt for the most part in a different sphere—Johann Georg Forster, to wit, of whom Heinrich König has just published a Life under the rather affected, but in this case, significant title: *Haus und Welt* ("At Home and Abroad.") Forster was a man in whose nature two different tendencies were strongly implanted, and their collision left him no peace; one was to gad about, the other to sink into luxurious repose by his own fireside. He went round the world, was an eye-witness of Captain Cook's murder at Owyhee, and composed the well-known account of the circumnavigation which appeared simultaneously in German and in English, and of which Johnson spoke so contemptuously to Boswell. He was known to, and esteemed by, Goethe and other distinguished and tranquil German philosophers, but left his quiet home and studies at Mayence, to plunge into the whirlpool of French Revolutionism, and break his heart as a Deputy to the National Convention. His criticism on the later and latest stages of the French Revolution will long be remembered: "it is the explosion and new creation of a world, and the actors in it are such small mean objects, buzzing round one like a handful of flies."

Bettina von Arnim, the celebrated Bettina, the

woman worshipper of Goethe, with whom her "Correspondence of a Child" is known to all the world, sent out the other day a *Gespräche mit Dämonen* ("Conversation with Demons"), being a second volume of her *Königsbuch* ("Book for the King"—of Prussia, to wit)—the first volume of which made such a noise a few years ago. The "Demons" are not evil spirits, in our sense of the word, but rather geni of countries and qualities. The book opens with an eloquent and high-flown *Gebethshymn* ("Hymn of Prayer")—suggested by her remembrance of Goethe—addressed to "Nature, the mother of the All-Life," a title which will make English readers indisposed to hear more of it. Then follow various conversations of "Demons" with Frederick-William, on Jewish emancipation, Nationality, Democracy, Absolutism, and other "Topics of the Day," the whole winding up with a spirited invocation to the Prussian Monarch, beseeching him to close the destructive operations of the Age, and inaugurate a magnificent system of Construction! It is a strange book, such as only Germany and a German woman, intoxicated with the intellectual nonsense of her country, could in any case produce.

Ludwig Uhland is on a tour collecting Swabian songs from the lips of the Swabian peasantry; and meanwhile the native German Muse is silent. Daumer has brought out, by way of pendant and supplement to his former collection—*Hafis: Neue Sammlung* ("Hafiz: A New Collection") of translations from the Persian Horace. An adventurous literary gentleman, whose very name has a melodious significance, A. Geiger, sends: *Der Divan des Castiliens Abue Hassan Juda ha Leui*—"Divan" not being a smoking-room of any kind, but a collection of poems, and the poet with the strange name being the Jehuda Ben Halevi, so praised in Heinrich Heine's *Romanzero*, a Jewish scholar and poet in the Spain of the twelfth century, whose history Geiger makes use of to give a curious view of the contest between the Moors and Spaniards—the Jewish "interest" quietly growing up and prospering the while. Among other minor German works of recent date worth a mention are Moritz Wagner's *Reise nach Persien und dem Lande der Kurden* ("Tour in Persia and Kurdistan") which, full of political tittle-tattle, does not add much to our knowledge of those localities. And two works of the celebrated Karl Ritter, one of them a continuation, the other entirely new—the first being a fresh volume, the 16th, of his *Erd Kunde*, including a description of Palestine, and the other testifying to the growth of the cotton interest in Germany:—*Über die Geographische Verbreitung der Baumwolle, und ihre Verhältnisse zur Industrie* ("On the geographical distribution of the Cotton-plant and its relation to Industrialism")—a piece which the Manchester Chamber of Commerce (in an extravagant moment) might hire one of its stipendiary hacks to translate.

An account, too, of "The Chess Tournament at London in 1851" (*Das Schach-Turnier zu London im Jahre 1851*) has just been published at Berlin. Staunton, the great English chess player, who, with his friends, on the occasion of the Great Exhibition, originated the Universal Chess Tournament, to which England, France, Germany, Poland, Hungary, America, &c., sent their competitors, has published his account of the contest. But the Germans think that it betrays a certain resentment, that he, the conqueror of St. Amand, should have been beaten by an unknown countryman of theirs, and his criticisms, they say, are tainted by wounded vanity. Staunton's narrative, however, is the basis of the German publication, which its promoters anxiously explain, is neither in whole nor in part the work of Herr Andersen, the Teutonic victor.

Before the noise created by Görgey's Memoirs of the Hungarian War has died away, the Austrian Field Marshal, Lieutenant Schönhals has published (anonymously, and through the famed firm of Cotta, of Stuttgart) "An Austrian Veteran's Reminiscences of the Italian Campaigns of 1848:—" (*Erinnerungen eines Oesterreichischen Veteranen aus den Italienischen Kriegen der Jahre 1848 und 1849.*) Schönhals was Radetzky's right-hand man, and shows, in the present work, literary ability scarcely to have been expected from an Austrian Veteran. It is not as a military work, throwing light on strategic details, that Schönhals's book will be found chiefly interesting, but from its bold and certainly able defence of the merits of the Austrian way in Italy. He joins issue with Signor Mazzini on his own ground; and maintains that, in all respects, the prosperity, material and political, of Northern

Italy was fostered and developed by the Austrians, and presents a striking contrast to the state of things which obtained under the French domination. Some of the Austrian public works, in the way of roads, he thinks worthy of comparison with Napoleon's Alpine highways. Under Austria, he maintains, Milan was becoming worthy of its mediæval celebrity; and the conversion of Venice into a free port was bringing about that restoration of its trade which its recent revolution only paralyzed. Politically, he asserts that everything was done to soothe the self-love of the Lombards; and if Austrians were generally selected to fill official posts, it was only because Italian nobles were too lazy and too dissolute to discharge the functions of Government. Certainly, it is a striking book, and will rouse a good deal of attention in this country, where sympathy with Italy is so rife, and where a Society of Friends of Italy is established, under the management of one of the most promising of our younger men of letters.

Only half Spanish-American is the magnificent work newly published at Vienna with a wholly Spanish title: *Antigüedades Peruanas* ("Peruvian Antiquities") by M. Y. de Rivero, and J. D. Von Tschudi. The latter is the well-known German traveller in Peru whose able work was a few years ago translated into English by Thomasina Ross. Rivero is the Keeper of Antiquities at Lima, and between them they have elaborated this splendid work, partly engravings and partly letter-press, which promises to leave nothing undescribed of the extant remains of the ancient Peruvians and their beautiful and simple existence.

From the United States there comes the intelligence which will be welcome to many English readers, that Nathaniel Hawthorne is bringing out a new fiction to be entitled, *The Blithedale Romance*. Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, followed by his *Scarlet Letter* and his *House of the Seven Gables* have endeared him to many in this country, and he promises to take, in the intellectual affections of the Old Country, something of the place that used to be occupied by Washington Irving. A man of susceptible and genially credulous disposition, Hawthorne has listened, believably to most of the strange voices that of late years have made themselves audible in New England. On becoming a custom-house officer, it is thus he describes his prior experiences: "After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after those wild free days on the Assabeth, indulging fantastic speculations beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine-trees and Indian relics, in his hermitage at Walden; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hilard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearth-stone; it was time, at length, that I should exercise other faculties of my nature, and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite." Evidently, if the spiritualism of New England be worth hearing about, here is the man that can tell us of it. Accordingly, we learn with interest that Hawthorne's new romance is to describe (without any injudicious personalities) the sayings and doings at Brook-farm, the scene of that refined socialistic community which gathered itself together when Transcendentalism was at its height in New England—Curtis, the author of *Nile Notes*, Dana, Dwight, young Channing, Theodore Parker, and Hawthorne himself being among the associates;—while Emerson and Margaret Fuller dropped in occasionally to see how the "young people" were getting on. Mr. Bristed in his "Sketches of the Upper Ten Thousand" recently collected and reprinted from our own *Fraser's Magazine* has given a lively and truthful looking account of the life of the fashionable and money-making, money-spending Yankee; now we are to see the spiritualist and transcendental one! By the way, what has become of Thoreau's *Walden* announced some time ago, the *Promenades Solitaires* of a New England Jean Jacques?

The lucubrations of London correspondents of foreign newspapers are generally very dull, trite, and barren. Here are two anecdotes, however, from a German and a Frenchman, which, whether true or not, have a certain interest. According to the former, Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present at the performance, at the St. James's Theatre, of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and, to some purpose, as the following story shows, or pretends to show:—One of the characters in *Don Carlos* has occasion to make the remark, "Die

Königinnen lieben schlecht"—Queens make poor sweethearts;—on which (according to the London correspondent) her Majesty leant forward, put her hand on the Prince's arm to attract his attention, and sweetly smiled in his face a denial of Schiller's calumny on female royalty! The other gentleman is M. P. A. Fiorentino, the musical feuilletonist of *La Presse*, who lately visited London, and who, in the course of one of his letters, indites the following passage:—

I was lounging in the shop of Mr. Mitchell, the bookseller, who, as you know, conjoins with that occupation, the function of Director of the St. James's theatre. I see enter a short young man, with a shrunk mien, a modest air blushing like a young lady, and not daring to lift his eyes. He asks for two seats in the second gallery, and pays for them. Then he inquires of one of the shopmen whether they engrave visiting cards. He is replied to in the affirmative. He selects the print, pasteboard, form and size of the plate, chaffers a good deal, goes off, returns, and finishes by leaving the two names: Mr. Goldschmidt and Mrs. Goldschmidt, formerly Jenny Lind. Certainly, here is a very economic husband, one who will not squander what his wife gains!

Poor M. Goldschmidt little thought that the sharp eyes of a French feuilletonist were upon him.

Italy.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAVE observed with interest, in visiting the studios of sculpture here, an increasing tendency to originality of subject, and particularly to the choice of those supplied by the sacred writers. Gibson prefers mythologic subjects, and the whole range of his genius may be said to be pervaded with Greek ideas, his efforts aiming at the return to the antique almost exclusively. The following are some of the most remarkable scriptural themes lately treated by sculptors in Rome:—"Our Lord receiving the traitorous kiss of Judas," by a young artist named Jacometti, who had not previously executed any works considered very superior, but who has lately been much talked of, and universally applauded for this group. The conception is very fine—almost all indeed that even such a subject demands; the Saviour's figure expresses deep sorrow, but perfectly calm resignation to this act of treason, as necessarily the first stage of his passion; he slightly bends towards Judas, whilst the latter places one hand round his head to lower it to his own stature, as he kisses the cheek, and verily it is a kiss that seems to inflict the sting of a scorpion, so infernal the expression with which it is imprinted. The artist has followed the type of the Redeemer's countenance, which may be said to have become conventionally recognised, and there is a character of the mournfully divine, distinguishing the delicately moulded features, deeply affecting. The draperies are of the fashion given by the old painters to scriptural subjects, and show how happily this description of costume may be adapted to sculpture. No commission having been given for the work, it has not been undertaken in the marble, and this deserving sculptor seems to despond in the idea that little chance is open to him of benefiting himself. I may add, that Gibson speaks in very high terms of this group, and recommends all the visitors of his studio to repair to that of Jacometti. "The destroying Angel smiting the First-born of Egypt," I by far the most remarkable work of Guaccarini, and is am surprised to find that this group, in which the Angel is ten feet high, still remains unordered, and comparatively little known. It seems to me a conception truly sublime; the attitude is that of rapid motion, well expressed by the position of the limbs, and by the agitation of the drapery which depends from the left arm (the figure being otherwise nude) and flows backward, majestically sweeping, as moved by a violent wind; but the long hair, falling in waves rather than ringlets, remain unagitated, so that we are led to perceive that the tempest proceeds from the angel's presence, or that he at least, as an etherealised being, is unaffected by its violence. The right arm holds a bow, whilst the other, raised to a level with the head, draws an arrow from the quiver that hangs behind. The form and countenance fairly unite the characteristics of youthful beauty with the grandeur proper to the agent of divine vengeance, the large eyes not being fixed on an earthly object, but solemnly raised as invoking the presence and guidance of Deity in the dread task to be discharged; the brow unruddied by the least semblance of wrath, and the lips slightly parted, seeming formed to breathe accents of adoration rather than menaces of vengeance. Large shadowy wings, very gracefully fashioned, are spread at their full width, forming a fine relief to the figure; three rays of glory emanate from the head (an accessory not of good effect, as they seem rather to resemble feathers), and a band of stars passes, like a

baldric, down one side to the waist. The figure of a young Egyptian, and an ox apparently just slain, are stretched on the earth behind the angel. The union of sinless purity with restless power, the expression of mighty agency drawn from a still mightier source, and passionless in the execution of the behest thence received, are conveyed, indeed, with uncommon success and most impressive effect in Guaccarini's work. "The remorse of Adam and Eve" (unordered), by Imhoff, a Swiss, is a group, above life-size, displaying much inventive originality, and of very pathetic expression; the characteristics of the same passion in the two sexes are finely distinguished, or rather it is in the male alone that the manifestation of feeling assumes a passionate character, whilst in the female it has that of overwhelming shame and sorrow, beneath which the form droops like a broken flower; kneeling at the side of Adam, she rests against his figure, as if still clinging for protection to him whom she herself has led into transgression, and who, at this moment, is suffering the greatest anguish in consequence thereof—an idea that strikes me as of the highest pathos, and developed with great feeling by this sculptor. A statue of the "Madonna and Child," by the same (for a Catholic college in England, executed in Greek marble), is very beautiful, one of the most satisfying treatments of the subject in sculpture that I have seen. The expression of serene thoughtfulness, of tender melancholy in the mother, reminds one of Raphael's most exquisite faces, and the costume, a long veil flowing to the feet, with an

ample robe beneath, is singularly appropriate to the effects of the marble. An embroidery is chiselled along the hem of this drapery, into whose outlines colour has been inserted, to represent gilding. The majority of Imhoff's works are scriptural—as, Tobias and the Angel, Hagar and Ishmael in the desert, and various other groups. The veteran Rinaldi, the pupil, and still occupying the studio of Canova, has treated the same subject with Imhoff—"The remorse of Adam and Eve;" also, as a separate figure, Eve penitent; but though all his works are admirable, these are not among the finest. It is in mythologic and poetic groups that he is most happy, not but that, especially in the figure of Eve, he has shown great ability. "Rebecca at the Well," and the "Virgin and Child," are other scriptural pieces to be seen at his studio. I should scarcely mention, as in any detail to be praised, a group by the director of the Spanish Academy (the students of which are pensioned by their government, but do not reside in common), named Sola, the subject being "The Slaughter of the Innocents" (three figures.) This artist has just finished, and is sending to Madrid for the Queen, a colossal group of the Roman daughter (the well-known story of the father nurtured in prison by his daughter's milk), which is far superior to the above-named, and has much expression, though (as is the case with Bienaimé's works), partaking more of the pictorial than sculpture-character. He has executed a colossal figure of Cervantes, now standing in a public place at Madrid, another of Ferdinand VII.; and, though certainly a man

of talent, you observe a total absence of the influences of the antique in his works. "Herodias' Daughter with the Baptist's head," by Crawford, is a fine figure, in which the oriental costume and type of features are shown to be capable of admission into the domain of sculpture with good effect—I do not say with effect of the highest order, or the most satisfying to a cultivated taste. In all Crawford's works is a stamp of originality and form, and America may claim him as a son to be proud of. I shall return to Tenerani's praises in giving a report on all the recent works of sculpture, whose subjects are drawn from holy writ, to be seen in Rome; his "Deposition from the Cross," an alto-relievo, rather above life-size, erected two years ago in the Torlonia chapel at the Lateran, ranks among his noblest efforts, and is certainly one of the most deeply pathetic and solemnly beautiful, amidst the illustrations of evangelic history which this art has produced. Sacred subjects, also, have been proposed for the competition, called the "Gregorian Concurrence," which is published biennially, and has lately been summoned for next year, by the Academy of "Virtuosi of the Pantheon," the theme for painting being "Ahasuerus discovering Haman at the feet of Esther;" for sculpture, "Ahasuerus supporting Esther as she faints before him;" for architecture, a restoration of the Piazza of the Pantheon, with the removal of the existing houses, and a Greco-roman portico carried round the whole. Artists of all nations (if Catholics) may compete for the prizes, consisting of a gold medal and an engraving of the successful work.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SUMMARY OF SCIENCE. CHEMISTRY.

THE TRUTHS VEILED BENEATH THE ALCHEMICAL BELIEF IN THE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.—That Things repeat themselves, appears, from history and observation, to be true both in respect to the recurrence of facts and of opinions, although, in each case, they are modified by the various and special circumstances and conditions under which they again demand our attention. From the very earliest times, respecting which tradition and old alchemical manuscripts, which, although very ancient, are, probably, often spurious, are our sole authorities, a belief in the transmutation of metals seems to have obtained, and, indeed, the very term, Chemistry, is by many presumed to be derived from *Chemî*, the Coptic name of Egypt, root being *chems*, signifying *obscure* or *secret*; whilst Boerhaave states on the authority of J. Scaliger, that the Ancient Egyptians used the term *chimæot* to signify the art of converting base metal into gold, the Greek equivalent of which term was, literally, gold-making; the Arabian synonym being *al-kemi*. It was not until chemistry assumed the rank of a science, that its followers ceased to give credence to these dreams of their predecessors, men who, alternately cherished and persecuted by princes and nations, assuredly, for the most part, devoutly believed in transmutation; who spent fortune, reputation, and life itself in the hazardous pursuit, and who, however we may be inclined to smile at the marvellous and romantic tales they have left on record, deserve the warmest recognition for their laborious and hazardous experiments, and that vast accumulation of observations and facts which science has since classified and explained, and to which the rapid and sure progress of modern chemistry is in great measure owing. The belief in alchemy, to use this term in the sense of the transmutation of one substance into another, has never altogether ceased, even amongst men acquainted with the facts and doctrines of chemical science; for, from time to time, papers appear in the scientific journals, in which this position has been gravely asserted and pertinaciously maintained, both in the face of the experiments and investigations of their questioners, and of their own inability to confirm the correctness of their assertions by experimental trials in the presence of competent judges; but such opinions have long since been rejected as visionary, unfounded, and contrary to sound science, by all the distinguished chemists who have flourished within the last century. So completely have these alchemical notions been uprooted, that I may safely say the belief in the transmutation of metals exists no longer, but is extirpated even from the masses, amongst whom popular superstitions linger long after they have been rejected by the more educated portion of the community. Now it is not a little remarkable that this creed, held both by the learned and the simple of past ages, and which has, within the memory of man, been rooted out, and is now generally regarded as a

romance, should again show strong symptoms of revivification, certainly under another guise, and that the promoters of this work should have worthily won the highest rank in the roll of experimental philosophers. Who first set this stone a-rolling, I know not—the initiatory indications are, as usual, very obscure; but I am much inclined to father this new theory upon that sturdy and indefatigable collector of facts, and worshipper of material truth, Leopold Gmelin, a man after Bacon's own heart, submitting everything to the test of experiment, and abiding by the result. This student of science, in what he modestly terms a Handbook, but which is really an Encyclopedia of Chemistry, has brought into apposition several striking chemical and numerical resemblances between various substances which we yet recognise as distinct or simple elementary bodies, and has grouped them together in accordance with these similitudes and relationships. Since this has been done, the phenomena of Allotropism have multiplied upon us; things utterly dissimilar in their most salient characteristics prove to be actually identical in composition, and this property of matter, which, under the term Isomerism, was years since known to exist with respect to some particular series of chemical compounds, and was capable of explanation in these cases without difficulty, has now, under the wider term of Allotropism, been shown to exist in connexion with various kinds of elementary matter; and, if so existing with respect to the simplest form, to what extent may it not prevail in the innumerable compounds of which the material creation is composed? These considerations make the ground tremble under our feet, when in the pursuit of the science of chemistry, which, subjecting everything to test, to weight, and to measure, is pre-eminently the science of facts. Last year, at the meeting of the British Association, M. Dumas, second to none amongst European chemists for depth and originality of thought, fairly electrified the assemblage by the announcement of a theory, which, pushed to its legitimate results, was nothing less than a declared belief in the possible conversion of one elementary substance into another; but which substances have been, and must yet be considered, as actually inconvertible and distinct—a doctrine which is, simply and nakedly, the alchemical creed of transmutation. This declaration of belief, on the part of the French philosopher, was followed by the enunciation of a long cherished opinion in its favour by the accurate, careful, and unimpassioned Faraday, who declared that not only did he think that one substance might be converted into another, but that he had actually endeavoured, experimentally, to effect such conversion. It cannot be denied, that the evidence, since Gmelin or Döbereiner, first faintly shadowed forth this theory, has gradually accumulated and strengthened the analogies between many of the elementary bodies; in atomic weight, in chemical characteristics, in combining proportions, in isomorphous characters, in their frequent, in some cases, invariable association in their sources in nature, &c. Now such observations are far too striking to be passed

over unnoticed, as simply inherent or accidental occurrences, for they evidently point to some positive relation existing between every member of a series or group; and when, in addition to these great similitudes in dissimilar substance, we arrive at the still more striking phenomena of Allotropism, where the same substance exhibits totally opposite and unlike properties, although actually and intrinsically identical, our belief in the unvarying and persistent properties of particular and distinct kinds of matter, receives a most rude shock, from this knowledge of these various disguises with which matter is able to endue itself, under certain ascertained conditions, by the influence of which one element assumes such opposite and distinct characters to those it commonly possesses, that the points of similitude between the same substance in these different states, are far less than are those of many dissimilar substances now recognised as distinct, simple, elementary bodies. To trace all these resemblances, would far exceed the limits, as well as be beyond the scope, of this journal; yet I may glance at a few of them: thus, the metals Chromium, Manganese, and Iron are very frequently associated in natures, possess atomic weights nearly, if not actually, identical, give rise to soluble oxides of slight stability possessing acid properties, and are also isomorphous. Fluorine, Chlorine, Bromine, and Iodine have very many qualities in common, and the atomic weight of Bromine is exactly half the sum of those of Chlorine and Iodine. Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium follow the same rule; Calcium, Strontium, and Barium are also subject to it; whilst the very many similarities between Arsenic and Phosphorus (similarities which suggest grave reflections in connexion with toxicology), and between Sulphur, Selenium, and Tellurium, evidence so close a connexion—so many bonds and links between each member of a group and its fellows, that the temptation to accept the doctrine of convertibility becomes most seductive, and if, in addition to these considerations, we turn to the opposite phenomena of Allotropism before alluded to, we shall find equally singular, if not more startling, properties inherent in matter; thus Phosphorus, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a translucent, pale, waxy-looking substance, ignitable by the heat of the hand, very fusible and very poisonous, becomes, by the simple application of long continued heat, deprived of all these characteristics, and may then be carried about in the waistcoat pocket, handled, and swallowed with impunity, and acquires a blood-red colour, with complete opacity; and yet in each state it is phosphorus, and nothing but phosphorus. The diamond, charcoal, and graphite or black lead are also instances of a single element, carbon, existing in three different states, each possessing distinct and strongly-marked dissimilar characters. If we extend our view to the region of organic chemistry, these examples multiply upon us without end; the hydrocarbon compounds furnishing a capital instance, these forming a series of substances, which, identical in composition, are now gaseous, now liquid, now solid, amorphous, or crystalline, assuming

more shapes than ever occurred to the imagination of Proteus himself, and mocking our pursuit and efforts to comprehend them, by the multitude of transformations of which they are capable. Considerations of this nature are highly suggestive, and promise to exercise a most important influence on chemical science; yet two things must be remembered, first, that the zeal of the disciple often outstrips the doctrine of the master, the hypotheses emitted by men of high scientific standing as being worthy of thought, become to the neophyte, accepted doctrines and admitted facts; but which built on such a foundation soon crumble beneath his feet, or are shattered by the attack of a more sceptical devotee. Secondly, that however great the similarities existing between different elements, and the dissimilarities of this same element, under certain special conditions, may be—yet, that no conversion or transmutation of one element into another has ever been effected, under circumstances in the least degree worthy of credence, nor have one of the elements, capable of assuming allotropic conditions, been converted into a different or new element, but each and every element may, in spite of all its apparent differences, be proved to be always the same, one and indivisible.

PHYSICS.

THE LONGITUDINAL LINES IN THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.—A letter on this subject by Professor Ragona Scinà to Dove has been translated and inserted in *The Philosophical Magazine*, in which it is observed that the longitudinal lines of the solar spectrum have hitherto attracted but little remark, they having been attributed to slight imperfections in the prism or other parts of the apparatus made use of, and in no way related to the constitution of Light itself. Further investigations, however, clearly demonstrate that these lines are due not to any foreign influence but are produced by interference. A double convex lens applied to the spectrum obtained from an equilateral vertical prism, effects no change in its length, but greatly diminishes its breadth, compressing it from 158 parts into 32, in which latter space the rays which passed through the lens overlaid each other, as may be rendered evident by moving a piece of cardboard close to the lens from top to bottom, instead of at focal distance; thus receiving a portion of the rays passing through it. It is then seen that the dimensions of the spectrum really remain unaltered, its brightness, however, diminishing as the intercepted portion becomes greater; an experiment which proves the fact of the superposition of the rays; so that the longitudinal lines are produced by interference. By moving the card in a proper manner before the lens, every line may be made to vanish, so it is evident, that these longitudinal lines are not peculiar to the spectrum, but that lines of interference must exist in light which has passed through a convex lens. If white light be passed from a wide slit in a window-shutter through a convex lens, a position of the plane of projection may be obtained in which the entire breadth of the white image is intersected by splendid black lines crossing it horizontally.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

INVENTION OF THE STEREOSCOPE.—Professor Wheatstone, in a letter to Mr. Richard Taylor, refers to his first memoir on Binocular Vision, read before the Royal Society in June, 1830, as establishing his claim to the invention of the Stereoscope; a claim now acquiesced in by Mr. Elliot, who, regarding himself as the first person who had constructed this instrument, had brought his pretensions before the scientific public.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

England has reason to be grateful to the authorities of Liverpool, for having eschewed the Tudor feeling, and secured one more grand example of classic architecture to the nation. St. George's Hall is a building which places the name of the late Lonsdale Elmes among those of the great architects of Europe. In scale, in general form, in the breadth of its great masses, and in its columnar magnificence, it perhaps transcends all other recently erected Greco-Roman structures in Christendom. We may wish that the great crowning cube, which pronounces the noble altitude of the vast hall, had been less box-like in its simplicity, and that the attic range of the tambour of Wren's great dome had been emulated, rather than the unrelieved solidity of the square coffer which crowns the Museum at Berlin. The rich assemblage of vertical lines, and the highly ornate character, afforded by the Corinthian portico and lateral colonnades, makes one feel, that the unbroken extent of plain horizontal surface in the conspicuous portion of the building, just alluded to, is not in harmony with rest. Even the intermediate parapet courses between the top of the colonnades and the terminating mass, might, with manifest advantage, have been also relieved by vertical divisions answering the outline of the columns. We are no friends to

pseudo architecture; but in this case it would not, in sentiment, have been such; for the idea conveyed would have been nothing more than that of strengthening a long extent of masonry, by piers at intervals, instead of expending the required substance in continuous thickness.

Even with these objections, the best examples of Berlin and Munich are far more than rivalled by Elmes's great work, in which the pictorial is united in a singular degree with the severest elegance. Of the interior of this magnificent structure we hope to speak when, on its completion, we shall be better enabled to do so. The vast importance of such a building as affecting the national taste, renders it a choice means for advancing the principles and illustrating the beauties and defects of design, as they are obedient to opportunity or subject to difficulty.

Not so happy an example is the Exchange at Manchester; we speak of its exterior, though the upper part of it suggests the improvement of the more defective parts of the great Liverpool building. It is otherwise most faulty; being, as it were, a Greek peripteral Doric temple, with the cell raised, and the side colonnade filled in with arches, which, having no impost, look as if they would slip down to the stylobate. Nothing can be more discordant than the united aspect of the herculean portico and the delicate character of the turrets, windows, and other parts of the building. This is not a Græco-Roman structure, neutralized by modification, but an inharmonious combination of positive Greek and positive Italian. It is not like a beautiful green, but an offensive juxtaposition of bright blue and radiant yellow.

We may here remark on the extreme caution which should ever attend the use of the Greek Doric on a large scale. Its severe simplicity forbids any subsequent use of florid or minute decoration in the building to which it is attached. Even the noble hall and general meeting-room of the Euston-square Station are "rebuked" by the colossal grandeur of the great temple fragment, or *prostyle* which leads to them. It is painful to see so many instances of magnificent individual features insulted by the ordinary uses to which they are applied.

Having done honour to Liverpool for the classic taste displayed in St. George's Hall, we turn with less satisfaction to the Sailor's Home,—a great four-turreted building in the Elizabethan Tudor style. A critic, in describing it, says it forms "a beautiful contrast with the vastness and grandeur of the Custom House," in conjunction with which it is seen. What does this mean? That there is merit in mere "contrast"? Or, does it imply, that there is "beauty" in the juxtaposition of two buildings; the one "vast and grand;" the other, by inference, neither the one nor the other; or vast without grandeur; or—what? "Contrast" there is, indeed! Such contrast as would appear in the close neighbourhood of the Erechtheion of Athens and Hardwicke Hall in Derbyshire; or between the fire-altar of the Greek vestal and an inverted English grid-iron. Nothing can be more gratuitously violent and offensive to severe taste, than the direct opposition between the simple grandeur of the Custom House, with its fine Ionic portico, and the great cube of the Sailor's Home, with its little antiquated gables, towers, vanes, and ogee-headed roofs, its multiplicity of millioned windows, its *parvum in multo*. Of characteristic expression it has none. But, was there no allowed admission of certain forms and symbolic details which would have associated Jack's *land-home* with his sea calling? Was there nothing to be done with the stern and the prow of his loved ship?

While on the subject of our more important provincial architecture, it were unjust to omit the praises due to Birmingham, where may be seen, in the Great Town Hall, a magnificent emulation of the classic peripteral temple, in scale and elevation worthy of Jupiter himself. Near the same town, also, is a specimen of Sir C. Barry's best Tudor-Gothic,—a school building of truly collegiate character.

A stranger, visiting our metropolis, is surprised at coming upon an imposing structure of Mahomedan design. Its great dome, its minarets, and the details of its façade, are decidedly of the Cairo fashion. It is, therefore, a symbol of some connexion between our Christian monarchy and the government of the Pasha. It must be the palace of His Highness's ambassador, and, at the same time, a mosque for the devotional purposes of his suite and such other of Mahomet's followers as may be collected in London. The building is, doubtless, throughout, a complete epitome of their national architecture; and, having seen the general view of Cairo in the Panorama in one part of Leicester-square, we have the opportunity of a more particular acquaintance with its buildings in the palpable edifice which presents itself in another part of the same locality. The dome strikes us as rather large, the minarets as rather small; but the front is handsome and very effective. The stranger is desirous of seeing the interior. He has seen many engravings of Saracenic interiors, and desires to appreciate their true effect in reality. He wishes too to see the proper inmates in their own proper habits. He seeks admission. He is told he has to pay a shilling, or whatever the price of his ticket may be. He enters, and finds that the building is simply a great "useful knowledge" place; an English structure, in a Saracenic dress, and with a Greek name! Here, then, we have one more, added to the countless many examples, to show that England is *not* to have an

expressive architecture of its own; that it is, in fact, to become in itself, a great *Panopticon*,—a mere Architectural Museum of all sorts of things from all sorts of countries; and this, too, while there is sufficient occasion for the display of every architectural variety in the world, consistently with the integrity of truth.

What a fine thing, for instance, would it be, if our matchless capital contained what might be termed the "Place of Ambassadors": a grand square of convocation, in which the architecture of the world might have the means of legitimately expressing itself; a great school of architectural language, in which the leading professors of every national style might eloquently declare the artistic pretensions of their respective countries.

We are writing these remarks, with the elevation and plan of the Panopticon before us, as engraved in *The Builder*, and fully accord to its designers, Messrs. Finden and Lewis, the praise that is due to their manifest talent. Nothing is to be wished, save that it were that which, uninformed, we should have supposed it to be, instead of a merely clever example of exhibitory masquerade. May the Pasha become enamoured of it, and take it to himself. At all events, we will rejoice at its construction in one respect. It is a manifestation that the Gothic mania is breaking up; and we will hope, that, when every other nation in the world has stood forth, explicitly as an architectural candidate, we shall be in a position to form a national architecture of our own.

The Lincoln's-Inn new buildings may be taken as fairly exhibiting the success with which modern architects may compete with those of the Tudor period; and certainly the Messrs. Hardwick would have done honour to the best intentions of Harry the Eighth. But the question remains,—would this structure, so admirable in its kind, stand a comparison in the eyes of an accomplished Persian or Hindoo, with such an Italian building as the same architects would have produced at the same cost? Whatever may be the merits of the Tudor house,—whether it be on the smallest scale, or on the gigantic scale of our Houses of Parliament,—there will always rest upon it a transitional expression of something imperfect, that *was*; and of something better, that *is to be*. It may not show poverty of pecuniary means; but it will unavoidably exhibit a poverty in respect to available material of size and substance. No great stone for a pillar or entablature is required. It permits no bold overhanging cornice. Its windows, filled in with slender mullions, held in their vertical position by slight transoms, require no large sized glazing. It is strictly the style of leaden diamond work, and little panes of glass. It depends for external effect merely on its masses, its turrets, little pinnacles and buttresses. Its details may be beautiful; but none of its distinct parts, in themselves, can be imposing. It is this fact which has compelled Sir C. Barry to leave the house for the church, and to borrow from the latter its tower and spire as necessary to the effect of his Parliament Houses as a whole. The only grand opportunity afforded by the Tudor House is an internal one, viz., that of a fine piece of carpentry in the roof of the great hall. The interior of the Lincoln's-Inn Hall is doubtless most imposing; but this is not sufficient to redeem the rest; and it is, after all, an exaggeration, as applied to a mere dining-room, the comfort of which would be more considered by the application of a flat ceiling like that of the House of Lords. When we adopt the Greek or Italian styles, we take what was perfected. When we adopt the Tudor, we seek to perpetuate what was merely a progressive variety from the past Gothic to the returning Italian. We recur to an age in many respects much less civilized than our own. Nothing would be more unpalatable than the restoration of those discomforts and domestic rudenesses which existed in the times of which the real Tudor mansions are the monuments. They were the times of rushes for carpets, and of an upholstery the very reverse of what modern luxury demands. This is the day of finished elegance, and weather-tight provisions, of plate-glass and other refined details. The London Club-Houses are far more truthful, as the expositions of modern gentility, than the gloomy affectations of the Tudor period.

Poor Sir John Soane! He was very proud of his Council Office and Board of Trade, in Whitehall; and Mr. Britton, with praiseworthy love for his eccentric friend, abused the "sapient critics" who abused his building; admitting, however, that it was "rather low." That it was so, may be seen in the illustration of it in the second volume of Mr. B.'s *Public Edifices of London*. It looks like a young Corinthian plantation just rising into youthful vigour, with an attic range peeping above like sprouts of upward promise. It was for Barry, very shortly, to take the cultivation of it into his own hands. It was pruned, and most judiciously trained. The original plinth became a lofty basement; the columns sprung cheerfully on to the top of it; another row of windows burst open beneath the entablature; and a florid attic story developed itself above. Sir John was right in the continuity of his entablature; but wrong in the great width of the interspaces between his columns; so Sir Charles broke up his entablature as the lesser evil, and the result is a façade, which, if not critically pure, is one of the richest in Europe. It is no longer "low," either in dimension or design; and, to say the least, it is a magnificent piece of street architecture.

The Royal Arch at Dundee exhibits all the vices of

the Norman or Romanesque, with none of its beauties, unless they may be found in its minute details. Here we have the ancient fault of bisecting arches turned round angles, and simple arches springing close up to horizontal string courses; buttresses cut short where they should have continued; and a nondescript mass of mere objects at the top. The high central, and two lower lateral arches, are suggested by the triumphal arches of Constantine and S. Severus, and a free translation of one of these into Anglo-Roman would have been far preferable to this unfortunate attempt to utter a new idea in the Norman language. If our readers would see a truly "Gothic" conglomerate of precedent, with no precedent, they may behold it in the *Illustrated London News*, for October, 1850. Aesthetically speaking, the Roman triumphal arch is the unmistakable enunciation of the fact that the "way" it crosses has been passed by an imperial or regal procession; and, though we do not think highly of the two Roman examples just alluded to, we regard them as suggestive of the best possible design for a monument of the like character. Mr. Burton's great Wellington Arch at Hyde-Park-corner is a fine thing; though we feel the want of the decoration intended for the superpedestal, and are not quite content with the security of the entablature over the large interspace between the advanced columns.

While on the subject of the monumental arch, we may allude to the front of the Betting-room at Newmarket, as an instance of the perverse way in which a design well suited to one purpose is applied unsuitably to another. This building looks as if a former triumphal arch had been filled in and converted to suit the elevation of a public room.

The Central Railway Station, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Mr. Dobson. A striking piece of scenic architecture (*Illustrated London News*, August, 1850); but it is one of those "imposing" things which too largely partake of imposition. It is not engineer's architecture. The temple, the palace, and the triumphal arch have been, as it were, robbed, to decorate the shed of assemblage for sixpenny omnibuses and hackney coaches.

The Chester Station is a fairer example of suitable embellishment, though even that is too palatial for a building occupied by busy clerks and bustling porters.

Mr. Duesbury's Corn Exchange at Newark, is another specimen of the misapplication of a refined taste; for, though the building does not express the simple purpose of corn-dealing, nor the rustic character of those who assemble under its roof, its facade is a composition of much effective boldness and beauty, and its symbolic decorations are sweetly composed. It truthfully expresses the fact of its being a single large room; but the style and position of its turret assist in suggesting that it may be a chapel; and, indeed, had it been a sacred temple to the Goddess Ceres, we should have found nothing to object to. (*Illustrated London News*, February, 1849.)

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A VERY fine engraving, by Sharpe, of Macleise's portrait of *Macready in the character of Werner*, has just been published. The picture is worthy of this testimony, and the painter cannot but be gratified at Mr. Sharpe's satisfactory treatment of it.—The annual distribution of the prizes of the Art-Union of Glasgow took place in that city on the 15th instant.—Count d'Orsay has been appointed superintendent of the Fine Arts to the Elysée, with a salary of 1,000*l.* a year. The President has placed at the count's disposal 12,000*l.* from his private purse, to make purchases with.—In the Committee on the Estimates the other night, Lord Mahon suggested, with reference to some very trivial vote for the Fine Arts, that a National Gallery of British Portraits would be a noble and cheap acquisition to the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer supported this suggestion.—From Munich it is stated, that the American sculptor Mr. Crawford is in that city, superintending the casting in bronze, in the Royal Foundry, of the figures modelled by him in Rome for the statue of Washington, which the legislature of Virginia, his native State, is about to erect to the great citizen in the town of Richmond.—M. de Morny's pictures produced him the handsome sum of 305,885*fr.* The President of the Republic bought a "Promenade," by Wouvermans, for 15,500*fr.*, and a "Storm at Sea," by Ruysdael, for 4,000*fr.* The only picture bought for the Louvre was a "Portrait of a Woman from fifty to sixty years old," by Balthazar Denner. This produced 18,000*fr.* Three pictures only were sold for as much as 1,000*fr.* each, "A Landscape," by Karl Dujardin; "A Hardy-gurdy player," by Hostade; and "Repose from Hunting," by Watteau. A cattle piece, by Van der Velde, produced 22,500*fr.*—From Berlin, it is stated that Mlle. Eveline de Walderburg, the eldest daughter of the late Prince Augustus of Prussia, who has just died in that capital, has bequeathed her gallery of pictures, composed of ninety-two works of the great German, Italian, French and Flemish masters, to the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts.—On Friday week the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was

inaugurated, in the metropolis of Scotland, by a brilliant and imposing ceremonial. The artist has, after the lapse of ten or eleven years, during which he has had to surmount numerous difficulties connected with the casting in bronze of a statue of such magnitude, at length produced a work which all admit will vie with any equestrian statue in the kingdom, whether in respect to vigorous design or graceful execution. The site chosen for the statue is in front of the Register-office, where it has been raised on a pedestal of between twelve and thirteen feet high.—Late Mr. Charteris asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if there was any truth in the report that a picture, said to be by Titian, which was recently purchased for the National Gallery, at Marshal Soult's sale, for 2,400*l.*, was last year in the possession of a London dealer, by whom it was shown to the trustees, who might then have purchased it for 1,200*l.* The Chancellor of the Exchequer said there was no truth in the report that a picture in the possession of a London dealer, and said to be by Titian, was shown either to the trustees of the National Gallery or to the Treasury, and offered for sale for 1,200*l.* It was, however, quite true that a picture, undoubtedly by Titian, and recently purchased for the National Gallery, was in London about a year ago, for a friend of his had seen it; but he was not aware that it was offered on that occasion for 1,200*l.* He might be permitted, in answer to the honourable member, to say that nothing was more delusive than to form hasty conclusions as to the value of a picture from its having been previously offered for a less sum than it was ultimately sold for. In the case of the celebrated picture by Murillo, which sold for perhaps a larger sum than was ever obtained for any picture, namely, nearly 24,000*l.*, that picture was offered, only a few years ago, to a distinguished individual, well known in that House, for the sum of 1,000*l.* There were very few pictures of eminent painters at Paris which did not find their way to London on experimental trips of this kind; and possibly this picture, when it was recently in London, was offered at a lower price. This, however, he could say, that the Government had bought it for 2,400*l.*; and he thought that on the whole they had purchased a valuable picture at a moderate price.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

SEVERAL of the minor societies have given concerts during the past fortnight, and the benefit concerts have been multitudinous. In fact, the musical tide is at the full at the present period.

There was no novelty at the Seventh Philharmonic Concert; but everything was good, and admirably performed; the symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart, the overtures by Weber and Rossini, and the vocal pieces, the latter well-known favourites, and strikingly delivered by Madame Castellani, Gardoni and Formes.

Many finished specimens of part-singing were heard with delight by a large and fashionable audience at the St. James's Theatre, at the third concert of the English Glee and Madrigal Union, of which Mr. Land is secretary. The gems were, a couple of glees by Horsley, and a quaint madrigal, founded upon an ancient ditty in the library of the British Museum, and entitled, "Who shall win My Lady Fair?" At the second concert of the Union of which Mr. H. Phillips is secretary, a great many glees, a round by Bishop, and a madrigal by Purcell, were exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locket, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, assisted by Mr. T. Young, and Mr. H. Barnby. The same party were engaged to sing at a Grand Morning Concert, given at Stafford House, by the Duchess of Sutherland; and they astonished a brilliant assemblage of the aristocracy by the perfect manner in which they executed the various glees. There can be no doubt but that this delightful and elegant branch of the divine art of music is every day becoming more and more popular.

Vieuxtemps and Madame Pleyel were the lion and lioness of the last meeting of the Musical Union. They played Beethoven's piano and violin sonata in F most exquisitely, and each played a solo. Vieuxtemps, who has been resident at St. Petersburg for some years, and is returned a greater performer than ever, played Tartini's famous *Sonata del Diavolo*, and this musical curiosity was found to be a piece not only of enormous difficulty, but of extraordinary beauty.

Vieuxtemps also played at the last of the delightful evenings of Mr. Rousselot's Beethoven Quartetts. He took the first desk, and performed two quartetts, one of Beethoven's, and another of Mendelssohn's, with fire, energy, and tenderness. His performance of Bach's *Ciaccona*, was perfect performance—the phrasing of it something wonderful. The enthusiasm of the audience became boisterous.

Of the benefit concerts, the most notable have been Madame Pleyel's, Madame Verdavainne's, Mlle. Clauss's, and Miss Arabella Goddard's, all great and favourite pianists.

Madame Pleyell gave her Second Concert at Willis's Rooms, and performed in Mendelssohn's Quartett in B Minor, of which she gave the pianoforte portion with vast energy, thorough command of the instrument, and the peculiar blending of lightness and firmness of touch by which she is characterized. In Beethoven's Sonata, she exhibited a perfect musical intelligence, and played with decision and stamina, as well as in selections from *Les Soirées Musicales* of Rossini. The instrumentalists combined the names of Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Oury and Piatti—certainly a marvellous combination.

Madame Verdavainne's concert took place in the Hanover-square Rooms. Her playing is of no ordinary character; her reading of Beethoven's grand Sonata was exquisitely refined and classical. The andante was given with especial delicacy of finger, and in that happy tone which, while allowing full scope to appreciate the idea of the composer, did not verge on that most painful of all faults to the ear, sleepiness or dragging. The presto (finale) movement was executed with uncommon spirit and brilliancy. The Thalberg piece from *Don Pasquale*, was most charmingly played, and the extraordinary difficulties which fill the pages of the great pianist performer, were surmounted with that grace which is only attainable by those who are artists in the true sense of the word. Mr. H. Blagrove, undoubtedly one of our first English violinists, played admirably; and it is almost superfluous to add to the praise that has been already bestowed upon Madame C. Novello's vocalization.

Mlle. Clauss played no less than six pieces at her morning concert in Willis's Rooms, and in all of them exhibited, in a great measure, those qualities for which she has been praised with such enthusiasm. The programme executed by her comprised Beethoven's trio in D (Op. 70), with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti; the *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor of Mendelssohn; Chopin's *Nocturne* in B; J. S. Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp major; Beethoven's so-called *Moonlight Sonata* in C sharp minor; and Thalberg's fantasia on themes from *La Sonnambula*. In Bach's prelude and fugue she was *encored* unanimously; and certainly the prelude was played almost to perfection. The necessary intervals of repose were afforded to her by some vocal pieces, exquisitely sung by Madame Clara Novello, Herr Reichart, and Herr Staudigl.

The greatest curiosity and interest was excited by Miss Arabella Goddard's concert, which took place in the Hanover-square Rooms, in the presence of a crowded, elegant and select audience. The programme was one of unusual excellence, and the pieces played by Miss A. Goddard were Mendelssohn's Quartet (Op. 3) in B minor, with Messrs. Sainton, Hill and Piatti; Mendelssohn's Characteristic Piece, No. 4; Beethoven's Sonata for the pianoforte and violin in G major (Op. 30), with M. Sainton, Dohler's pianoforte solo from *Guillaume Tell*, and Bach's prelude and fugue. None but pianists of the very highest force could master these pieces, and the ease with which they were accomplished by Miss Arabella Goddard proved her an artist of no less account. Bach's prelude and fugue were executed to perfection both as to mechanism and style; and in Dohler's fantasia, Miss Goddard displayed her mechanical powers and strength of fingers to the greatest advantage. This last performance stamped her as one of the most admirable executants of the day.

Many other concerts are deserving of honourable mention; in the week before last, Mr. G. A. Osborne's *Matinée Musicale*, at which he performed, with Piatti, a new sonata of his own for the piano and violoncello,—a composition of great merit; Messrs. Alfred Mellon, R. S. Pratten and Hausmann's, a grand orchestral concert, with an excellently varied programme; Mr. Brinley Richards's, Madame Lozano's, Mr. Frank Bodda's, Signor Giulio Regondi's and Miss Binfield Williams's, and during last week (besides those we have already mentioned) Mr. Joseph Parker's (a pupil of Madame Goffrie), and Miss Emma Goodman's, in which this young pianist made her first appeal to the public, achieved a decided and legitimate success, and afforded very high promise of her future career. All these concerts were well attended.

The programme presented by Herr Molique at his first concert in the New Beethoven Rooms was composed exclusively of the best music. The novelty was a sonata for violin and piano, in E minor, the composition of Herr Molique, executed in a masterly manner by the author and M. Charles Hallé. It is a work of large outline and elaborate detail, and the three movements are equally original and well-written.

Herr von Königslow, a first-rate violinist, made his first appearance at the last *soirée* of the Reunion des Arts, on Monday evening, the 21st ult. He led a quartet by Mendelssohn, assisted by Messrs. Schmidt, Witt, and Hildebrand Romberg; played Mayseider's pianoforte trio with Messrs. O. Gollnick and Romberg, and also a solo by Ernst. He has great executive powers, and plays with much expression.

The most effective performance at the Seventh Concert of the Amateur Musical Society, held on the same

evening, was the March from Charles Horsley's oratorio of *David*, although the efficiency of the band was somewhat deteriorated by the absence of some of the chief professional wind instrumentalists, who were engaged at the Royal Italian Opera; and the feature of the concert was Weber's concerto, in E flat, which was played with great energy by Mr. Waley, the *bravura* passages being executed decidedly and correctly, and the reading being sensible and unaffected.

The concert announced in the name of Herr Joachim attracted a large assembly of amateurs and professors of the violin. The pieces selected for performance by this admirable violinist, included Beethoven's *Concerto*, a fantasia on Hungarian airs, a *concertstück* in G minor, composed by himself, and the 24th caprice of Paganini, with an introduction and orchestral accompaniments. The triumph of the evening was the execution of the *concertstück*, in which Herr Joachim has put forth all his strength as a musician; it was an extraordinary display of manual dexterity. It was altogether a concert of first-rate pretensions; the programme was strictly classical, and one of the principal features was a grand orchestra led by M. Sainton.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

SIGNOR LABLACHE intends to winter at the opera of St. Petersburg. — The representation of Schiller's *William Tell* has been prohibited at Trieste. — An open-air representation, somewhat in the fashion of the Old Mysteries, took place at Mulleray, canton of Berne, on the 13th ult. — Miss Laura Keane quits the Lyceum, and the drama at the same time. She has a fine contralto voice, and is going to Italy for study. Her part in the *Chain of Events* will be sustained by Miss M. Oliver. — The meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester, to be held this year in Hereford Cathedral, is fixed for Tuesday, the 16th of September, and three succeeding days. — Dr. Spohr arrived in town on Tuesday. The directors of the Royal Italian Opera promise his "Faust" for the week after next; and announce a concert, conducted by himself, and principally composed of his music, on the 5th of July. — Madame Otto Goldschmidt has left London for the Continent. The Stockholm papers report a new act of great munificence on her part. She has transmitted to the Government a sum of fifty thousand piastres—10,000*l.* sterling—to be employed in the creation of free primary schools in those localities wherein the number of such establishments is below the wants of the population. — Application has been made by Miss Catherine Hayes, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for an injunction enabling her to evade payment of the full forfeiture to which she was liable by her breach in America of the contract made by her with Mr. Beale before she left England. This was refused. — Bills have been brought before the "legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania" for the incorporation of a grand Opera company or companies, — the first three of whose operations are to be, the building of three magnificent opera-houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, which are to outdo La Scala, San Carlos, and our own rival opera-houses in scale and splendour. Bill the second proposes to take from Europe all its nightingales, larks, and also bass and tenor warblers. — "The Wagner affair" has terminated by the young lady's departure from this country; so that the public must suspend till next season, at least, their curiosity as to her merits. It appears from the proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, on Thursday, that a joint appearance was made for the contending parties, and that a compromise was effected, whereby the injunction obtained by Mr. Lumley was made perpetual. — Among the many *debuts* which have taken place this year in the musical world of London, we have to mention the name of Her Hildebrand Romberg, a young violoncellist of unusual talents. Herr Romberg is the grandson of the celebrated Bernard Romberg, whose talents, as a performer, he seems to have inherited. At Paris he carried off the prize at the Academy. The other evening, at the Beethoven-room, Her Romberg performed in Mendelssohn's quartet in A. flat, and afterwards played a fantasia by Piatelli. Her Romberg is one of the rising musicians of the day.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY. [We shall be obliged by communications of facts observed by our readers, but they must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer.]

COURAGE MANIFESTED BY THE MISSEL-THRUSH (*MERULA VISCIVORA*) DURING THE BREEDING SEASON. SELBY observes of this bird that, during the breeding season, it attacks indiscriminately all other birds that approach its nest; and that he has sometimes witnessed its resolute and successful defence against that fatal enemy to eggs and young broods, the magpie.

White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, remarks of the misse-thrush, that, while breeding, it is so fierce and pugnacious, that it drives such birds as approach its nest with great fury to a distance. The Welch call it *pen y llyn*, the head or master of the coppice. He suffers no magpie, jay, or blackbird to enter the garden which he haunts.

Markwick says, "I remember, many years ago, seeing a pair of these birds fly up repeatedly and attack some larger bird, which I suppose disturbed their nest in my orchard, uttering at the same time violent shrieks." Since writing the above, I have seen, more than once, a pair of these birds attack some magpies that had disturbed their nest, with great violence and loud shrieks. In a note attached to this observation of Markwick, Mr. Rennie communicates the following: "opposite my study windows, at Lee, I observed, last summer, a misse-thrush fly boldly at a carrion crow, and persecute him with bill and wing, till he seemed glad to leave the field." This, however, is far outdone by the account M. Le Vaillant gives of a party of misse-thruses attacking and actually vanquishing an eagle. In confirmation of the remarks of these eminent naturalists upon the pugnacious habits of the misse-thrush in the breeding season, I subjoin the following, which fell under my own observation. In the spring of 1847, a pair of these birds had built their nest in the neighbourhood of my garden, the grass-plot of which they constantly frequented early in the morning, carrying off in abundance the dew-worms, as food for their young. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the fierce and pugnacious habits of these birds. A caged magpie was suspended from a branch of an apple-tree in the garden; against this magpie the misse-thruses manifested the strongest antipathy; they would repeatedly fly at the cage, dashing themselves violently against the wicker-work, raising at the same time, a loud and angry shriek. Sitting in my study, I one day heard these birds uttering their angry cry most vociferously; I went out immediately to see what was the matter, when I saw the birds dashing down upon a large dog in the church-yard, just over my garden wall, and repeatedly striking the back of the dog. On going into the abbey-yard, I found the dog playing with a young misse-thrush, pretty fully fledged, but not sufficiently so as to have enabled it to have flown, which had fallen from the nest, built in one of the horse-chestnut trees in the yard. The young bird was dead, but quite warm. C. G. D.

Tewkesbury Vicarage, April 27, 1852.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

BESIDES the works already mentioned which were destroyed by fire on the premises of Messrs. Clowes, we understand that the entire impression of a new edition of some of Mr. Murray's Hand-books, and a large portion of the forthcoming edition of Dr. Young's miscellaneous works, edited by the Dean of Ely, have been involved in the general destruction, together with the whole of the plates belonging to an important work which Mr. John Leitch was preparing for publication. — M. Thiers is preparing materials for a "History of Civilization," and is now in Italy for that purpose. The publication of the work, the newspaper adds, will commence on the completion of the "History of the Consulate and Empire." — A copyright of 10,000 dollars will be paid to Daniel Webster on the new collected edition of his writings, just from the Boston press. — Within the last few weeks, there has been printed at Teheran a Persian translation of Voltaire's *History of Peter the Great*, and an abridgement of the *Life of Alexander the Great*. The latter is accompanied with maps, very neatly lithographed. — A letter just received by the editors of the New York *Observer*, April 27, dated Geneva, informs them that Dr. Merle D'Aubigne has finished the fifth volume of his *History of the Reformation*, and will publish it shortly. — The late Prof. Edwards, at the time of his death, had in progress of preparation several works on Biblical Literature, amongst which was a "Commentary on 1 Corinthians," nearly ready for the press. — Fifty Thousand copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were sold within the first eight weeks of its publication, and at no time have the publishers had twenty-five copies in their store over night. — Mr. Charles L. Brace, the author of *Hungary in 1851*, is intending to prepare another book upon Domestic and Social Life in Germany. His recent pedestrian tour through Central Europe gave him unusual facilities for gathering information. — The American book-lists contain the announcement of *The Life of Judge Jeffreys*, by Humphrey M. Woolrych, which is described as being "written in a fair catholic spirit; and while his faults are not concealed, they are not magnified and distorted by prejudice, as in Macaulay's account of him in his history." — The deceased poet Moore left a manuscript memoir of his life, and a diary almost to the period of his death. These

occupy ten closely-written volumes; and Lord John Russell is to be their editor, in conformity with the following clause in the poet's will:—"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." For these manuscripts the Messrs. Longman have agreed to pay Mrs. Moore the liberal sum of 3,000*l.* and they are now undergoing the necessary review with a view to printing. The first volume will be published in October.

The honours of a baronetcy have been conferred by the Queen on the Scottish historian, now Sir Archibald Alison. — 1,100*l.* has already been subscribed in Ireland towards erecting a public monument to the late Thomas Moore in his native city. — At the last meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Thomas Quekett, a member of the institution, and resident Conservator of the Hunterian Museum, was elected Professor of Histology. — A Scotch correspondent of *The Times* calls attention to the delay in erecting the monument to Thomas Campbell in Poets' Corner, which was resolved on several years ago. — The last two numbers of the *Grenzboten* contain papers on Robert Browning and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Browning is characterized as "the most distinguished poet of the Young English School."

The Hudson's Bay Company have determined on sending Dr. Rae to the northern coasts of America to complete various discoveries in those regions. — The next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, we may remind our readers, will commence, in Belfast, on Wednesday, the 1st of September. — The Scottish Booksellers' Protective Association has just been dissolved, in consequence of the opinion expressed by Lord Campbell and his two coadjutors with respect to the regulation of the London Booksellers' Association. — The Earl of Rosse gave his fourth and last *Soirée* for the season on Saturday week. It was very numerous attended, and the rooms were filled with a great number of interesting objects in art and science. — Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on the 3rd of June, delivered a lecture at Royston, entitled, "Outlines of the Early History of the East, with explanatory Descriptions of some of the most remarkable Nations and Cities mentioned in the Old Testament." The Council of the Society of Arts have appointed a deputation to wait upon the Director of the Government School of Mines, to request that the eminent professors of that school should immediately arrange a series of lectures on Gold, for the instruction of emigrants to Australia, and it is understood they will endeavour to obtain the delivery of these lectures very shortly. — The Geographical Society of Paris has awarded two large silver medals to the Revs. Dr. Krapf and J. Rebmann, missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, for the discovery of a snowy mountain in Eastern Africa, about three degrees south of the line, named Mount Kilimandjare. Dr. Krapf has since visited another range about two degrees northward, where he has announced the discovery of another mountain still loftier — Mount Kenia, which appears to be the Mount Arangos of Hoking, otherwise named the Mountain of the Moon. — Mr. Hind, writing to the editor of *The Times*, on June 25, says:—"At 12h. 30m. mean time last night, I discovered a new planet on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about 5° east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. It shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appeared to have a disc, but the night was not sufficiently favourable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s. mean time, its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance 98° 16' 0.9". The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. towards the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes towards the south. This beautiful little planet is the fifth discovered during our systematic examination of the zodiacal heavens. — The Oxford Grand Commemoration passed off with unusual spirit and *éclat*. The great point was the reading of the Newdigate English prize poem, which is of remarkable merit, and is by Mr. Edwin Arnold, of University College, the subject Belshazzar's feast. Honorary degrees of Doctor in Civil Law were conferred in convocation on the Duke of Serradifalco, Bishops McCosky, Heatheote de Lancey, and Wainwright, of the United States, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Professor Alison, of Edinburgh, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and Professor Owen, of London. — Commander Inglefield is about to depart speedily on the search for Sir John Franklin, in the screw-schooner *Isabel*, which has been fitted out by Lady Franklin and the Royal Geographical Society, of which Sir John was a Vice-President. The *Isabel* will search Jones's and Smith's Sound, and then examine the whole of the West or Labrador coast of Baffin's Bay.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE HAYMARKET.—*The Foundlings*, a drama in five acts, by Mr. BUCKSTONE, has been received with that applause which has ever attended the efforts of this established favourite with the public. Mr. BUCKSTONE'S odd, racy manner, although quite unnatural, is yet excessively comic; and, not less gifted with comic talent as an author than as an actor, no class of works has been received with a greater amount of public favour than those numerous farce-melodramas which from time to time have proceeded from his fertile pen. Although Mr. BUCKSTONE is rather a caricaturist than a copyist of nature, his works abound with genuine touches, which show that it is from intention that he exaggerates, and that, as in the works of HOGARTH, the salient points of humour are brought more conspicuously out, in order that the moral may be all the better told. Although its aim is not very lofty, *The Foundlings* may be said to be very successful; and, although one of the most *outré* pieces ever put upon the stage, the laughter and applause of the audience is perfectly genuine.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. BOURICAULT'S melodrama, *The Vampire*, has already been visited with such severe reprobation on the part of our brother critics that we cannot find in our hearts to add much in disparage. Mr. BOURICAULT has by this time learnt that such atrocious horrors are not suited to the English taste, even if consecrated by the presence of his great dramatic talent, and he will for the future carefully avoid the introduction of incidents which have nothing but positive indecorum to distinguish them. When the elder CREBILLON caused *Atréus* to serve up the body of a child, and *Thyestes* drank the blood of his own son, before the audience, the Parisian public rose up with one burst of indignation, and openly expressed their displeasure at so gross a violation of every principle of right feeling and taste. That which the genius of CREBILLON could not effect, Mr. BOURICAULT will seek in vain to compass. The most remarkable feature of this piece is, that it celebrates the return of the author himself to the stage. Under the name of LEIGH MORTON, Mr. BOURICAULT was a very favourite actor long before *London Assurance* delighted the town and elevated him to the rank of one of the best comic writers of the age.

OLYMPIC.—A farce entitled *Butcher v. Baker, or the March of Intellect*, was produced at this theatre on Monday night. When we record that this little piece of extravagance is by the author of *Ganem, Alceste, &c.*, nothing more need be said to prove that it is written with that comic verve and spirit for which Mr. TALFOURD is now so famed; but we regret that justice compels us to notice in terms of severe reprobation, the conduct of some of the actors upon whom the piece was cast. Simply because two parts of equal excellence could not be sustained by one individual, and Mr. COMPTON was necessitated to contest the palm of merit with his rival, Mr. SHALDERS, the former gentleman saw fit not only to be grossly imperfect in his part, but also to fulfil it in a manner that would have disgraced the most inexperienced amateur. These are the causes that have brought the British stage into its present condition of irredeemable mediocrity. Hence it is that authors have not only to consult the exigencies of their plot, and the rules of dramatic art, but are also compelled to study the private foibles of the actors, and scheme and contrive so as to avoid the inconvenience of causing two rival artists to meet upon the stage. In vain then do they complain of the partiality of the press, and cry that pedantic critics unduly praise that which is foreign and exotic; the shame and the reprobation they call down upon their own heads, and never can they hope successfully to compete with the French stage until petty jealousies and personal pride are not suffered to interfere with their duty to their employers, to the authors, and to the public.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—It may be very naturally imagined that considerable curiosity was manifested on the part of our native artists when it was announced that EMIL DEVRIENT would appear in the character of *Hamlet*. As it is very popularly known that A. W. SCHLEGEL'S translation is one of the most marvellous literal renderings from one language into another, DEVRIENT had to pass through a very fiery ordeal; for, as *Hamlet* is with us the very shibboleth of tragedy, the crowning test of an actor's right to the laurels of eminence, he was now to appear before an Areopagus composed of the most searching and curious critics that this metropolis could furnish, the actors of the English stage, who came in crowds to form an intelligent judgment of their Teutonic brother upon a basis with which they were perfectly familiar. Knowledge of the language was not necessary. They knew that the translation was word for word, and they could follow the actor from line to line and from point to point without ever having explored the mysteries of either OLLENDORFF or TIARKS. To judge from the tone assumed by the press upon the subject, it may be inferred that

DEVRIENT has passed triumphantly through the ordeal; but such is not our opinion. This German Kemble may have a handsome face and an imposing presence, but to say of him that he formed anything like an adequate conception of the character of *Hamlet* would be the grossest flattery. His endeavours to succeed are praiseworthy, for he has evidently studied his part with intelligent and persistent care; but the quality he lacks is one which no study and no application can supply—it is the inspiration of high dramatic genius. Why should we enter into a detailed criticism of the part, and complain that he hangs his head too much, and that his gestures and gait are too studied? Suffice it to say that there reigns over the whole impersonation a presence of coldness, or rather an absence of vivifying heat, that robs it of all vitality, and renders it too manifest a copy ever to be mistaken for a reality. To sum up our verdict in a few words, the part of *Hamlet* requires a man of genius to perform it perfectly, and DEVRIENT has only talent.

THE COLLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA.—The varied attractions of these favourite public buildings continue to draw crowds of admirers. The Cyclopic Views of the Great Exhibition have become decided and much sought favourites, and they amply deserve this distinction.

THE DIORAMA OF HINDOSTAN bids fair to perpetuate the fame of Baker-street. Its beautiful painting, and the acknowledged truthfulness to the scenes which it represents, whether in nature or art, make this Diorama one of the most instructive and pleasing which English artists have produced.

Mr. BURFORD'S self-appointed mission seems to be to instruct his generation in the most prominent discovery or novelty, and which cannot otherwise be so well depicted as in a dioramic representation. Thus, we find, at present, that, at his Exhibition in Leicester-square, he has a fine Panorama of Nineveh, with its palaces, showing, not only the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard, but the character of the surrounding country.

M. ROBIN AND HIS SOIREE'S continue to astonish the crowds who go to see him, and not only is he the most skilful of wizards, but the most versatile. Again has he charged his programme, and the feats promised in his last announcement are thus described:—The trip through the bottle is marvellous, for before the eyes of the assembly a dove is translated from a transparent vase into an empty bottle, from which she can only be released by breaking the glass. The manner in which from the same coffee-pot he regales the audience with hot tea and coffee and cold rum punch, which he has made from a quantity of liquorice and haricot beans, is a new and ingenious application of the old bottle trick, and far better executed than we have ever before seen it. The most truly astounding illusion, however, is the mysterious disappearance of Madame Robin. The lady appears in the dress of a Bloomer, and very becoming it is to her; she gets upon a table in the centre of the stage, the legs of which are not concealed by any sort of cloth or curtain. The magician covers her for one moment with an extinguisher of coloured chintz, and she is gone. This is the climax, and a most complete deception it is. To describe it is impossible. The views of "the Agioscope" are exceedingly well done, and the novel effects of moving vessels and railway carriages very curious.

BATTY'S HIPPODROME.—The attendance at this popular place of amusement has been excellent; during the past week the following persons of distinction have honoured it with their presence:—The Duchess of Richmond and family, the Countess of Scarborough and family, Lord Ferrers, Lord Charrington, Mr. Roberts and family. The performances have all been successful, and M. Franconi, the able director, deserves especial commendation, as do Mlles. Ellsler and Valentine.

VAUXHALL GARDENS, AND CREMORNE GARDENS, are even more attractive than usual, and in spite of the untoward weather some thousands of pleasure-seekers have flocked to witness the theatrical performances and the many sports which are provided and practised on the grounds.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The chemical professor, Mr. PEPPER, has been during the past week engaged in delivering lectures on fermentation, with especial reference to the latter ale. The lecturer made some observations on the nature of strychnine, and stated that it was quite impossible that such a dangerous drug should be used in any kind of beverage, as a sixth part of a grain would destroy life.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publishing. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

BOURNAN (JOHN EDDOWES), born at Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, 1819. King's College, London. Published *An Introduction to Practical Chemistry, including Analysis*. 1848.

A Practical Handbook of Medical Chemistry. Churchill. 1850.

BRANWHITE (CHARLES), Artist. Born in 1818 in Queen-square, Bristol. Residing in Great George-street, Bristol. Exhibited at Royal Academy, British Institution, Old Water Colour Society, and most of the provincial exhibitions. Subjects various; Winter scenes in particular.

COPE (CHARLES WEST), R.A., Artist, Born at Leeds, 1811, elected Associate in 1843; R.A. in 1847 or 1848; 19, Hyde Park Gate, South, Kensington Gore. Exhibited—Trial by Jury (Cartoon.) Westminster Hall. 1843.

Paul and Francesca. Received the First Prize, 200l. 1835. The Interior of an Italian Osteria. Royal Academy. 1836. Altar Piece for St. George's Church, Leeds. Royal Academy. 1839.

Board of Guardians. Royal Academy. 1841.

Cottar's Saturday Night. Royal Academy. 1843.

Death of Cardinal Wolsey. Painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert. 1848.

King Lear. Painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq.

The Order of the Garter. 1847. Judge Gascoigne asserting the Power of the Law, &c. Frescos in the House of Lords. 1849.

The First Trial of Griselda's Patience. Fresco in the Upper Waiting Hall, New Houses of Parliament. 1848.

HULBERT (D. P. M.), born in Bath, January, 1815, residing at Royal Villa, Ramsgate, gratuitously instructed by Mr. B. Cosens and G. Emser, Rector and Curate of Farley, Wilts; was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1836, graduated B.A. in 1840 (in which year he was ordained a deacon), and M.A. in 1844, having taken priests' orders in 1841; in two years following he was admitted for degree of Doctor of Laws *per saltum*. Since 1843 many articles and several series of letters have been written and published by him under signatures of "Anglican Faith," and "A. T.," and his own initials in the columns of the *Church Intelligencer*, the *Churchman's Newspaper*, the *Courier* and several other periodicals. Has written articles in *Post-Office Directory* and other publications of the day. Works published:

Treatise on Matrimony, Extreme Unction, and Taxation, 1850, and Treatise on Education, Secular and Religious. — Second Edition containing Treatise on Regal Supremacy, 1850. W. E. Painter, Strand.

Treatise on Reciprocity: an "Exhibition" of Humanity, and Treatise on Divinity, 1851. Wertheim and Machintosh; Crookford; and Hatchards.

SCHARF (GEORGE), I. Torrington-square, Artist and Lithographer, born at Munich, in Bavaria, in 1788.—Studied in the Academy; travelled much; studied in Paris during the concentration of the finest works of art in that capital; came to England in 1816, and was one of the earliest who practised lithography; was compatriot of and knew Senefelder, the inventor of that art; illustrated many works of Natural History for Buckland, Lyell, and Murchison. Some of his finest works are to be seen in lithographs drawn from nature for the Geological Society and the publications of Professor Owen; exhibited at the Royal Academy (1830), large Views of the Approaches to London Bridge in its former state, now deposited with many others of his topographic drawings in the Guildhall Library, London; a panoramic view of St. Stephen's Chapel and the surrounding buildings, river, &c. 1834; exhibited many views of Old London, before the alterations of the last twenty years.

SCHARF (GEORGE), Jun., I. Torrington-square, born in London, 1830. Artist and Antiquary.—Antiquarian artist to the British Museum; travelled with Sir Charles Fellows in Greece and Asia Minor, illustrated his work on Lycia (1840); studied in Italy, revisited Asia Minor as Artist to the Lycian Expedition in 1844; executed a series of drawings and views now in the British Museum; illustrated Milman's *Horace*, 1849, with original drawings from the antique; illustrated Macaulay's *Lays of Rome*, 1847, from the antique, and with original compositions; illustrated the English Translation of Panofka's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks*; illustrated Kugler's *Hand-book of Italian Painting*, 1851, and Mr. Layard's publications of his first journey; published Views in Lycia, Caria, Lydia, described by Sir C. Fellows, 1847; also an original Essay upon the Monuments of Lycia, 1847; author of an illustrated History of Ancient Classic Art in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; lecturer upon Ancient Art and remains of Nineveh; a lecturer on Classic Art at Oxford, and the London University College in 1851; correspondent of the Archaeological Institute at Rome and the Archaeological publications of Berlin; contributor to the works of Gerhard and Panofka; contributor of Essays on Antiquity and Polyphony to the Museum of Classical Antiquities, London, 1851; exhibited at the Royal Academy, Migration of the Natives of Lycia from the Valleys to the Snow Mountains; Lycian Peasants; View in Lycia; Lycian Monuments, now in the British Museum; Rock tombs in Lycia.

RITCHIE (LEITCH), born at Greenock, residing at Edinburgh, received the best education at Greenock that the town afforded, was not sent to college, the large public library serving as his *alma mater*. Being intended for the mercantile profession, he was initiated in business in a bank, and at the end of his apprenticeship, while yet a lad, went to London with letters of introduction to several of the principal merchants, was there introduced into literary circles, and thus acquired a taste for literature, but after a protracted stay, was recalled to Edinburgh by his father, and made the journey on foot. By the interest of his family he obtained an appointment in the counting-house of an extensive West Indian and North American house in Glasgow; but was not long at business before joining with some friends in establishing a periodical entitled "The Wanderer," to which the well known Dr. Bennie became a contributor. Being unable to collect some payments of the contributors, he again visited London and wrote for several of the periodicals, publishing at the same time a volume of tales called "Head Pieces and Tail Pieces." While in Ireland his health broke down, and abandoning all thoughts of business, he began with very slender means the profession of Authorship; by this time he had a wife and infant child. He contributed some articles to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and several others; but his principal resource was the *London Weekly Review*, afterwards the *Court Journal*. He then published "Tales and Confessions," and when the *London Weekly Review* passed into other hands he and the editor, J. A. St. John, determined to gain a name by writing books and making arrangements with some periodicals for the supply of articles: they took their families to Normandy. Here Ritchie wrote "The Game of Life," and "Romance of French History." After the publication of the latter work his literary career was another; he was prevented, however, by illness from continuing the *Englishman's Magazine*.

evening, was the March from Charles Horsley's oratorio of *David*, although the efficiency of the band was somewhat deteriorated by the absence of some of the chief professional wind instrumentalists, who were engaged at the Royal Italian Opera; and the feature of the concert was Weber's concerto, in E flat, which was played with great energy by Mr. Waley, the *bravura* passages being executed decidedly and correctly, and the reading being sensible and unaffected.

The concert announced in the name of Herr Joachim attracted a large assembly of amateurs and professors of the violin. The pieces selected for performance by this admirable violinist, included Beethoven's *Concerto*, a fantasia on Hungarian airs, a *concertstück* in G minor, composed by himself, and the 24th caprice of Paganini, with an introduction and orchestral accompaniments. The triumph of the evening was the execution of the *concertstück*, in which Herr Joachim has put forth all his strength as a musician; it was an extraordinary display of manual dexterity. It was altogether a concert of first-rate pretensions; the programme was strictly classical, and one of the principal features was a grand orchestra led by M. Sainton.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

SIGNOR LABLACHE intends to winter at the opera of St. Petersburg. The representation of Schiller's *William Tell* has been prohibited at Trieste.—An open-air representation, somewhat in the fashion of the Old Mysteries, took place at Malleray, canton of Berne, on the 13th ult.—Miss Laura Keane quits the Lyceum, and the drama at the same time. She has a fine contralto voice, and is going to Italy for study. Her part in the *Chain of Events* will be sustained by Miss M. Oliver.—The meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester, to be held this year in Hereford Cathedral, is fixed for Tuesday, the 16th of September, and three succeeding days.—Dr. Spohr arrived in town on Tuesday. The directors of the Royal Italian Opera promise his "Faust" for the week after next; and announce a concert, conducted by himself, and principally composed of his music, on the 5th of July.—Madame Otto Goldschmidt has left London for the Continent. The Stockholm papers report a new act of great munificence on her part. She has transmitted to the Government a sum of fifty thousand piastres—10,000*l.* sterling—to be employed in the creation of free primary schools in those localities wherein the number of such establishments is below the wants of the population.—Application has been made by Miss Catherine Hayes, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for an injunction enabling her to evade payment of the full forfeiture to which she was liable by her breach in America of the contract made by her with Mr. Beale before she left England. This was refused.—Bills have been brought before the "legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania" for the incorporation of a grand Opera company or companies,—the first three of whose operations are to be, the building of three magnificent opera-houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, which are to outdo La Scala, San Carlos, and our own rival opera-houses in scale and splendour. Bill the second proposes to take from Europe all its nightingales, larks, and also bass and tenor warblers.—"The Wagner affair" has terminated by the young lady's departure from this country; so that the public must suspend till next season, at least, their curiosity as to her merits. It appears from the proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, on Thursday, that a joint appearance was made for the contending parties, and that a compromise was effected, whereby the injunction obtained by Mr. Lumley was made perpetual.—Among the many *debuts* which have taken place this year in the musical world of London, we have to mention the name of Her Hildebrand Romberg, a young violoncellist of unusual talents. Herr Romberg is the grandson of the celebrated Bernard Romberg, whose talents, as a performer, he seems to have inherited. At Paris he carried off the prize at the Academy. The other evening, at the Beethoven-rooms, Her Romberg performed in Mendelssohn's quartet in A. flat, and afterwards played a fantasia by Piacini. Her Romberg is one of the rising musicians of the day.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.
[We shall be obliged by communications of facts observed by our readers, but they must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer.]

COURAGE MANIFESTED BY THE MISSEL-THRUSH (*MEIOLA VISCIVORA*) DURING THE BREEDING SEASON. SELBY observes of this bird that, during the breeding season, it attacks indiscriminately all other birds that approach its nest; and that he has sometimes witnessed its resolute and successful defence against that fatal enemy to eggs and young broods, the magpie.

White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, remarks of the mispel-thrush, that, while breeding, it is so fierce and pugnacious, that it drives such birds as approach its nest with great fury to a distance. The Welch call it *pen y llynn*, the head or master of the coppice. He suffers no magpie, jay, or blackbird to enter the garden which he haunts.

Markwick says, "I remember, many years ago, seeing a pair of these birds fly up repeatedly and attack some larger bird, which I suppose disturbed their nest in my orchard, uttering at the same time violent shrieks." Since writing the above, I have seen, more than once, a pair of these birds attack some magpies that had disturbed their nest, with great violence and loud shrieks. In a note attached to this observation of Markwick, Mr. Rennie communicates the following: "opposite my study windows, at Lee, I observed, last summer, a mispel-thrush fly boldly at a carrion crow, and persecute him with bill and wing, till he seemed glad to leave the field." This, however, is far outdone by the account M. Le Vaillant gives of a party of mispel-thrushes attacking and actually vanquishing an eagle. In confirmation of the remarks of these eminent naturalists upon the pugnacious habits of the mispel-thrush in the breeding season, I subjoin the following, which fell under my own observation. In the spring of 1847, a pair of these birds had built their nest in the neighbourhood of my garden, the grass-plot of which they constantly frequented early in the morning, carrying off in abundance the dew-worms, as food for their young. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the fierce and pugnacious habits of these birds. A caged magpie was suspended from a branch of an apple-tree in the garden; against this magpie the mispel-thrushes manifested the strongest antipathy; they would repeatedly fly at the cage, dashing themselves violently against the wicker-work, raising at the same time, a loud and angry shriek. Sitting in my study, I one day heard these birds uttering their angry cry most vociferously; I went out immediately to see what was the matter, when I saw the birds dashing down upon a large dog in the church-yard, just over my garden wall, and repeatedly striking the back of the dog. On going into the abbey-yard, I found the dog playing with a young mispel-thrush, pretty fully fledged, but not sufficiently so as to have enabled it to have flown, which had fallen from the nest, built in one of the horse-chestnut trees in the yard. The young bird was dead, but quite warm. C. G. D.

Tewkesbury Vicarage, April 27, 1852.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

BESIDES the works already mentioned which were destroyed by fire on the premises of Messrs. Clowes, we understand that the entire impression of a new edition of some of Mr. Murray's Hand-books, and a large portion of the forthcoming edition of Dr. Young's miscellaneous works, edited by the Dean of Ely, have been involved in the general destruction, together with the whole of the plates belonging to an important work which Mr. John Leitch was preparing for publication.—M. Thiers is preparing materials for a "History of Civilization," and is now in Italy for that purpose. The publication of the work, the newspaper adds, will commence on the completion of the "History of the Consulate and Empire."—A copyright of 10,000 dollars will be paid to Daniel Webster on the new collected edition of his writings, just from the Boston press.—Within the last few weeks, there has been printed at Teheran a Persian translation of Voltaire's *History of Peter the Great*, and an abridgement of the *Life of Alexander the Great*. The latter is accompanied with maps, very neatly lithographed.—A letter just received by the editors of the New York *Observer*, April 27, dated Geneva, informs them that Dr. Merle D'Aubigne has finished the fifth volume of his *History of the Reformation*, and will publish it shortly.—The late Prof. Edwards, at the time of his death, had in progress of preparation several works on Biblical Literature, amongst which was a "Commentary on 1 Corinthians," nearly ready for the press.—Fifty Thousand copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were sold within the first eight weeks of its publication, and at no time have the publishers had twenty-five copies in their store over night.—Mr. Charles L. Brace, the author of *Hungary* in 1851, is intending to prepare another book upon Domestic and Social Life in Germany. His recent pedestrian tour through Central Europe gave him unusual facilities for gathering information.—The American book-lists contain the announcement of *The Life of Judge Jeffreys*, by Humphrey M. Woolrych, which is described as being "written in a fair catholic spirit; and while his faults are not concealed, they are not magnified and distorted by prejudice, as in Macaulay's account of him in his history."—The deceased poet Moore left a manuscript memoir of his life, and a diary almost to the period of his death. These

occupy ten closely-written volumes; and Lord John Russell is to be their editor, in conformity with the following clause in the poet's will:—"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." For these manuscripts the Messrs. Longman have agreed to pay Mrs. Moore the liberal sum of 3,000*l.*; and they are now undergoing the necessary review with a view to printing. The first volume will be published in October.

The honours of a baronetcy have been conferred by the Queen on the Scottish historian, now Sir Archibald Alison.—1,100*l.* has already been subscribed in Ireland towards erecting a public monument to the late Thomas Moore in his native city.—At the last meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Thomas Quekett, a member of the institution, and resident Conservator of the Hunterian Museum, was elected Professor of Histology.—A Scotch correspondent of *The Times* calls attention to the delay in erecting the monument to Thomas Campbell in Poets' Corner, which was resolved on several years ago.—The last two numbers of the *Grenzboten* contain papers on Robert Browning and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Browning is characterized as "the most distinguished poet of the Young English School."

The Hudson's Bay Company have determined on sending Dr. Rae to the northern coasts of America to complete various discoveries in those regions.—The next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, we may remind our readers, will commence, in Belfast, on Wednesday, the 1st of September.—The Scottish Booksellers' Protective Association has just been dissolved, in consequence of the opinion expressed by Lord Campbell and his two coadjutors with respect to the regulation of the London Booksellers' Association.—The Earl of Rosse gave his fourth and last *Soirée* for the season on Saturday week. It was very numerously attended, and the rooms were filled with a great number of interesting objects in art and science.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on the 3rd of June, delivered a lecture at Royston, entitled, "Outlines of the Early History of the East, with explanatory Descriptions of some of the most remarkable Nations and Cities mentioned in the Old Testament."—The Council of the Society of Arts have appointed a deputation to wait upon the Director of the Government School of Mines, to request that the eminent professors of that school should immediately arrange a series of lectures on Gold, for the instruction of emigrants to Australia, and it is understood they will endeavour to obtain the delivery of these lectures very shortly.—The Geographical Society of Paris has awarded two large silver medals to the Revs. Dr. Krapf and J. Rebmann, missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, for the discovery of a snowy mountain in Eastern Africa, about three degrees south of the line, named Mount Kilimandjare. Dr. Krapf has since visited another range about two degrees northward, where he has announced the discovery of another mountain still loftier.—Mount Kenia, which appears to be the Mount Arangos of Hoking, otherwise named the Mountain of the Moon.—Mr. Hind, writing to the editor of *The Times*, on June 25, says:—"At 12h. 30m. mean time last night, I discovered a new planet on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about 5° east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. It shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appeared to have a disc, but the night was not sufficiently favourable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s. mean time, its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance 98° 16' 0.9". The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. towards the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes towards the south. This beautiful little planet is the fifth discovered during our systematic examination of the zodiacal heavens.—The Oxford Grand Commemoration passed off with unusual spirit and *éclat*. The great point was the reading of the Newdigate English prize poem, which is of remarkable merit, and is by Mr. Edwin Arnold, of University College, the subject Belshazzar's feast. Honorary degrees of Doctor in Civil Law were conferred in convocation on the Duke of Serradifalco, Bishops McCosky, Heathcote de Lancey, and Wainwright, of the United States, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Professor Alison, of Edinburgh, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and Professor Owen, of London.—Commander Inglefield is about to depart speedily on the search for Sir John Franklin, in the screw-schooner *Isabel*, which has been fitted out by Lady Franklin and the Royal Geographical Society, of which Sir John was a Vice-President. The *Isabel* will search Jones's and Smith's Sound, and then examine the whole of the West or Labrador coast of Baffin's Bay.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE HAYMARKET.—*The Foundlings*, a drama in five acts, by Mr. BUCKSTONE, has been received with that applause which has ever attended the efforts of this established favourite with the public. Mr. BUCKSTONE'S odd, racy manner, although quite unnatural, is yet excessively comic; and, not less gifted with comic talent as an author than as an actor, no class of works has been received with a greater amount of public favour than those numerous farce-melodramas which from time to time have proceeded from his fertile pen. Although Mr. BUCKSTONE is rather a caricaturist than a copyist of nature, his works abound with genuine touches, which show that it is from intention that he exaggerates, and that, as in the works of HOGARTH, the salient points of humour are brought more conspicuously out, in order that the moral may be all the better told. Although its aim is not very lofty, *The Foundlings* may be said to be very successful; and, although one of the most *outré* pieces ever put upon the stage, the laughter and applause of the audience is perfectly genuine.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. BOURCICAULT'S melodrama, *The Vampire*, has already been visited with such severe reprobation on the part of our brother critics that we cannot find in our hearts to add much in disparage. Mr. BOURCICAULT has by this time learnt that such atrocious horrors are not suited to the English taste, even if consecrated by the presence of his great dramatic talent, and he will for the future carefully avoid the introduction of incidents which have nothing but positive indecorum to distinguish them. When the elder CREBILLON caused *Atréus* to serve up the body of a child, and *Thyestes* drank the blood of his own son, before the audience, the Parisian public rose up with one burst of indignation, and openly expressed their displeasure at so gross a violation of every principle of right feeling and taste. That which the genius of CREBILLON could not effect, Mr. BOURCICAULT will seek in vain to compass. The most remarkable feature of this piece is, that it celebrates the return of the author himself to the stage. Under the name of LEIGH MORTON, Mr. BOURCICAULT was a very favourite actor long before *London Assurance* delighted the town and elevated him to the rank of one of the best comic writers of the age.

OLYMPIC.—A farce entitled *Butcher v. Baker, or the March of Intellect*, was produced at this theatre on Monday night. When we record that this little piece of extravagance is by the author of *Ganem, Alceste, &c.*, nothing more need be said to prove that it is written with that comic verve and spirit for which Mr. TALFOURD is now so famed; but we regret that justice compels us to notice in terms of severe reprobation, the conduct of some of the actors upon whom the piece was cast. Simply because two parts of equal excellence could not be sustained by one individual, and Mr. COMPTON was necessitated to contest the palm of merit with his rival, Mr. SHALDERS, the former gentleman saw fit not only to be grossly imperfect in his part, but also to fulfil it in a manner that would have disgraced the most inexperienced amateur. These are the causes that have brought the British stage into its present condition of irredeemable mediocrity. Hence it is that authors have not only to consult the exigencies of their plot, and the rules of dramatic art, but are also compelled to study the private foibles of the actors, and scheme and contrive so as to avoid the inconvenience of causing two rival artists to meet upon the stage. In vain then do they complain of the partiality of the press, and cry that pedantic critics unduly praise that which is foreign and exotic; the shame and the reprobation they call down upon their own heads, and never can they hope successfully to compete with the French stage until petty jealousies and personal pride are not suffered to interfere with their duty to their employers, to the authors, and to the public.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—It may be very naturally imagined that considerable curiosity was manifested on the part of our native artists when it was announced that EMIL DEVRIENT would appear in the character of *Hamlet*. As it is very popularly known that A. W. SCHLEGEL'S translation is one of the most marvellous literal renderings from one language into another, DEVRIENT had to pass through a very fiery ordeal; for, as *Hamlet* is with us the very shibboleth of tragedy, the crowning test of an actor's right to the laurels of eminence, he was now to appear before an Areopagus composed of the most searching and curious critics that this metropolis could furnish, the actors of the English stage, who came in crowds to form an intelligent judgment of their Teutonic brother upon a basis with which they were perfectly familiar. Knowledge of the language was not necessary. They knew that the translation was word for word, and they could follow the actor from line to line and from point to point without ever having explored the mysteries of either OLLENDORFF or TARKS. To judge from the tone assumed by the press upon the subject, it may be inferred that

DEVRIENT has passed triumphantly through the ordeal; but such is not our opinion. This German Kemble may have a handsome face and an imposing presence, but to say of him that he formed anything like an adequate conception of the character of *Hamlet* would be the grossest flattery. His endeavours to succeed are praiseworthy, for he has evidently studied his part with intelligent and persistent care; but the quality he lacks is one which no study and no application can supply—it is the inspiration of high dramatic genius. Why should we enter into a detailed criticism of the part, and complain that he hangs his head too much, and that his gestures and gait are too studied? Suffice it to say that there reigns over the whole impersonation a presence of coldness, or rather an absence of vivifying heat, that robs it of all vitality, and renders it too manifest a copy ever to be mistaken for a reality. To sum up our verdict in a few words, the part of *Hamlet* requires a man of genius to perform it perfectly, and DEVRIENT has only talent.

THE COLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA.—The varied attractions of these favourite public buildings continue to draw crowds of admirers. The Cyclopaemic Views of the Great Exhibition have become decided and much sought favourites, and they amply deserve this distinction.

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BATTY'S HIPPODROME.—The attendance at this popular place of amusement has been excellent; during the past week the following persons of distinction have honoured it with their presence:—The Duchess of Richmond and family, the Countess of Scarborough and family, Lord Ferrers, Lord Charrington, Mr. Roberts and family. The performances have all been successful, and M. Francoini, the able director, deserves especial commendation, as do Mlles. Ellsler and Valentine.

VAUXHALL GARDENS, AND CREMORNE GARDENS, are even more attractive than usual, and in spite of the untoward weather some thousands of pleasure-seekers have flocked to witness the theatrical performances and the manly sports which are provided and practised on the grounds.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The chemical professor, Mr. PEPPER, has been during the past week engaged in delivering lectures on fermentation, with especial reference to the bitter ale. The lecturer made some observations on the nature of strychnine, and stated that it was quite impossible that such a dangerous drug should be used in any kind of beverage, as a sixth part of a grain would destroy life.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

BOURNAN (JOHN EDDOWES), born at Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, 1819. King's College, London. Published *An Introduction to Practical Chemistry, including Analysis*. 1848.

A Practical Handbook of Medical Chemistry. Churchill. 1850.

BRANWHITE (CHARLES), Artist. Born in 1818 in Queen-square, Bristol. Residing in Great George-street, Bristol. Exhibited at Royal Academy, British Institution, Old Water Colour Society, and most of the provincial exhibitions. Subjects various; Winter scenes in particular.

COPE (CHARLES WEST), R.A., Artist. Born at Leeds, 1811, elected Associate in 1843; R.A. in 1847 or 1848, 19, Hyde Park Gate, South, Kensington Gore. Exhibited—Trial by Jury (Cartoon.) Westminster Hall. 1843.

Paul and Francesca. Received the First Prize, 2007. 1835. The Interior of an Italian Osteria. Royal Academy. 1836. Altar Piece for St. George's Church, Leeds. Royal Academy. 1839.

Board of Guardians. Royal Academy. 1841.

Cottar's Saturday Night. Royal Academy. 1843.

Death of Cardinal Wolsey. Painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert. 1848.

King Lear. Painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq.

The Order of the Garter. 1847. Judge Gascoigne asserting the Power of the Law, &c. Frescos in the House of Lords. 1849.

The First Trial of Griselda's Patience. Fresco in the Upper Waiting Hall, New Houses of Parliament. 1848.

HULBERT (D. P. M.), born in Bath, January, 1815, residing at Royal Villa, Ramsgate, gratuitously instructed by Mr. B. Cosens and G. Emser, Rector and Curate of Farley, Wilts; was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1836, graduated B.A. in 1840 (in which year he was ordained a deacon), and M.A. in 1844, having taken priests' orders in 1841; in two years following he was admitted for degree of Doctor of Laws *per saltum*. Since 1843 many articles and several series of letters have been written and published by him under signatures of "Anglican Faith," and "A. T.," and his own initials in the columns of the *Church Intelligencer*, the *Churchman's Newspaper*, the *Courier* and several other periodicals. Has written articles in *Post-Office Directory* and other publications of the day. Works published:

Treatise on Matrimony, Extreme Unction, and Taxation, 1850, and Treatise on Education, Secular and Religious. — Second Edition containing Treatise on Regal Supremacy, 1850. W. E. Painter, Strand.

Treatise on Reciprocity: an "Exhibition" of Humanity, and Treatise on Divinity, 1851. Wertheim and Macintosh; Crookford; and Hatchards.

SCHARF (GEORGE), 1, Torrington-square, Artist and Lithographer, born at Munich, in Bavaria, in 1788.—Studied in the Academy; travelled much; studied in Paris during the concentration of the finest works of art in that capital; came to England in 1816, and was one of the earliest who practised lithography; was compatriot of and knew Senefelder, the inventor of that art; illustrated many works of Natural History for Buckland, Lyell, and Murchison. Some of his finest works are to be seen in lithographs drawn from nature for the Geological Society and the publications of Professor Owen; exhibited at the Royal Academy (1830), large Views of the Approaches to London Bridge in its former state, now deposited with many others of his topographic drawings in the Guildhall Library, London; a panoramic view of St. Stephen's Chapel and the surrounding buildings, river, &c. 1834; exhibited many views of Old London, before the alterations of the last twenty years.

SCHARF (GEORGE), Jun., 1, Torrington-square, born in London, 1820, Artist and Antiquary.—Antiquarian artist to the British Museum; travelled with Sir Charles Fellows in Greece and Asia Minor, illustrated his work on Lycia (1840); studied in Italy, revisited Asia Minor as Artist to the Lycian Expedition in 1844; executed a series of drawings and views now in the British Museum; illustrated Milman's *Horace*, 1849, with original drawings from the antique; illustrated Macaulay's *Lays of Rome*, 1847, from the antique, and with original compositions; illustrated the English Translation of Panofka's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks*; illustrated Kugler's *Hand-book of Italian Painting*, 1851, and Mr. Layard's publications of his first journey; published Views in Lycia, Caria, Lydia, described by Sir C. Fellows, 1847; also an original Essay upon the Monuments of Lycia, 1847; author of an illustrated History of Ancient Classic Art in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; lecturer upon Ancient Art and remains of Nineveh; a lecturer on Classic Art at Oxford, and the London University College in 1851; correspondent of the Archaeological Institute at Rome and the Archaeological publications of Berlin; contributor to the works of Gerhard and Panofka; contributor of Essays on Antiquity and Polyehrony to the Museum of Classical Antiquities, London, 1851; exhibited at the Royal Academy, Migration of the Natives of Lycia from the Valleys to the Snow Mountains; Lycian Peasants; View in Lycia; Lycian Monuments, now in the British Museum; Rock tombs in Lycia.

RITCHIE (LEITCH), born at Greenock, residing at Edinburgh, received the best education at Greenock that the town afforded, was not sent to college, the large public library serving as his *alma mater*. Being intended for the mercantile profession, he was initiated in business in a bank, and at the end of his apprenticeship, while yet a lad, went to London with letters of introduction to several of the principal merchants, was there introduced into literary circles, and thus acquired a taste for literature, but after a protracted stay, was recalled to Edinburgh by his father, and made the journey on foot. By the interest of his family he obtained an appointment in the counting-house of an extensive West Indian and North American house in Glasgow; but was not long at business before joining with some friends in establishing a periodical entitled "The Wanderer," in which the well known Dr. Bennie became a contributor. Being unable to collect some payments of the commission, he again visited London and wrote for several of the periodicals, publishing at the same time a volume of tales called "Head Pieces and Tail Pieces." While in Ireland his health broke down, and abandoning all thoughts of business, he began with very slender means the profession of Author; by this time he had a wife and infant child. He contributed some articles to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and several others; but his principal resource was the *London Weekly Review*, afterwards the *Court Journal*. He then published "Tales and Confessions," and when the *London Weekly Review* passed into other hands he and the editor, J. A. St. John, determined to gain a name by writing books and making arrangements with some periodicals for the supply of articles: they took their families to Normandy. Here Ritchie wrote "The Game of Life," and "Romance of French History." After the publication of the latter work his literary career was smoother; he was prevented, however, by illness from continuing the *Englishman's Magazine*.

(so named by Coleridge), which he had commenced in conjunction with William Kennedy, and was persuaded by Charles Heath to write two series of books of travels, to appear under the general title of "Turner's Annual Tour, and Heath's Picturesque Annual." This opened out the continent to his annual wanderings, from Moscow on one hand to Venice on the other—he travelled often on foot in his usual zig-zag manner. He wrote twelve volumes of his illustrated works, and afterwards an illustrated pedestrian Tour of the Wye. Between whiles he wrote much in the *Athenaeum*, and produced the "Magician" and "Schinderhannes," and edited the *Library of Romance*. When the public began to tire of Annuals, he edited for some time a London literary newspaper, and afterwards brought out and edited the *Indian News*. When this paper began to pay, the proprietors presented the editor with the copyright. While carrying on this work he wrote "British World in the East." The editor of the *Asiatic Journal*, whose interest was injured by the *Indian News*, brought out in self-defence the *Indian Mail*, thus dividing with Mr. Ritchie the small Indian body in England, rendering it useless for him to carry on the *Indian News*, the copyright of which he consequently sold. He now returned to Scotland, where he found his relations in flourishing circumstances; and receiving proposals from W. and R. Chambers, was induced to send for his family. For some years past he has been editing, in conjunction with them, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, besides rendering those gentlemen other literary assistance. He has written nearly thirty original volumes, edited and partly written between thirty and forty more, and if collected, the aggregate bulk of his periodicals would be something formidable. Author of *Temple of Romance* and other Poems. 1 vol. Sherwin. *Headpieces and Tailpieces*. 1 vol. Tilt. *Tales and Confessions*. 1 vol. Smith and Elder. *Romance of French History*. 3 vols.—Illustrated edition, ditto. Bull. *Game of Life*. 2 vols. Bull.—Reprinted, 1 vol. Simms and McIntyre. *Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine*. 1 vol. Smith and Elder.—Reprinted, 1 vol. Simms and McIntyre. *Magician*. 3 vols. Macrone.—Reprinted, 1 vol. Simms and McIntyre. *Travelling Sketches in the Tyrol, the North of Italy, and on the Rhine*. Illustrated by Stanfield. 1 vol. Longman. *Travelling Sketches on the Rhine, and in Belgium and Holland*. Illustrated by Stanfield. 1 vol. Longman. *Travelling Sketches on the Sea-coasts of France*. Illustrated by Stanfield. 1 vol. Longman. *Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia*. Illustrated by Vickers. 1 vol. Longman. *Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic*. Illustrated by MacLise and Creswick. 2 vols. Longman. *Scott and Scotland*. Illustrated by Cattermole. 1 vol. Longman. *Windsor, Picturesque and Romantic*. Illustrated by various artists. 1 vol. Longman. *Versailles, Picturesque and Romantic*. Illustrated by various artists. 1 vol. Longman. *The Wye and its Associations*. Illustrated by Creswick. 1 vol. Longman. *Wanderings by the Seine*. Illustrated by Turner. 2 vols. Longman. *Wanderings by the Loire*. Illustrated by Turner. 1 vol. Longman. *A Bystander's View of the Irish Poor-Law Question*. (Pamphlet.) 1 vol. Knight. *The Optim Trade: Historical, Moral, and Economical*. (Tract.) 1 vol. Smith and Elder. *The Saddle on the Right Horse; or How to Save the Country*. (Tract.) 1 vol. *Brit's World in the East: a Guide, Historical, Moral, and Economical, to India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other Possessions or Connections of Great Britain in the Eastern and Southern Seas*. 2 vols. Allen. *Juvenile History of France*. 1 vol. W. and R. Chambers.

DEATHS.

BUCHNER.—Recently, at Munich, aged 69, M. André Buchner, the celebrated chemist, and the oldest of the Professors in the University of that capital.

BURNOURF.—Recently, at Paris, M. Eugene Burnourf, member of the Institute, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, professor of Sanscrit at the College of France, and Inspector-General of Superior Instruction.

PAYNE.—Recently, at Tunis, in his 60th year, John Howard Payne, the noted American actor and dramatist. He was born at New York, in 1792. From childhood he was a prodigy, even in that region of precocious intellect.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

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From C. Hacker, Esq., Surveyor to His Grace The Duke of Bedford, WOBURN PARK.

SECOND TESTIMONIAL. "Office of Works, Woburn Park,"

"GENTLEMEN, January 10th, 1852.

"In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suctions, I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will lead through in two years; we have adopted it largely, on account of its being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job."

From Sir Raymond Jarvis, Bart., VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

SECOND TESTIMONIAL. "March 10th, 1852.

"In reply to your letter received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Service, I can state with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many Builders, and other persons, have lately examined it, and there is not the least apparent difference since the first laying down, now several years; and I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected here."

From the Rev. Daniel C. Delafosse,

"SHEERE RECTORY, NEAR GUILDFORD.

"GENTLEMEN, May 11th, 1852.

"In reply to your communication relative to the Gutta Percha Tubing laid down in one of my wells, I have to state that as yet it has fully answered the purpose to which it was applied, and has proved far more durable than the leaden pipes which were hitherto used."

"The fact is, my spring water is strongly impregnated with iron, which corrodes the lead, and causes holes in the pipes, so that the air getting in, prevents the pumps from acting properly. The only inconvenience that I experienced from the use of the Gutta Percha Tubing, was, that it gave, for a week or so, an unpleasant taste to the water; but after this brief space had elapsed, the water passing through the Tubes was clear and tasteless as that which had hitherto been raised through the leaden pipes. A year, I think, has nearly elapsed, since I tried your pipes for the first time, and as no damage has hitherto occurred to the one now in use during that period, I have reason to hope that the evil of the leaden pipes will be permanently cured; or at least that it will take a far longer time to injure the Gutta Percha Tubing, than I have found to be the case as regards the lead."

From John Goodwin, Esq.,

"PERSHORE AND HOLT MILLS, WORCESTER.

"April 12th, 1852.

"I purchased some Gutta Percha Tubing from you, for the conveyance of water, &c., part of which having been under ground for the last three or four years without any apparent injury arising therefrom, I feel much pleasure in expressing my thorough approval of it, and recommending the same to any one requiring its use."

"To Mr. WHITING, Worcester."

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FOR

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"I consider this Tubing to be a most valuable invention for Gardeners, inasmuch as it enables us to water our gardens in about one-half the time, and with one-half the labour formerly required."

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING

FOR

SPREADING LIQUID MANURE.

From James Kennedy, Esq., MYREHILL, BY MAYBOLE, AYRSHIRE.

"May 20th, 1850.

"I have received your inquiry as to my experience in the use of Gutta Percha Tubing. I had 350 yards of it from your firm, and I have used it for the last few months in distributing liquid manure from my tanks over my fields, having often a pressure of 300 feet on it, and have been able to get the liquid from the end of the Tubing by the pressure from the steam engine upwards of forty yards. I have 350 Scotch acres laid with metal pipes under ground, for the conveyance of liquid manures over my farm, and your Gutta Percha Tubing has given me great facility in spreading it over the surface of the land."

"I likewise think highly of the Gutta Percha Union Joint."

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